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The Young Woman's Magazine

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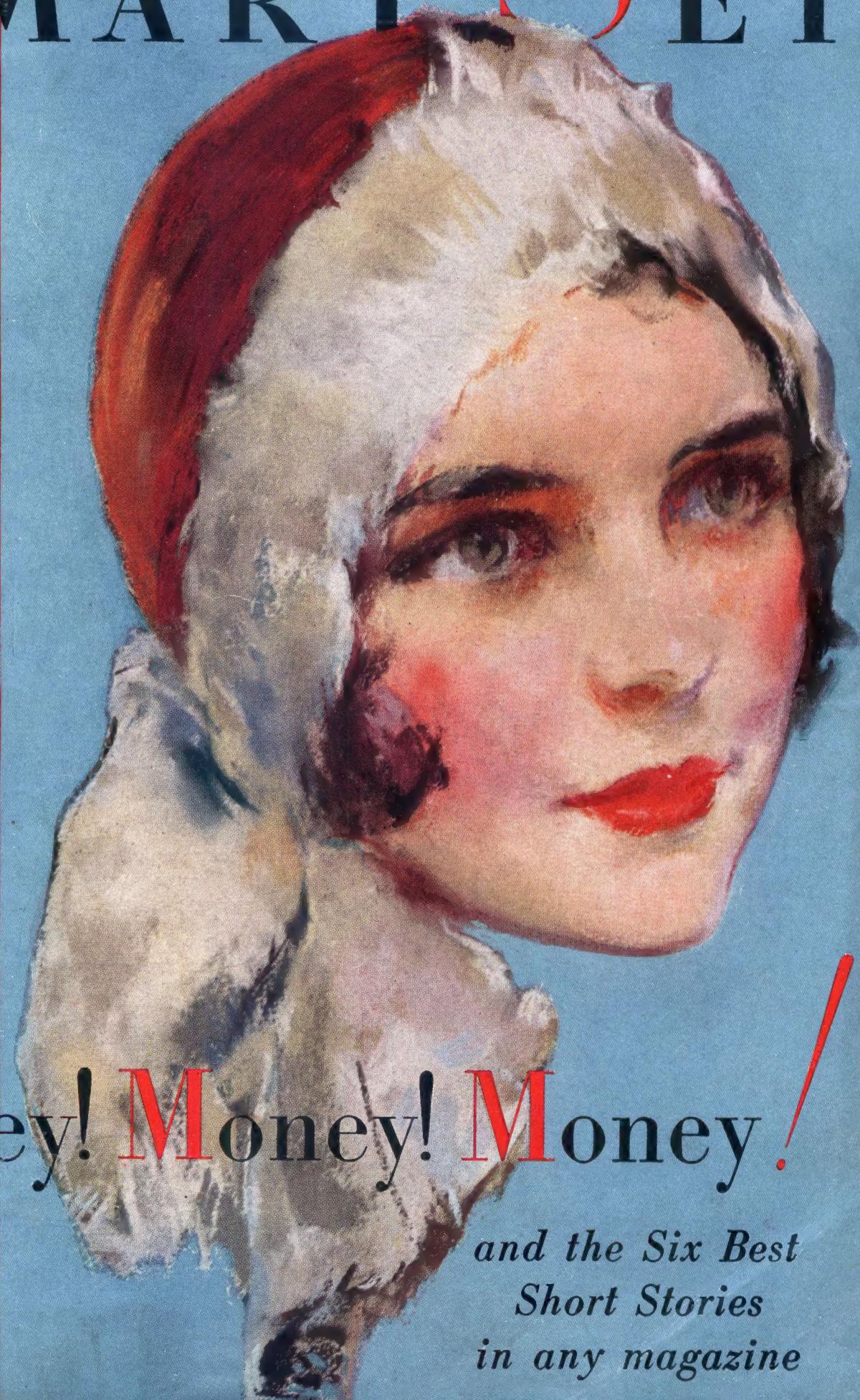
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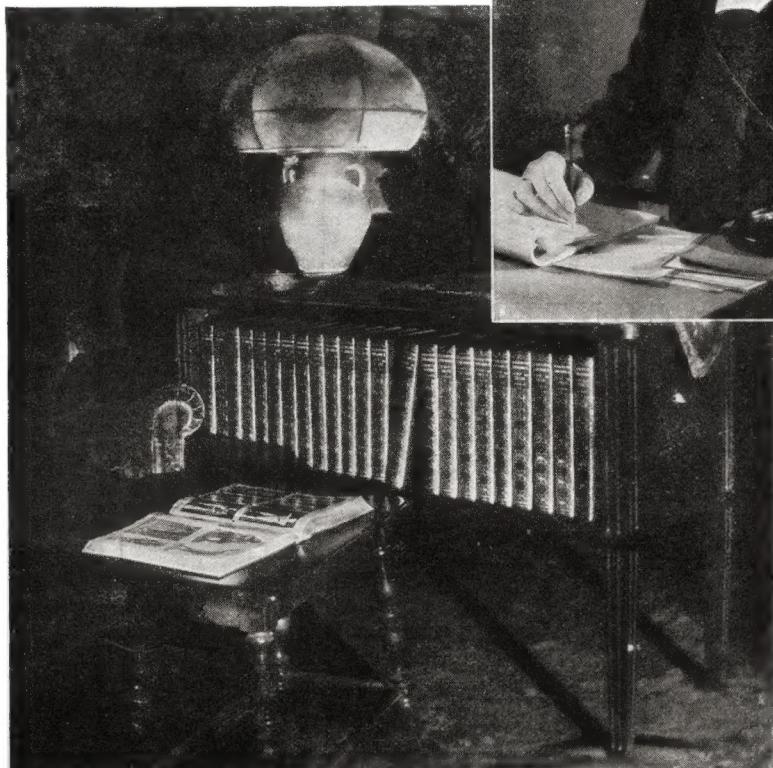
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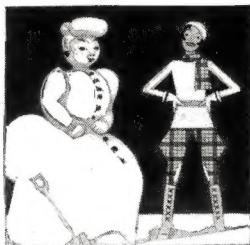
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FEBRUARY, 1930—VOLUME 85, NO. 6

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *Editor*

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LILLIE GAILEY
Assistant Editor



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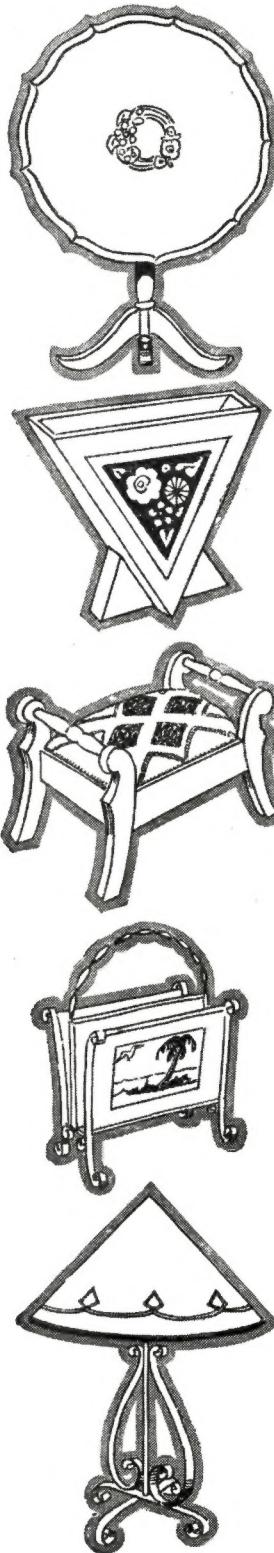
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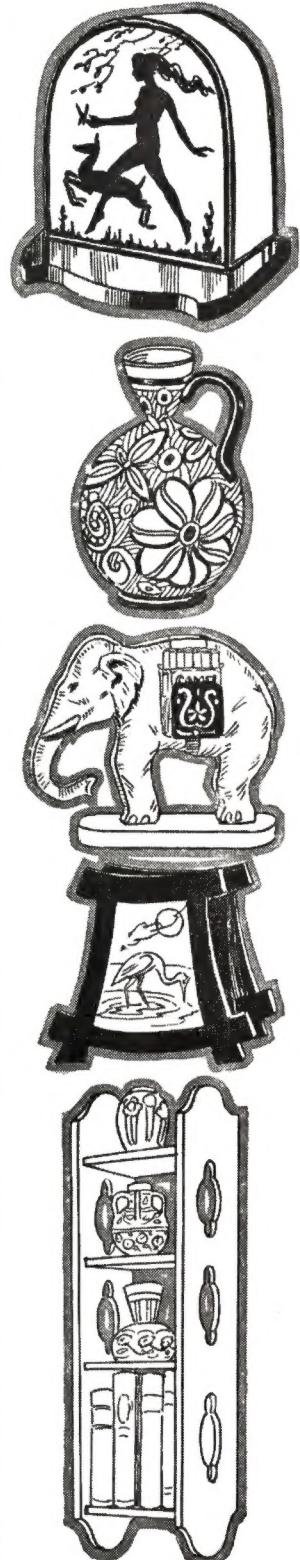
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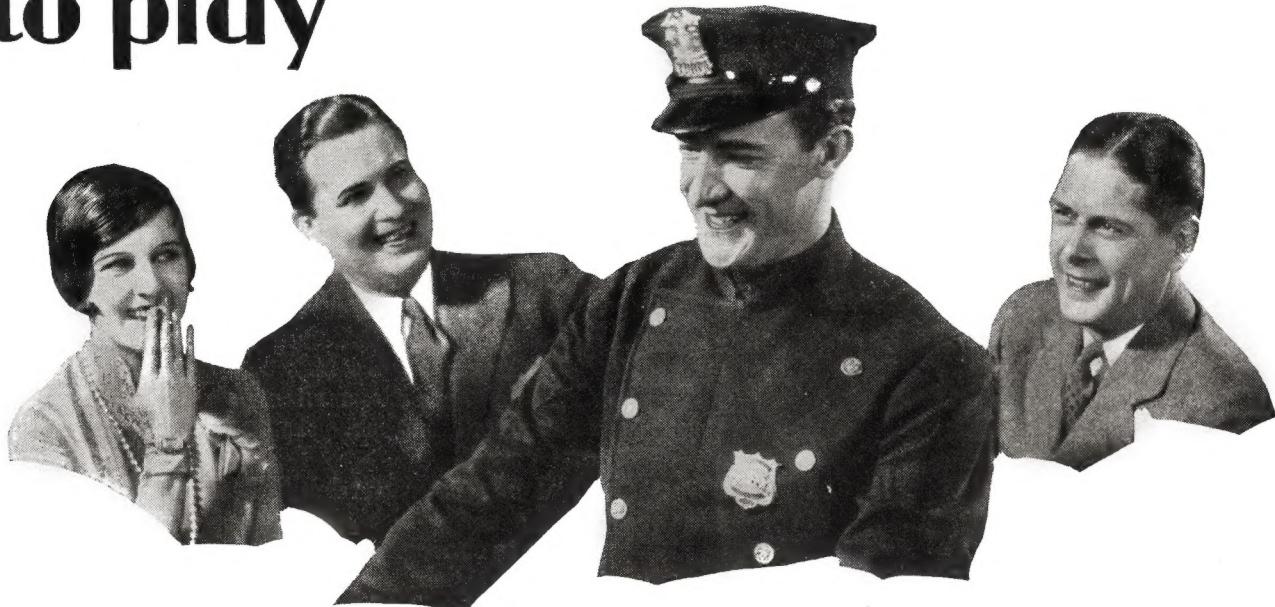
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They dared Officer Kane to play



.. and his music held them spellbound

ETHEL'S house party was at its height. Shrieks of laughter mingled with phonograph music could be heard outside.

Suddenly there came an ominous knocking at the door. Ethel ran to open it and—lo and behold—there stood Police Officer Kane.

"G-G-G Good Evening," gasped Ethel.

"I want to see the man of the house," thundered Kane.

"I'm sorry," stammered Ethel nervously, "but my father is not at home."

"Well what's goin' on in here anyway?" continued the officer sternly. "Sure and every one on the block is complainin' of the noise. I've a good mind to arrest the lot of you."

Ethel was mortified—what a disgrace!

"Oh please," pleaded Ethel, "please don't do anything like that, I promise—"

But Kane could restrain himself no longer.

"Don't worry lassie—you were all havin' such a fine time I couldn't help droppin' in. Go on—have all the fun you can," laughed the big good-natured policeman.

"Oh," sighed Ethel, greatly relieved, "how you frightened me. Won't you join us?"

Kane Joins the Party

"Ha," laughed Kane as the Victrola started again, "what's the matter with you all—playin' that canned music—can't any of you play this beautiful piano? Sure I'd like to give you a tune myself."

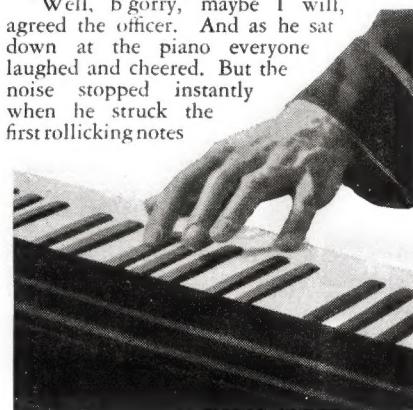
"I dare you to play for us," shouted Ted Strong quickly sensing a chance to have some fun at the policeman's expense.

Others chimed in, "Yes, do play for us, Officer." "Just one tune." "Yes, just one—that will be plenty!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to be goin'," stammered Kane, embarrassed as could be.

"Mr. Kane, I think you might play for me after

the fright you gave me," smiled Ethel. "Well, b'gorry, maybe I will," agreed the officer. And as he sat down at the piano everyone laughed and cheered. But the noise stopped instantly when he struck the first rollicking notes



of Rudolph Friml's famous "Song of the Vagabonds." They were amazed at the way his large hands flew lightly over the keys.

"More—more." "Encore." "That's great—play another." They all shouted and applauded as the last notes of that snappy march song died away. Kane then started that stirring old soldier song, "On the Road to Mandalay." One by one the guests all joined in and sang.

Then Kane wound up with that popular dance number, "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and the whole crowd danced.

"Well," he laughed happily as they applauded long and loudly, "I'll have to be on my way now."

"Thank you for your lovely music," said Ethel. "You must be playing a good many years?"

"Sure and I haven't been playin' long at all." Then the questions came thick and fast. "How did you ever learn so quickly?" "When do you find time to practice?" "Who was your teacher?"

Kane Tells His Story

"Well, to tell you the truth I had no teacher. I've always loved music but I couldn't take regular lessons on account of my duties as a policeman. Then one evenin' I saw a U. S. School of Music

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Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
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	Voice and Speech Culture
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advertisement in a magazine, tellin' of a new way of learnin' to play with no teacher at all. I didn't believe it myself but they offered a free sample lesson so I sent for it. One look at the Free Demonstration Lesson showed me how easy it was so I wrote for the whole course. My friends all told me I was crazy until I started playin' little tunes for them from real notes.

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How I Became the LIFE of the PARTY



UP TO that moment I was as dumb as the oyster on the end of my fork.

The gabby blonde across the table had just said: "Of course, Colleen Moore plays opposite John McCormack in his first picture. Nils Asther is Garbo's leading man in 'Anna Christie' and it's a silent picture because they can't speak English. Anyhow, the fans are tired of Greta."

"I beg your pardon," I interrupted politely, "but a little Irish girl named Maureen O'Sullivan was chosen to appear with McCormack, and Charles Bickford, a former stage actor, is Garbo's new leading man."

You should have seen their faces as they all turned toward me in astonishment; me, the quiet little mouse, the girl who was new to the crowd, and was supposed to be beautiful but dumb.

But I knew my subject and went right on, regardless.

"What's more," I said, "'Anna Christie' is an all-talkie and Garbo's accent is just right for the character she portrays. And her popularity is at its peak right now, even though she has been playing in silent pictures."

"Good Lord," exclaimed my hostess in admiration, "you're an encyclopedia of motion pictures. Are you a movie star incog?"

"No," I answered modestly, "I am not. But as long as we all spend so much money for pictures and talk so much about them, I find it doubles my pleasure to know all about the people in them."

Everybody at the table hurled questions at me and I could answer every one. Yes, "Disraeli" was a fine picture. No, Janet Gaynor's marriage would not take her away from the screen, and Marian Nixon also planned to continue in pictures. Yes, "Four Sons" had won the Photoplay Gold Medal as the best picture of 1928.

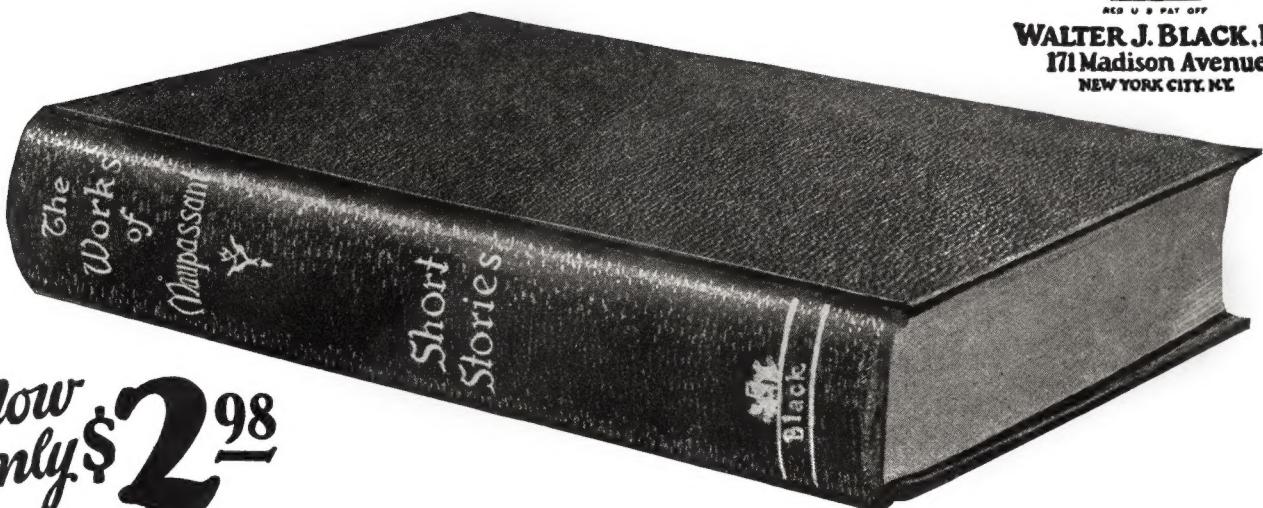
After that I was accepted as one of the crowd and was invited to every party, and now they all read Photoplay Magazine in self-defense.

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BRIGHT inspirations. Energy. Courage. That's what puts girls ahead. Gloria Hollister, for example, always knew what she wanted to do. Born in New York City, she decided, almost in kindergarten, on zoology. People said girls should stick to teaching. Gloria stuck to her experiments. She invented a process to make bodies transparent. She perfected a method to color skeletons for study without dissection. Today, at twenty-three, Gloria is chief aid to William Beebe, famous naturalist



THE CARTOONIST

WHEN Grace Drayton was little, her playmates made fun of her cute, round face. Grace laughed and drew caricatures of herself. Later she dubbed these sketches, "The Campbell Kids" and entered them in a soup advertising contest. They won and Grace became famous overnight. Next she barged into a male field, creating comics for the newspapers. Now, her "Dimples," and "Toodles" make her rich



THE IMPORTER

AYESHA ALI found inspiration for a career hanging from a Christmas tree in Detroit four years ago. Relatives in India had sent marvelous pieces of carving and tapestries for gifts. "If that carving were adapted to this country's furniture, every one would want it," thought this beautiful American-born Mohammedan girl. Her family enthusiastically backed her. Thus Ayesha, at twenty-one, has her own business



THE TRIAL LAWYER

BEFORE she left high school, Frieda Hennock knew she wanted to be a lawyer. One of nine children, she set out to earn her own tuition. For three years, she clerked days in a law office, went evenings to the Brooklyn law school, studied nights. Now at twenty-four, she has successfully tried nine murder cases, in two of which she was retained by the State of New York, the first woman to achieve this distinction



THE MESSAGE TAKER

MARGARET HANSEN made telephone operating the way to success. Plugging in on numbers that didn't answer, she realized the confusion caused by undelivered messages. So, after training as a chief operator, she helped organize a Telephone Message Bureau. This concern acts as secretary to numerous New Yorkers, recording the calls made during their absence. Margaret reaps pioneer profits



THE AEROPLANE SALESMAN

TWO years ago Fay Gillis, a miss from Minneapolis, was a discontented student at Michigan State College, majoring in Physical Culture. But all she thought of was aviation. When the urge got too strong to resist, Fay chucked college and made for the flying school at Valley Stream, Long Island. Graduating, she decided on aviation as her career. Now, at twenty, Fay is star saleswoman for Curtiss planes



THE SCULPTOR

FANCY starting as apprentice to the Stove Builders Union and getting anywhere! Yet that's where Vienna-born Vally Wieselthier began and now she's world famous. As apprentice, Vally learned the art of modeling. She worked hard and her imagination showed her a vivid future. Developing a new style in ceramics, she emigrated to America. Now Vally's fantastic figures are displayed by the smartest shops



THE DESIGNER

HERE is a genuine American success story, for lovely Atalie Unkaland is a princess of a Cherokee Indian tribe, born on a reservation in Oklahoma and educated in true Indian folkways. Ready for a career, Atalie determined to make Indian art and culture popular. First she won distinction as a concert singer of her native songs. Then she concentrated on the modernization of native designs. Her novel light fixtures, wall paper and furniture are now used by our leading manufacturers

Aprons, Shiny Noses and Lisle Stockings

THREE'S nothing alluring about aprons or shiny noses or lisle stockings! That's why the business girl buys modish dresses and expensive face powder, and the sheerest stockings.

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They'll help her to get her job—and her man.

SMART SET'S bureau of statistics has discovered that single girls buy three times as many pairs of silk stockings as married women. And the same percentage goes for silk underwear and furs!

On the other hand married women spend ten times as much on house dresses and aprons as do single girls!

There seems to be only one moral. A woman will make herself beautiful before marriage. After marriage she'll usually embrace the homelier (and we don't mean maybe!) virtues.

Only—too many aprons are inclined to make the apartment seem monotonous to the tired business man. If his mind wanders to the trim ankles of his unmarried secretary who's to blame him?

DRESSING to catch a job—or a husband—is, to my mind, a reasonable pursuit. Dressing to keep a job—or a husband—is even more reasonable.

For though clothes and cosmetics do not make a woman, they make her very attractive.

And, since the beginning of time, attractiveness has



Single girls buy three times as many pairs of silk stockings as married women. They're job—and beau—insurance

been any woman's most outstanding virtue.

Mabel Walker Willebrandt—in her fine article, in this issue, says:

A SPARKLING eye and wholesome enthusiasm for work, brought to the office every morning, will best carry toward success. *Lipstick, stylish clothes and harmony of color, should not be neglected!*

"Women must, in all occupations largely filled by men, maintain a discriminating balance between womanly charm and professional strength."

In other words—if you want to make a go of your job—act the part, dress the part, and don't forget to be charming.

If you want to make a go of your marriage—think of marriage as a job! Not always an easy job, either.

And apply to it the same rules that Mabel Walker Willebrandt has given.

A MAN likes to know that his wife is helping him by being domestic. He likes to *know* that she wears aprons—occasionally!

But he likes to *see* her in her more attractive aspect. He likes to see her *pretty*. He likes to be proud of her.

In fact he likes to brag about his wife—to other men.

Silk stockings, silk underwear and lovely negligees have made many a new marriage secure.

They have mended many a not-so-new marriage that had reached the cracking place.

Aprons and shiny noses and lisle stockings have broken many another marriage.

Dress for your job. And—if your job is marriage . . .

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE YEAR'S MOST MOVING *and* SENSATIONAL NOVEL

*In Which You Learn
That Some Things
Cannot Be Bought*

MONEY!

By MAY EDGINTON

I WONDER what you think of me?" said Haagen to Flora, and she answered, "I wasn't thinking. I seldom do."

Haagen replied to that admiringly, "Yes, you do, but like most women you tell lies without knowing it."

He was tickled to observe that this threw her, momentarily, off her guard and made her open her big gray eyes.

The others at the table were not listening. They also were curiously absorbed in each other.

Flora, claiming luxury, elegance and charm as her right, found at William Haagen's dinner table a super-distinctive luxury, elegance and charm—but she had not till tonight, realized William Haagen.

Haagen knew that.

Other women realized him, quickly, keenly, and often subserviently. Annette, for instance, on his left hand, summing

up Flora's father so cleverly, never made a false move. Haagen duly appreciated the way she played her game.

But then, of course, the Cecil Towers of the world, for all their sophistication, were easy. Their weakness made them like babes in the hands of an Annette.

The girl, Flora, was exquisite. When Haagen had gone out to Cecil Towers's yacht to call, he had been surprised to find weak, rich, handsome, jaded Cecil Towers with so domestic a possession as a daughter.

Not that the daughter had so much as a smiling acquaintance with domesticity! "A bit of Cecil himself," Haagen thought. "But, of course, so many other things besides. Women always are. Faceted like diamonds—women. And it depends on your luck—and theirs—which side you see, and when."

He remarked gently, "There are only the four of us, but would you like to dance, after dinner?"



MONEY!

"Love it. Always love to dance. Where?"

Soft as was her voice, she had the unadorned modern way of speaking in clipped sentences.

"I have a ballroom here," he said. "It runs out at the back of the house, into the garden."

"You seem to have everything here," she said half-enviously. Suddenly their eyes met full.

It had been difficult to give him all her attention, because in spite of her general indifference to the way other people chose to amuse themselves, she had been half-listening to the low talk between her father and this girl Annette Percy.

Who on earth was Annette Percy?

Flora had told herself she knew Annette at a glance, as Annette was very sure she knew Flora. "Common little adventuress," Flora thought of Annette. Annette, reading it, thought, "I could teach you things—and maybe I will."

It was a strange group—weak, handsome Cecil Towers; Annette Percy, undoubtedly an adventuress; Haagen, the iron man of millions; and Flora herself. Flora felt a strange chill of premonition—was this dinner a forerunner of tragedy?

"So you like my house?" Haagen was saying reflectively.

"Love it."

"It's yours as long as you remain in Algiers."

"We're staying some days, I think."

"Do you get bored here?" he asked.

"Not at all. I like doing nothing."

"I'd like you to come and see my garden in the afternoon. It is specially sleepy and beautiful then."

"Isn't it beautiful by moonlight too?"

"Very. We'll see presently."

Annette Percy came into their talk. "What's that, William? Your garden? It's too *de-vine*!"

Cecil Towers leaned towards her, and laid his hand over hers to recapture her whole attention. "You must show me Haagen's garden, Miss Percy."

"Say 'Annette', and I will. We're all by our first names here this evening, aren't we, William? Aren't we, Flora?"

HAAGEN saw the look that passed between the two girls—Annette's insolent aggression, and Flora's limpid return stare—and smiled. It was fun setting women at each other's throats; he never failed to extract entertainment from it. Only, perhaps he regretted a little that he had asked Annette Percy—known so well in all the big hotels and casinos on the Mediterranean shores—this evening.

After almost half a minute, Flora murmured vaguely, "I don't know. I'm such a very-unfriendly-person."

"Natural unfriendliness?" said Annette, turning to Towers who still imprisoned her hand. "That's queer in a daughter of yours Cecil!"

Flora's black eyelashes flickered a little. She sat thinking, "How dare Haagen ask that creature to meet me? And how dare she call Cecil by his first name? And how dare Cecil carry on like that right under my nose?"

Haagen read all three thoughts.

He was making coffee in a wonderful-looking machine of his own invention, while Flora sat quiet, smoking a cigarette in her very long holder of tortoise shell as blonde as her hair and her frock. Annette's holder of malachite, that matched her enormous swinging earrings, was even longer.

"Even in a trivial matter like their cigarette holders," Haagen thought, watching his coffee imperturbably, "there is a tinge of competition, the basis for a fracas. Ah, there we are!" he said pouring his coffee into pearl-colored cups in filigree holders.

"I'm lunching on the yacht with Cecil tomorrow, Flora," said Annette intrusively.

"*A deux*," said Cecil.

"Oh, but surely Flora—" said Annette.

And Haagen observed, looking up, "Miss Towers is honoring me."

Flora sat quiet, with a little smile to Haagen. He had done that charmingly—shown this Annette that it was not a choice between making a third on the yacht, or being left lonely at the St. George.

She began to think about Haagen a little more. What sort of a man was he? A man whose paths led all over the world. Cecil hadn't been at all sure if they would find him in Algiers.

"A man I'd like you to meet, Flora," Cecil had said.

Cecil wanted her to marry; to get out of the way.

Weak, excitable, middle-aged Cecil! She had a love and a scorn for him.

"A merchant," Cecil had explained with his usual vagueness. "One of the big fellows, you know. General merchant they call it. Cosmopolitan. Part Danish, I think, but British birth. Educated over on our side anyway. Eton—Balliol. Clever devil. Pot of money. You ought to like that?"

"Why?"

"Oh, hang it, all women should like money."

"Why? You've got plenty. So've I."

Money! Money! Money! It was all very well to have plenty but she was a bit tired of it all, she thought, sitting on Haagen's right hand, hearing Annette cry, "William, your coffee is *de-vine!*" Tired of tagging about a world made rather tawdry now and then by Cecil. Tired of Cecil's tiredness with everything.

This man Haagen, with his virile humor looking at one out of his brown eyes—here, now, was a man with an appetite for life.

"Finished your coffee?" Haagen asked. "Did you like that liqueur? Shall we go?"

She looked towards Annette.

"Cecil and I are staying for a moment longer, William," said Annette.

Haagen laughed. "No ceremonial here, Miss Towers. You don't mind, of course? You're modern."

"I don't care a bit."

THEY walked out of the room together, leaving Annette and Cecil still seated at the table, Annette talking raptly, Cecil with that foolish look that his daughter knew so well, upon his good-looking spoiled face. But as Haagen dropped the Watteau-esque portiere behind Flora, he looked at her swiftly and asked again in a curiously concerned voice:

"You *didn't* mind?"

"I? Why should I?"

"Perhaps," said Haagen, "I should have invited a lady you might have liked better; but then you see, I did not want you to like any one but me."

She smiled.

"You've heard it all so often before?" Haagen murmured.

They were through the corridor connecting the garden room, the main part of the house. And, as they entered the garden room, there came to them the soft light music of guitars.

"And also I wanted your father to be well entertained by some one other than myself," Haagen added whimsically.

The three guitar players sat in a flower bound alcove upon a dais—three Frenchmen, making their light, gay, wistful music, and looking at Flora with admiration. Haagen put his arm about her and at once they danced.

"We'll keep the floor to ourselves," he said, "until the others come in. Then they shall have it to themselves—and the garden for us."

"Why do you live in Algiers?" she asked non-committally.

"Why not? Why in London and Paris, as I know you do?"

"We? We don't *live* anywhere. Cecil is so restless."

"I know. He looks for romance."

"And is never satisfied."

"We men are seldom satisfied. Well, have I not provided him with a romance tonight?"

"Is that romance?" said Flora.

He laughed. "I think so, to a temperament like your father's."

"She is a great friend of yours?"

"Well, an acquaintance."

"Have you any friends?" said Flora suddenly.

"I do not know. Have you?"

"I don't know either. Probably not."

"Probably you are rather too beautiful," said Haagen gently. "And then you don't care."

She sighed and smiled. "No. I don't care."

They went all down one side of the room, from end to end, in a delirious flight of dancing, tuned and smooth—speed with scarcely a ripple.

"But romance?" said Haagen. "While your father is looking for it, don't you look too?"

"I haven't."

He turned his head suddenly and looked down into her eyes before she was aware. He saw in them remembrance. "But, yes," he said. "You, too, look for romance."

The guitarists followed the dancers with fascinated eyes, approving, applauding subtly with the music of their strings. And now another flight down the room brought Haagen and Flora within sound of Annette's curiously coarse-toned and yet attractive voice.

"Of course you're going to dance, Cecil. The floor's *de-vine*."

"The garden for us," Haagen murmured into Flora's ear, and Cecil and Annette emerged from the corridor to find themselves alone upon the dance floor. The guitarists did not stop their playing.

Haagen took Flora's elbow in his hand, guiding her through a maze of roses. They sauntered slowly, close together. The spreading gardens were outpostled by pines, and palms, by dragon trees and superb magnolias, all grouped, tall and dark, against the blue miracle of Algerian star-strewn sky.

Just as Haagen surmised, with his diabolically keen intuition, Flora was remembering that she had, indeed, seen romance within the last week.

She and Cecil had travelled by car, overland to Malaga.

In Florence they had paused, and at Lugano Cecil also had a mission. Flora knew Cecil's missions—connected usually with some person more or less beautiful, and ever romantic.

AND so at Lugano, not questioning the eager, fretful, middle-aged child as to what he did, Flora had found herself alone in the biggest hotel on the lake. She had lunched and sat out on her balcony watching white wings flit across the water, looking at the mountains, wondering if she should take her maid Bettine and stroll on the quay, or go shopping in the labyrinthine lanes of the old town. But when the music of the teatime orchestra drifted up to her, she was still on the balcony musing about life. And she had dined, and sat again upon the balcony to muse on life.

But then, a little sound—distinct among other sounds—had come up to her ears. A little sound, repeated patiently—the persistent tinkle of a ukulele beneath her, keeping repetitively to two or three bars, and a voice repeating insistently one line

of a banal and currently popular song.

"I can't give you anything but love, Ba-bee."

It was the repetition that had caught her attention; the pauses and then the repetitions. So with her arrested attention she had seen that a white motor boat had emerged from the others darting to and fro over the lake, and lay beneath her window.

The young man in it stood up, tall, bareheaded, all in white.

The kind of thing Bettine might have done—or some girlish tourist bent on finding adventure—Flora did then.

In a moment she was in the boat, shooting away towards Caprino.

She had sat in the bow, slender and as white as he, the moon silverying her bare gold head, and the unknown in the stern had driven the boat joyously across the lake.

"Don't let's tell each other our names," Flora had said.

And he had answered, "Well, perhaps not yet."

In the lights of the terrace across the lake he had put his arm about her and they had begun to dance together the varicolored dream which is the modern waltz. He had been a head taller than she, and as fair. She had never seen such an



Flora, all silks and laces and perfumes,
was thinking of Andy. She didn't
wonder about his financial standing—
in her world every one had money!
She only knew that he was the first
man who had ever touched her heart

Illustrations by
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

aloof yet eager face, strongly chiselled, strongly marked for all its youth, with eyes light gray and lambent as her own.

A passionate promise of an evening—dancing without stopping because they did not wish to leave each other's arms; slender moon high above the water; Mounts Salvatore and Generoso soaring big and black into the entrancing sky; and all the lamps of Lugano blazing softly at them from afar!

"How long will you be here?" he had asked.

"My father and I are going on to Naples tomorrow to join our yacht—"

"And then?"

He had been breathless, but not with dancing.

"Algiers."

"Algiers."

He had said it very solemnly.

They had talked and danced until after midnight. Still they had not told each other their names.

In the boat again, she had poised in the bow, almost like a lovely flying figurehead—and the boat had swept right into a carpet of stars that were the reflections of the big hotel's lights cast upon the water.

Then, just as they had parted, hand touching hand, he had said softly, "Good night, Flora."

She had been surprised, and cool caution came to her, and left her again almost as soon. But "almost" was too long for the chance of asking: "But—how do you know?" He was taking the boat back to Caprino side; racing her.

The next morning Flora, waking, had thought, "It was nothing. Absurd. Nothing! Nothing!"

But red roses had come to her room by a special messenger from across the lake.

So she was thinking and Haagen's silence accommodated hers as they stood together in the fragile laced shadows of the trees, looking at the splendor of the bay. Haagen looked side-long at her profile, and thought, "I wonder just what she sees out there in the distance, beyond me, beyond the garden, beyond the sea?"

THE Lugano night, the terrace at Caprino, the young man's face with his jaw of a fighter and eyes of a lover, moved from the frame in which she had set them upon the bay; the picture wavered, misted away. Guitar music drifted across to them just audibly from the house.

"Cecil ought not to dance," she said, breaking the silence.

"Perhaps he would rather get gorgeously excited over something worth while and die of it, than remain stagnant, and live."

"Worth while!"

"We all have our own ideas of what is worth while, Flora," said Haagen.

She hardly noticed his use of her first name. She was thinking, "Worth while! That night at Caprino was worth while."

"What will your Annette Percy do to Cecil?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Haagen sympathetically. "Whatever she likes. I shouldn't be surprised. Should you?"

"I am not often surprised."

"Little calm, wise, immune thing," said Haagen.

But he knew with all his analytical mind that she was not calm, nor wise. She was just as immune as money and beauty could make her, and that was all.

Flora met Annette again in the dressing room where they had left their cloaks. Annette was touching up her face when Flora came in, and, without turning from the glass, she said, "You've been a long time out in that garden with William, dear."

The familiarity was designed, Flora knew, to prick, insult and deride.

"I hope my father amused you?" she said.

"Your father's a lamb."

Flora thought, "I'm glad she doesn't think I'm a lamb."

Aloud she said, "He's often shorn."

"Eh?" drawled Annette.

Flora did not repeat her comment. She stood there with her cloak about her, slender as a reed, humming, "I can't give you anything but love, Ba-bee."

"That's a lie anyway," said Annette, "a poor little rich girl like you."

Flora hummed on.

"I like your cloak, dear," Annette drawled, staring in the glass at the other girl's ermine.

Flora's eyes met Annette's in the glass. The look was frank and unadorned between them, Annette's glittering malice and Flora's light casual disdain.

"You should know the world better than to let it see so plainly what you feel, Flora," Annette said with smooth spite.

"Oh, but why?"

Annette laughed.

"We all learn the answers to a lot of 'whys' sooner or later," she said mockingly. She swung past Flora and preceded her from the room.

THEY were all three in Haagen's car, directed to the St. George.

Cecil said abruptly, "We'll drop you, Flora, and then I'll see Miss Percy back to her hotel."

Flora leaned back beside Annette, in silence. Cecil's laughter rather high-pitched, very complacent, tinged with exultation—she knew it and hated it. Did she hate her father? She didn't know. It was difficult to love him. Protect him she did often, from the Annettes. But this time she had a feeling that would have been fear—that is if she had ever felt fear.

"If I asked her to come and see me, entertained her, flattered her, fussed her—as I've done before," Flora thought, "if I made him sick of her as I've done before—"

But she couldn't. She and Annette had hated each other at the first glance. "Let Cecil look after himself," she thought. "He's old enough."

The car swept up to the hotel.

"Well, that's that," said Cecil, taking Flora's vacated seat beside Annette for the very short drive to the Beau Sejour.

"That's that, I suppose," Annette echoed, adding with a charming smile, "I wish your daughter had liked me better. I admired her so."

Cecil took her hand.

"My dear, let us think of ourselves instead of that ill-tempered girl of mine! It has been so wonderful to meet you tonight; one of the most wonderful experiences I've had."



"We danced well together, didn't we?"

"Possibly Haagen dances better than I."

"And possibly not!" said Annette on a soft laugh.

"Have you known him long?"

"He is not a man I know well at all," said Annette, her hand lying unresistingly in Cecil's, "just an acquaintance really; but we've run across each other in so many places somehow, that when he knew I was in Algiers he asked me to meet you both tonight."

"You are quite alone here?"

"Quite alone," she murmured, "but I'm used to that. I've been alone so much."

"My poor little girl!" Cecil Towers said.

When they reached the hotel Cecil sent Haagen's car home and went in with Annette.

A knowledgeable commissionaire regarded Cecil carefully,



"I've come to take you home," said Andy. There was murder in his heart when he found the woman he adored walking in a moonlit garden with Haagen. He had his own ideas about that man

with resultant satisfaction. For it was known to the hotel staff that this lady had not paid her week's bill, and that her tips were most reluctant.

"Where shall we sit?" said Cecil in a voice charged with emotion.

She looked about her. There were people here and there, coming and going. Their sudden stares of appraisement drew Cecil closer to her, and gave her the opportunity of saying: "Oh, somewhere *quiet*; where I'm not stared at. Why is a woman alone always so—so—somehow persecuted?"

They passed out to a quiet corner of a flowered terrace and sat down.

"You're too lovely to be alone here," said Cecil.

A waiter materialized near them.

"You must have some champagne and a sandwich before you go to bed."

"I don't want them."

"To please me. Waiter!"

"I would as soon please you as any one," she said. "Sooner. You're extraordinarily kind. One doesn't often meet your degree of kindness in a man who—"

He waited thirstily.

"Who—you must know you're hypnotically fascinating to women."

"My dear!" The laugh that Flora disliked was leavened with a tinge of proper protest.

"You are. It's crude of me to say it—"

"You couldn't be crude, Annette. Candid, yes. Too candid, child. But crude, no."

She looked dreamily at the sky.

"Did I talk too much at dinner, Cecil?"

"Of course not, dear."

"I felt I did. But I was so on edge. I felt your daughter's dislike."

"Confound Flora!" said Cecil indignantly.

"No, no; it was just that she didn't trust me. That's one of the penalties of being a lonely girl. A girl who has never been lonely wouldn't understand. But if I talked too much, seemed too flippant, why—you understand?"

Her green cloak slipped down over one shoulder; he adjusted it.

"Forgive me, Annette. But you know—I could love you."

"It wouldn't do."

"Wouldn't do?" he said hoarsely. "Why? You can't—don't—think me old?"

She opened her eyes widely.

"Old? You? You'll never be old Cecil. Never. There are just a very few wonderful men who can't grow old."

"*You* understand *me*, Annette," he said with deep feeling. "Dear, come and stay on the yacht for a few days instead of here. The evenings are cool—they're lovely out in the bay."

"It's rather difficult—"

"Difficult?"

"Leaving here. I—I don't like to confide in a stranger—"

"Annette!"

"No; not a stranger then, for we have become such real friends."

"But you see I was expecting some money today, but when I went to the bank, it hadn't come. And I—I'll have to wait for it to pay my bill here."

"My poor, darling, absurd child!" Cecil exclaimed.

HE LEFT the Beau Sejour ten minutes later with his silk hat set gaily at an angle, and the sort of smile on his face that the commissionaire liked to see brought to the face of a rich gentleman by a lady who owed the hotel.

Flora was sitting on the patio next morning at eleven o'clock when her father joined her.

Haagen had already telephoned her, saying, "You really are lunching with me today, are you not?" And, if only for an excellent reason of avoiding the yacht she meant to walk, soon, to the white villa up on the hill.

She had been divided in her mind as to whether she would tackle Cecil on the subject of the previous evening or not. But now, here he was, advancing with the light elastic step that surely meant some spuriously youthful elation. He stood near her, looking at her sharply and apprehensively.

"Of course you don't really mean you aren't coming out to the yacht with Miss Percy and me for luncheon."

"Of course I do. I'm lunching with Mr. Haagen."

"I won't have it!"

"I assure you," said Flora coldly, "that woman won't mind. She is not exactly afraid of being alone with you."

"I won't have you speaking of that delightful girl like that!"

"Won't you, Cecil? What will you do?"

"Listen! I've asked her to stay [Continued on page 108]

Give Women A Fighting Chance!

Demands the Most Famous Woman Lawyer in America in a Plea for a Fair Deal for Her Sex in the Business and Professional Worlds

WOMEN have no fair chance in the business world yet. To say that they have is just "Pollyanna talk."

The obstacles confronting them now are largely intangible, and for that very reason the contest is all the more difficult and complex.

The world has too long regarded woman primarily in the light of her sex value to the race and to men.

This attitude has hardened customs about her proper place into convictions and prejudices, which exert the magic of primitive taboos.

Think how hard the first doctors had to struggle with the "Medicine Man's Taboos." Woman's battle to succeed today is the same kind of a struggle.

WHEN we sum up the columns that make "success" for the boy on the one hand and the girl on the other, you find the girl has much the longer column to add.

A boy must just do the job well, and develop personality.

A girl must do the job well and develop personality, PLUS—Break down skepticism about her ability.

Walk the tight-rope of sexlessness without loss of her essential charm.

Keep up an impersonal fight against constant efforts to sidetrack her.

Devote extra work and thought to making an opportunity out of every little opening.

Make the hard choice between giving up children and home-life in order to advance, or having them in the face of increased prejudice.

And lastly, maintain a cheerful and normal outlook on life and its adjustments in spite of her handicaps.

Inextricably linked up with success for the business woman is that question of marriage and children.

Many men cling to the theory—"my wife mustn't work

for another man." They cannot really justify imprisoning an educated, experienced woman in an apartment, with small outlet for her energy and abilities.

The husband often isn't generous enough to sympathize with the pioneer spirit of the modern girl he marries and to risk the possibility of "losing caste" among his associates if she works. He is afraid some one will think he can't support his wife!

He demands all the adjustments of marriage from her. He misses the big opportunity of their married life to be her partner in this struggle of hers against unhappiness, so often enforced by the prejudices handed down from another age with its older conditions.

From experience in thousands of cases as public defender I am convinced that in taking a rigid attitude, he is contributing to the cause of divorce and the break-down of home life today. He is also furnishing one of the most tenacious obstacles to the business woman's chances of success.

Men are not satisfied with success alone. No human is. As a result so many of a woman's normal impulses are sublimated or submerged, that she runs the risk of paying for success by "becoming a little queer" or at least a little off the wholesome normal in adjustment to the work and fun of daily living.

EVERY normal woman wants a home: It means a refuge from the world. It means most of all a husband. It means the ineffable comfort of an understanding heart, and reasonably peaceful living conditions. A real home always meant that, and it still does.

But home no longer means, except in rare circumstances, a full outlet for the wife's abilities. Without argument on the reasons or wisdom of it, the fact has become settled that families of educated parents are very small—usually only one or two.

Home, therefore, to meet modern stress, has to be much

**"THERE is Nothing More Futile Than the Impotent Anger
of a Weak Man Who Cannot Fight, Unless It Is the
Anger of a Woman Whom the World Will Not Let Fight"**

By

MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT

more than simply a place in which to rear children.

The real spiritual qualities of home can be preserved in a small apartment, and in the face of changed modern conditions, if the man and woman who marry will together face and solve, as one of the necessary adjustments of their marriage, the preservation of *her* freedom, *her* self respect, *her* intellectual and executive attainments, *her* economic independence and sense of civic usefulness and importance, as well as his.

That often means that instead of considering only his prospects, they must find for her a part time job, or the husband must be willing to let her work and hire a maid at home. They must both fight for her to have the thing that should be every woman's right—a leave of absence from business to bear her child, with a chance to return later if she so desires.

Finding the best outlet for her energies, finding the best protection for her spirit, and establishing a basis of mutual understanding with her husband in order to have both a "child" and a "job" if she wants both, are far more important to the actual preservation of their home than that he should cling to the outgrown "manly" theory "my wife can't work for a living!"

The Bible recognizes a fundamental fact which we moderns often forget when it says statutes shall be graven *in the hearts* of the people.

Until in the hearts of the world enough understanding and tolerance develop to permit woman to have an adjusted, normal life both in and out of office hours, disillusionments and heartaches and bitterness are in store for her.

THOSE women who are quietly, unostentatiously, and successfully combining marriage and career are real pioneers. It is cruel that the world should exact of the girl who tries to climb up in business or profession the sacrifice of home and children.

Her brother does not have to make that sacrifice; consequently he becomes a better business man. He has a home to work for, not only in the sense of earning money enough to support it, but in the sense of making its members proud of him. His normal and adjusted home life is a business asset. It ought to be the same with her.

The economic world is not yet adjusted to meet the married woman's need of a part-time job, nor has it acquired the tolerance that would permit her to retire for six or eight months to bear a child and come back to her old place. But to allow both is the undoubtedly present trend.

I think of the example of a woman who had served as Special Assistant to the Attorney General, and was maintaining a down town New York law office when she married a man in the



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**"UNTIL in the Hearts of the World Enough Understanding and
Tolerance Develop to Permit Woman to Have an Adjusted,
Normal Life Both In and Out of Office Hours, Disillusion-
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International



Keystone

same profession. She continued her separate law office and her established professional associations. She kept her name, well known in legal circles. She proceeded to have two healthy babies, has made her law practice grow, and withal, has one of the happiest homes I know.

The lash of intangible prejudices does bruise a woman's spirit. She smarts, but she cannot give up. Frequently, though, she does grow emotionally warped. And that defeats her.

There is nothing more futile than the impotent anger of a weak man who cannot fight, unless it is the anger of a woman whom the world will not let fight.

She lets slights accumulate and develop in her in the form of an inner outrage which breaks over into strong feminine prejudices, assertion of woman's superiority and general expressions of so-called man hating complexes.

Such attitudes are tiresome and I don't blame the business executive who wants to get rid of women in his organization who entertain them.

I have had such women work for me. They are most unpleasant. You can't reason with them. They do not realize it, but they really go around with "sex chips" on their shoulders!

A young man, however, when slights are handed to him, takes his antagonist on to settle the question and he develops no complex. A woman, instead of telling her associate or employer to go to — after which the issue would be settled somehow and everybody would grow normal again, finds refuge in tears.

Tears leave her with a sense of inferiority and defeat. They make her associate or employer have the feeling of "Well what can you expect of a woman anyway?" and the result is continued strain.

I know from personal experience, in employing both men and women, that it is usually more comfortable to discipline

(Left.) Mrs. Willebrandt at her busy—and businesslike desk

(Right) At home with her small adopted daughter, Dorothy

or train the young man than the young woman, simply because he has been accustomed from early childhood to "argue it out and then be a sport if he loses." He does not feel so "personal" over the outcome and consequently does not nurse a sense of injury.

So far most women have found it difficult to achieve the hardy willingness to "give and take" on unpleasant controversies that react against their own interests.

From the time a little boy puts on his first trousers, his family and the world unite in stimulating in him the will to conquer, to be a good soldier, to fight hard, to succeed in all his undertakings. All such training helps to lift his courage in crucial tests in later business life.

Little girls should have the same advantage. The business woman of today who has not had such training must supply the need by training herself in her habits of thought and attitude toward trouble.

I KNOW a woman economist, who travels for large corporations maintaining branches in the United States and Germany. After inspecting plants in the United States she writes monographs on methods of improvement in factory management.

An abundance of disillusioning experience both here and in Germany has made her sign these pamphlets with only her initials and last name.

She says, "It is not because I am ashamed of being a woman or desire personally to ride under false colors, but I do want the suggestions I make to have a fair hearing."

"Among the business executives who know me personally, my suggestions are fairly received, but in the subsidiary corporations where I am not known the only way my improvements will have a trial is for the men who hear them not to know a woman has advanced the ideas."

That same experience is testified to by many women in the Government Departments and those [Continued on page 106]

Time to Unmask

By

WILLIAM ALMON
WOLFF

Illustrations by W. D. STEVENS

ANNE MURRAY had been behaving outrageously, and knew it perfectly well. But that was the idea of a masked ball. You didn't take your inhibitions and your best Sunday manners along, because you'd have no use for them if you did. So it didn't worry her at all that she didn't know from Adam the young man with whom, for hours, she'd been amusing herself. He was so nice that he undoubtedly belonged to some other girl, but what of it? As long as she didn't have positive information about that, she wasn't responsible, was she?

They'd had a gorgeous time. He'd cut in, to start with, and he was unquestionably the world's best dancer, besides being exactly the right height for her. Anne was a tall girl, and rather nice looking, she thought, when she wasn't wearing a mask. For that matter, she wasn't exactly repulsive now, because her good looks, after all, weren't confined to her face, and her costume had been designed in accordance with the liberal views of the day concerning feminine attire that have caused so much distress to Mr. Ziegfeld and other producers of revues. When all is said and done there are fields in which professionals do suffer from amateur competition.

Cutting in on Anne hadn't got this young man very far around the room of course. But he'd cut back again as soon as he could, and he'd kept on doing so until they'd both begun to laugh.

"Oh, look here—this is silly!" he said. "Why don't we elope—go outside, I mean—sit in a car—all that, you know?"

"Well—why not?" said Anne.

So they'd gone, and they'd been sitting, and talking, and smoking, ever since. Sam kissed her, casually, once or twice, when the conversation seemed to call for that sort of incidental music. They'd exchanged first names, because they had to call each other something, but they'd stuck to their masks. He was amusing and clever, and he managed to give this trifling escapade of theirs a touch of glamour without

Sam Wanted to Marry a Blonde with Money—Until He Met a Brunette Who Had None



A tall Persian was speaking to a slim lady in a backless costume. "You're beautiful!" he said. "You haven't said anything like that in ten years—" answered the lady . . . "My God, my wife!" the Persian exclaimed



Anne out-Cleomed Cleopatra in her dancing costume. There were some cats who said she should have used her mask to cover blushes, but Anne hadn't blushed for years!

being sentimental or sloppy, which pleased Anne, and suited her mood perfectly.

By midnight, naturally, they'd found out a good deal about each other. They knew a lot of the same people; they felt the same way about most of them; they liked the same books and plays—and what was more important—they shared a number of intense and unreasonable dislikes. It always makes you feel much closer to some one, you know, to find that you both abominate some popular idol than it does to learn that you have a common enthusiasm for Sinclair Lewis, say, or La Argentina's dancing.

Still, for all their talk, they hadn't discussed any of the superficially significant and seemingly important things that people tentatively approaching friendship usually want to know about.

ALL at once, inside the club, there was tremendous to-do, with the band making a great row, and horns tooting, and every one shouting and laughing.

"I expect they're unmasking, don't you?" said Anne. "I suppose we're missing all the fun."

"Do you, indeed?" said Sam. "Speak for yourself! I'm happy, I am."

He looked at her. They'd picked out the back seat of a very comfortable sedan, and Anne fitted nicely into the curve of his arm. He kissed her, experimentally.

"You're probably married," he said, "and I'm an old-fashioned bozo. I don't make love to married women—not when I know it. So—"

"I'm not married, as it happens," said Anne. "I wouldn't be here if I were. I'm old-fashioned, too. We do have lots of old ideas in common, don't we?"

"Check!" he said. "You're pretty nice, Anne. I've been off women lately, but you raise the average."

"Some one been trifling with your young affections?"

"More or less. Had it coming to me, I expect. Silly stunt, falling in love! The French have the right idea. They know love's one thing and marriage is another. Lots of time for both, too—so long as the sun keeps on rising and setting."

"I see what you mean," said Anne. "Yes—"

"You take marriage," said Sam. "Perfectly simple, if people'd only be intelligent. Good old law of supply and demand—you can't beat it! But what do we do, over here? Rich men marrying rich girls—sheer economic waste! Kids as poor as Job's turkey trying it out in a three room flat over by Second Avenue so they can have an East Side address. Fine chance they've got!"

"Now me, I'm going to pick me out an heiress, when I get around to it, and teach her to live up to her means. Not but what—" He hurried on before Anne could say anything. "Not but what I'll always be able to make enough to buy my own clothes and cigarettes and pay for taxis and orchids and things like that, you know."

"That's a sound idea, too," Anne admitted.

"You wouldn't be an heiress, I suppose?" he said. She shook her head. "Thought so. You're too nice. Still—"

He sighed, faintly. Anne was disturbed. She didn't want Sam to turn serious. She'd been running away from anything that even threatened to be serious for months. Ever since—well, never mind that, now. She sat up, abruptly.

"It must be late," she said. "Time to unmask anyway."

She switched on the dome light, then took off her mask and the close fitting turban that was a part of both her costume and her disguise.

"Ho!" said Sam. "That's torn it!" He sat up, distinctly annoyed. "Why did you have to go and do that? I know who you are, now. Pete Carter's always mooning about you. Wanted to take me over one day, at Pierre's, when you were having lunch with Beth Rogers."

"Why didn't he?" asked Anne.

"Wouldn't let him," said Sam crossly. "Didn't want to meet you. You're not my type."

"What?" Anne sat up very straight, staring at him with outraged and indignant eyes. It wasn't a lie, and she knew it. He meant it. He'd taken off his mask, and was regarding her moodily. She'd known about what he'd look like, and he didn't surprise her. His looks were passable, no more. Anne loathed handsome men. She knew who he was, of course, though she'd never happened actually to meet him. Sam Prescott.

"No," Sam went on. "I prefer blondes. Strong minded you are, too. It shows in your mouth, and you must have the devil's own temper if any one crosses you. God help the man who marries you! Besides, you haven't any money, any more than I have."

"I have, too," said Anne. "I get the income every quarter from a lot of Liberty Bonds, and there's a bunch of money that piled up before I was twenty-one. I make money, too. I made seven hundred in the market last month. I was in on that crazy jump in Chrysler."

"You would be a gambler," he said. "That's another thing!" He regarded her morosely; then he grinned. "Still," he went on, in a kindlier voice, "I don't suppose you could have kept your mask on forever, and it's not your fault you're poor! Who am I to blame any one for that?"

"The way you harp on that!" she said, unreasonably annoyed. "Maybe I can't afford luxuries like you, but I get along very nicely, thank you."

"Oh, you're talking through your hat!" he said. "I wish you'd put it on again, by the way—I don't like your hair. What do you need of money, living with your uncle the way you do? Oh, I know all about you! You think you're independent because you don't have to make a touch when you want to take some girl to lunch and to the movies afterward! A lot you could do in the market if you had rent to pay, and butchers and telephone companies and all that! Pocket money—that's all your income amounts to!"

"I—" Anne was almost breathless with rage. "I'd like to know what business it is of yours anyway?"

"Oh, none!" He grinned again engagingly. "I'm being an ass, of course. It's just—it was such fun, before I knew who you were."

"It was rather," Anne had to admit, slightly mollified.

"One gets ideas, you see," Sam said. "You looked blonde back in the club. You haven't the sort of eyes that go with your hair, as a rule. I could see them, through the slits in your mask. Gray, aren't they?"

"They're green, like a cat's," said Anne viciously.

"Well, they're not brown anyway. And when we came out here—oh, I thought you were swell! I—I was darned close to falling for you, if you want to know it. And now—oh, well—sorry! It's not your fault. Listen—want a tip? This one's from the stable. Buy Ingot—you can get in up to 40. Hold it till it hits 60."

"Sounds reasonable," said Anne. "I never did see why that last dividend was passed."

"That's the point. It's going for a ride."

"Thanks. I'll play that hunch."

She switched on the dome light once more, and leaned over to look at the clock on the dash.

"It really is late," she said. "I think we'd better go in."

"I suppose we had," he said.

HE HELPED her down, and they walked back, sedately, and with great propriety, to the club. Anne did think he might have been polite enough to kiss her again, just for old times' sake, as it were, but the idea didn't seem to occur to him, and there was nothing she could do about it, naturally.

The club was getting gayer and gayer. They walked up on to the veranda, through a haze of romance, and tinkling glasses, and banter. A tall Persian was speaking to a slim lady in the slimmest of costumes. They heard him say—

"You're beautiful!" And they heard the lady respond, "You haven't said anything like that for ten years!"

And even Anne, despite her annoyance, laughed at the Persian's gasp—"My God, my wife!"

Inside various indignant boy friends fell upon Anne, demanding to know where she'd been, and with whom. They mauled her while they danced with her, and cut in on one another, and generally annoyed her. But as for Sam, he devoted himself ostentatiously to a succession of yellow haired, blue eyed babies. She wished him joy of them. Only she didn't at all, really. She hated them, and him, too.

Anne bought fifty shares of Ingot at 41 next day, and sold out at sixty-one, which was comfortably close to the top, representing a neat little profit of about a thousand dollars, which looked extremely well, as expressed in an evening gown, a fur coat, and some extremely luxurious garments not intended for the general public to see.

She ran into Sam once in a while [Continued on page 90]



Sam had taken Anne to dinner for just one reason. He felt that he must warn her against Morgan. Anne didn't know whether to be amused or annoyed

UNTOLD TALES



The closet scene in "Broken Blossoms" gave permanent fame to Lillian Gish. Years later it is still quoted as one of the great moments of motion picture history—and people are still wondering whether it was great because of Lillian's acting or Griffith's direction—or both.

It was to spite Valentino that Rex Ingram made a star of Ramon Novarro—and gave him the privilege of playing opposite the beautiful Barbara La Marr. Barbara's premature death was one of the tragedies of Hollywood.

REX INGRAM Discovers Valentino and Novarro among the Extra Men... Lillian Gish becomes a First Magnitude Star... Barthelmess Blooms in "Broken Blossoms" . . . Clarine Seymour Arrives and Dies . . . The Golden Days of Griffith . . . He Tries to "Put Over" Carol Dempster . . . Dorothy Gish Makes James Rennie Her Leading Man . . . Katherine Albert Does a Disappearing Act . . .

DURING the next epoch of my screen experience, I saw both Ramon Novarro and Rudolph Valentino discovered; Dick Barthelmess come into pictures; many other new stars rise and many fall again into oblivion.

The right thing for me to say is that I recognized both Valentino and Ramon as being persons of high genius the moment I set eyes upon them. Alas, I saw them both begging at Griffith's door and saw them turned adrift without a protest.

I liked and admired Mack Sennett, but I hated the press agent business. Also I hadn't the slightest interest in comedy-making. Comedies were not my stuff. I was glad when D. W. Griffith made me an offer to come to his studio as a production advisor.

It was an interesting period of his career. "The Birth of a Nation" had been a triumph. Everybody connected with it had made a fortune—except Griffith. Even a costume maker, who had grudgingly taken stock as part pay, was rolling around in expensive limousines and living in a Hollywood palace.

"Intolerance" had been a flop. Griffith had expected to make a fortune and an imperishable name by it. I don't know why it failed. When I went to his studio he was trying to get back his courage by making a series of ten pictures for Paramount. Some of them were good and most of them were pretty bad.

Two companies were working at the studio at this time. Dorothy Gish was making a series of comedies, and D. W. was making his own pictures.

Dick Barthelmess had just joined the company. His mother had run a theatrical boarding house in New York. One of her boarders was Alla Nazimova, then a struggling Russian Jewess, trying to find a foothold in a strange country whose language she did not know. Mrs. Barthelmess helped her over some stony places in the road. In gratitude, Nazimova gave Dick a part



of HOLLYWOOD

BY HARRY CARR

in her first movie. He had just then graduated from a college in Connecticut.

Of all the actors I have ever known in any studio, Dick was the most determined. He would have succeeded in any business.

I can't say, however, that the combination of a headstrong, temperamental girl like Dorothy Gish and a grim, obstinate little Napoleon like Dick was the most favorable recipe for family peace. It was a case of Greek meeting Greekess.

I remember one day that Dorothy turned on him sarcastically with this remark, "Well, Mr. Barthelmes, some day perhaps you will be the star and I will be in your company working for you. Then I will have to do what you say."

At the moment it seemed about as probable as that the Statue of Liberty should go into the movies. But it is exactly what happened. Several years later Dick starred in Hergesheimer's "The Bright Shawl," and was supported by Dorothy.

Not that these spats ever really amounted to anything. They were just spats between two spoiled children. With the exception of Mabel Normand, Dorothy is the most generous-hearted woman I have ever known in the studios.

She was often hard to deal with owing to an odd characteristic of temperament. Along in the middle of every picture she was seized with black pessimism. Not but what there was a reason. Her comedies were not as good as they should have been and Dorothy knew it. Her stage debut had occurred at the tender age of two, and there wasn't much about the show business that she didn't know. She began each new comedy with a burst of eager enthusiasm. As she saw it going on to the screen, she sank into a morbid depression.

One day I found Dorothy looking over the want ads in a Sunday paper. "I am trying to find a job," she said. "I find that the only thing I can do is get a job as cook in a family where they live exclusively on prepared breakfast food. I could bring in the milk bottle every morning."

Griffith and Dorothy were at sword's points a good deal of the time, but there was no one whose opinion he so highly

valued. Whenever they came to a tough place in the story-rehearsal, it was Dorothy who was always called in.

To her rage, Griffith had a way of calmly looting her comedy unit for anything or any actor who took his fancy—from props to leading men. When he began "Broken Blossoms," Griffith drafted Dick Barthelmes for the part of the Chinaman, leaving Dorothy without a leading man.

In many ways, that picture marked the high tide of Griffith's career. It was never a riot at the box office, but it earned him an autographed letter from a queen, and imperishable glory from the critics. It marked Lillian Gish's debut as a great artist. Also it made Dick Barthelmes.

The picture was made in three weeks—just tossed off as it were. The scene where Lillian Gish is hiding in a closet from her brutal drunken father still stands as the finest thing she ever did—one of the finest things anybody ever did.

While Dorothy was gay and impulsive, then depressed and pessimistic, Lillian was always the same—calm, quiet, patient. She had a peculiar habit of living her parts. If, for instance, she was playing the part of a French peasant girl, she lived



A boy and girl who—for a little while—lent the color of their vivid personalities to the screen. Clarine Seymour and Bobby Harron were close to genius. They touched the fringes of success before they were called away



Dorothy Gish once made a sarcastic prophecy to young Barthelmes, her leading man. "Some day," she said, "perhaps you'll be a star and I'll be working for you. Then I'll have to do what you say!" Her prophecy came true, several years later, when Dick was starred in Hergesheimer's "The Bright Shawl"

the life of one for weeks. Read nothing but books of French peasant life—kept absolutely apart from American friends—and even ate the food that a French peasant would eat.

The Gish girls were like nearly all women who have been in the show business from childhood. I never remember meeting one who was in the least up-stage. They consider the stage hands, the electricians, the camera men and the director—all to be working people on the same job. I never saw Lillian leave a set without going around to shake hands and thank every workman. As a result she was adored.

ONE day Lillian was working with a leading man who has since become a famous star. He was indulging in an old stage trick—trying to steal the scene from her by gradually moving back from the camera so she would have to turn her back to the lens while he smiled into it.

The head electrician came to me at the head of a delegation of men in overalls. "We want you to tell him," said the man, almost trembling with excitement, "that we have been watching him from up there. We are on to what he is trying to do. You just give him this warning from us fellows. The next time he does this, we are going to drop that heavy dome light on him. Accidents are liable to happen in any studio. One is going to happen before long in this one."

I told the actor. He was so terrified that he refused to walk to and from his dressing room unless I would walk with him. He was permanently cured and has since become a good sport and a good fellow.

To go back to "Broken Blossoms" and Dick—one of the problems of the picture was to make him look Chinese. Especially the slant eyes. This was finally accomplished by pasting a strip of adhesive tape from his temples—the other end being under his cap. Incidentally I might remark that this system has been followed ever since by a well known man star who is getting a little old. This tape pins up his sagging cheeks and has the effect of a face-lifting operation.

Dick went down into Chinatown and studied the Chinese for days on end. He learned to see without looking as Chinese do. A Chinaman's glance never seems to travel out to meet anything as a white man's does. He even learned to shoot as Chinese highbinders do—without lifting the gun from the hip. I have never seen any other actor go after a part with such systematic effort as Dick.

As a technical advisor on "Broken Blossoms" we had a little Chinese student named Moon Kwan who has since acquired international fame as poet and dramatist.

There was one critic who was not pleased with "Broken Blossoms." Thomas Burke, the author for whom a literary market was made by the picture, wrote a very catty article for the London papers about it. For that matter I have seldom seen an author pleased with a picture. I have written a lot of screen stories. I have never seen but one after it got to the screen. I learned to know better. Kate Douglas Wiggin was still living when Mary Pickford made "Rebecca Of Sunnybrook Farm," thereby adding to the fame of that story. The irate author wrote Frances Marion, the scenarist, a letter in which she simply blistered the skin off.

Peter B. Kyne is the only author I know who always preserves his equanimity in the process of being immortalized on the screen. Pete doesn't care what they do with any of his stories as

Dick Barthelmess went into Chinatown and studied the Chinese for days. The result was his perfect impersonation in "Broken Blossoms." It wasn't a clever trick—it was just hard work



This is news! In other words, the first screen appearance of a five dollar a day extra—a young Italian named Rudolph Valentino. He seemed to get all the breaks, this boy—for the lady he's dancing with is May Allison!

HARRY CARR *Tells the Why of Hollywood's Laughter and Tears*

long as they pay for them with cold, hard cash.

After "Broken Blossoms" D. W. Griffith began making a war picture. I forget the name. It didn't amount to much—except that it brought a new star to the screen—Clarine Seymour.

I remember the day she came for the usual test and rehearsal. Those rehearsals were awful. Griffith would put a couple of chairs down in the middle of the room, and the actors would go through the whole play pretending the chairs were horses dashing to the rescue—or castle moats. The average actor collapsed under the strain of stage fright and embarrassment. This little girl flopped down on a studio chair and pretended it was the body of a dying lover with as little self consciousness as a child playing house. Had she lived, Miss Seymour would have been one of the greatest stars in pictures. I have never seen any other person to whom acting came so naturally. I was very much impressed, and strongly recommended her to Griffith because of her charming taste in dress. She afterward teased me about it. The clothes were not hers. She had borrowed them from Seena Owen.

WITHOUT meaning to, Clarine Seymour brought one of the greatest stars in the history of the industry into pictures.

It had been arranged that she should dance in the theater prologue of the war picture. As far as I know, this was the very first prologue ever put on with a picture. She had to have a dance partner. Several were offered and she selected a good-looking Italian boy who had been dancing at one of the Los Angeles hotels.

One day while they were practising the dance I happened to wander into the set which they were using as a dance floor.

Clarine was blazing with wrath. "Say," she demanded of me, "is there anything you would like to know—any mystery

of life or death—of the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. If so, ask this wop. If he doesn't know, he will think he does. He thinks he knows everything in the world."

I glanced over toward the "wop" and I was impressed with his quiet dignity and the proud courteous disdain with which he received the insult. After the dance rehearsal was over, I introduced myself and he told me his name. It was Rudolph Valentino.

Fate handles the affairs of men in queer ways. Rudolph got his first chance at a screen part shortly after that through his skill as a dress designer. While they were working on the various pictures, the actors at the Griffith studio used to go horseback riding in the park; Griffith Park was only a few blocks from the studio. Valentino was a splendid horseman and was in demand with the riding parties. Dorothy Gish couldn't find a riding costume she liked, so Rudolph designed one for her. It became the rage in Hollywood. It was like the trousers men used to wear in 1812 with straps that went under the boots. Dorothy was so grateful that she gave him a small part in one of her comedies.

While they were making one of the pictures that followed "Broken Blossoms," another Latin boy came into the studio, begging for a chance.

He had been around there day after day for weeks, begging for a test. At last Griffith let him come in and he made his test while the rest of us stood around giggling.

In our own defense I shall have to say that it was really funny.

The boy had made up a play in which he took all the parts. It was far from a tame play. It was full of murders and duels. I remember the end of it. He made a fatal thrust in behalf of the valiant hero (with an imaginary rapier), then he leaped around the other way and received the fell thrust through the heart of the villain. Having died with great eclat and plenty of groans, he jumped up and demanded anxiously of Griffith, "How was that?"

We all laughed and the boy slipped out of the studio broken hearted.

"Say," said Griffith later in the day as we stood on one of the sets waiting for the lights to be changed, "do you know that Mexican boy was really pretty good—in spite of the groans."

I did not know until years afterward who the boy was; he was Ramon Novarro. He [Continued on page 95]

Rex Ingram fell in love with Alice Terry and married her. He called her the "perfect screen type" but that didn't keep him from changing the color of her hair, the shape of her teeth, and the size of her ankles. She first came to notice in "The Four Horsemen," the picture that made Valentino famous. Here she is two years later with Novarro in "Where the Pavement Ends"



*The Greatest News
Photographer in
Chicago Learned
about Pictures
from a Red Head
Chambermaid*

By
OLGA MOORE

Read This Story and
Watch This New
Short Story Writer



The STOLEN GOWN

THOUGH he had only two arms and two legs, he somehow gave the impression of having many more. In fact, his body seemed a mere meeting place where arms and legs congregated.

He sighed, and pressed a square of orchid silk to his lined and haggard brow.

"I had a day of it yesterday! First I shot that bathing beauty revue out at Washington Park—isn't there *anything* in the world but pretty girls?"

"There's the W. C. T. U.," pointed out Rita Ryan, who perched on his table and swung shimmering legs. "But they're womanly women and the city editor sends Chuck Brady out to get them. He's great on photographing earnestness, but

he falls down on sex appeal. He'd make Peggy Hopkins Joyce look just like a young Puritan. It takes you to bring out the come-hither, honey."

Wales favored her with a sallow, satirical smile.

"Bathing beauties," he corrected, "don't even have lure. They just have legs. No more sex-appeal to 'em than to those baby leopards out at the zoo. And act just like 'em—always rolling their eye and squirming. I came back praying for a nice assignment down at the morgue with a cool, restful stiff in it. I hope I don't draw any symmetrical wrong-doers today!"

"You will, though," predicted Rita. "There's the Bobbed-haired Bandit coming up! Leo Carmody just called in from



Illustrations by
FREDERICK CHAPMAN

the police station and I took the rewrite. He says the police expect to make an arrest any minute. She'll be a sweet-faced sinner for you to shoot."

"They'll never catch the Bobbed-haired Bandit—not this police force," predicted the cameraman. "She's too slick."

"The super-shoplifter," quoted Rita again, "'the greatest girl-bandit of all time!' Lord, how they're playing her up! But it takes a clever child to coolly stroll out of Sterlings with their thousand-dollar imported model over her arm. Brown velvet with luscious, swooning lines. I'd gladly turn bandit myself for a chance to wear that dress. They had the floor-walker and the house-detective guarding it, and a special burglar alarm on the show case."

"Must have been an inside job," mused Wales.

"Leo says not. He says every saleswoman on the force has been thoroughly cross-examined. Detectives have even searched their rooms. Chief Regan is positive the dress was taken by the Bobbed-haired Bandit herself, the same one who cleaned out the Grosvenor Jewelry company a month back."

"Brown dress, eh?" asked Wales. "Then the police ought

"Sure, I'm the Bobbed-haired Bandit," she admitted. "Where do you think I got these duds?"

The second was a society debutante who rejected a tennis champion and a millionaire's son to marry him, who loved him madly for a year and left him because he drank and wore lavender shirts. She went back to her relieved family and married a man of impeccable habits whose shirts were above reproach. But she had a breakdown once when she laid the cornerstone for the woman's club building and Wales was among the cameramen who shot the scene.

His third wife was Rita Ryan, feature writer, a dark, exotic girl, noted in newspaper circles for her nerve and her wit. She smoked with Wales and danced with him and never even lifted her eyebrows at his lavender shirts. Her first husband had been an orchestra leader and was much queerer.

Besides, being a newspaper woman herself, she knew that when the shirt-sleeved figure of the city editor appeared in the doorway it was time for her to do a fadeout.

"Don't tell me you've found a naughty little girl for me to shoot?" said Wales, but he reached for his hat as he said it.

to look for a red-haired woman."

"Grosvenor says the girl who held him up was red-haired!" Rita replied after a minute's thought. "And I love her sense of humor—signing herself Jessica James."

"Hard women are hard women," snorted Wales. "And if they're pretty, they're that much harder. They all try the same old tricks—I've been vamped by so many Cleopatras not even Greta Garbo could get my temperature up. I just read 'em and weep. For there's three ways you can get any woman, the flattery gag, the indifference gag and the sympathy gag."

HE LIFTED one crooked eyebrow and smiled his disarming smile. His face was seamed and sallow, with a thick-lipped, humorous mouth and gray eyes set deeply and far apart. His nose had been twice broken in the pursuit of his art, once when a bull elephant had charged his camera on the African veldt and once when a gifted yeggman had aimed a well-directed blow.

As a nose it was not artistic, but as a souvenir it had merit. His hair was amazingly sleek and sophisticated and came down to foppish sideburns in front of his ears. His linen was immaculate and often faintly scented. He had a penchant for lavenders and fragile greens. His suits were smartly tailored and ran to check effects in different shades of brown. His gloves sometimes came from Bond Street.

His face was etched with lines, lines that spoke of dissipation and laughter. He was so enchantingly ugly that three women had married him. One had been a thin little girl who shared those gay, starvation days with him when he worked on his first paper, a gallant little girl who cried with joy when he got his first big assignment. When she died, Wales

stumbled wildly down to the docks and bought a ticket for the Argentine. There were some who declared that in his heart he still carried pictures of that lean brown child.

stumbled wildly down to the docks and bought a ticket for the Argentine. There were some who declared that in his heart he still carried pictures of that lean brown child.

The cold green eyes of the city editor flicked across him. "Six," he announced laconically. "The police have just run in a half-dozen suspects on this bobbed-haired bandit story. I'm sending you down to shoot 'em all. Even the ones that aren't the real thing will probably get into trouble sooner or later and we'll need their pictures. Carmody says they're all tough characters."

"Breaking into a pretty slick story, isn't it?" asked Wales as he flung into his foppish coat and reached for extra plates.

"Big yarn," agreed the city editor. "Regan, of course, is trying to make an arrest to save his face, and Sterling is panting to get his dress back." He winked with the sudden boyishness that made him the most popular tyrant who ever lorded it over a city room. "I understand," he said, "that there's a bonus in it for a bright lad."

"That must be me," admitted Wales modestly, strapping on his camera. "All right, Jim, I'll bring in the Jane—all the Janes you want. And I could use a bonus right now—my bootlegger's raised his prices."

THE six suspects were all that his cynical mind had visioned them. They were harder than his hardest thoughts. Each might have been the Bobbed-haired Bandit if swagger and flippancy meant anything. Each was blithe and brazen and bold. One had known him before.

"Hello, Funny-face," she greeted brightly. "How does it seem to have mama back?"

"Sweetheart, I wouldn't be gladder to see my own cousin Sarah," he told her earnestly. "If I'd known you were here I'd have worn a white gardenia. Now if you'll turn your face a little to the left—I always did like to take your picture. You have such a sweet smile!"

One, highly rouged and curled and penciled, was trying to make a date with the sergeant. Two were sulking and refusing to commit themselves to anything.

One was a stunning blond girl who casually shrugged a mink coat from her shapely shoulders and jingled a diamond bracelet on her wrist. She had bold, brilliant eyes and a scintillating smile.

"Sure, I'm the Bobbed-haired Bandit," she admitted. "Where do you think I got these duds? I took the dress from Sterling's. Why shouldn't I? A business woman must look her best."

"Where is the rag?" asked a detective gently.

"I splashed mud on it last night," she said, "going to church."

"You always were a good girl, sweetheart," said Wales, "just a little impulsive sometimes."

"Just impulsive," she agreed amiably. "Peppy and full of life, you know. Always out for good, clean fun. Boys,

I'll tell you a secret. I'm a murderer, a bigamist, a cradle-snatcher, and grave-robber—now what are you going to do about it?"

"Give the little girl a hand," murmured Leo Carmody, police court reporter. "The sweetest liar I've seen today!"

Wales shrugged tailored shoulders. "She's working for a page-one story," he said. "She's Maude Moline, an uptown artist's model. And she don't get her clothes by stealing em."

WALES drove back to the office and wearily developed his plates. He was considered the biggest cameraman of his day. He had taken liberties with the great of the world. He had told Roosevelt not to squint and had advised Woodrow Wilson to stand straighter. He had cautioned Alice Longworth against resting her weight on one hip and had requested Nicholas Murray Butler to look pleasant. It was even rumored he had once arranged Galli Curci's hair.

But it was his technique with dubious ladies that had brought him fame. No matter how terrified or humiliated or brazen they were, they usually succumbed—the spell of his queer, lined face and throaty voice won them against their will. And when the paper came out that night, good women and smug husbands would gloat over the expression in their faces, the "come-hither" that had brought them to destruction. Wales knew how to get that look.

Mournfully he examined the faces of the six police characters. They had all turned out well. Even the plainest had developed a momentary prettiness before his lens. He felt exhausted as he slouched out to the city editor with the damp prints in his hand. Jimmy sat in the roar and rattle of the city room with his lips glued to a telephone mouthpiece. He looked up grinning at his favorite cameraman.

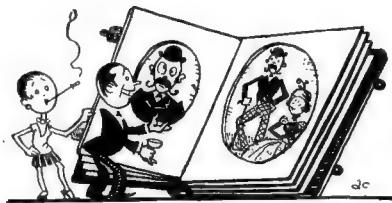
"Just got the ninety-eighth call," he said, "from nuts that have captured the Bobbed-haired Bandit. This is from the Regis hotel, that second-rate joint out on Humboldt street. They've gotten ambitious and located two, one of their guests and one of their chambermaids. Don't think it amounts to anything, but you'd better run out and take their pictures. We're not losing any chances. Handle the story too, while you're there. Got every darned reporter in the place hunting bandits or covering conventions."

THE Regis hotel was a dank, dingy place. Never in its palmiest days had it been regal, but it had once been florid. Decadent red velvet and impoverished gilt still clung in fleeting shreds and patches to the frowsy lobby.

"Understand the Bobbed-haired Bandit's been holding down one of your rooms and making your beds," remarked Wales chattily to the clerk, a slender youth who hastily laid aside a detective magazine.

"THAT'S father—the last one on the right—the one with the cane and the mustache. Didn't they wear funny looking hats? The girl sitting on the grass looking up at him as if he were Civic Virtue is mother. They called those things hanging over her eyes bangs. And the sleeves! Oh my dear, the sleeves! The next one is Aunt Emma. She's been dead twenty-three years. Died of a broken heart when she heard that her boy friend was seen coming out of a saloon, slightly the worse. Get the horse collar around her neck. That's Uncle Edward with the Turkish towel necktie and the Woolworth hardware draped across his Western Front. Here's mother again. She's sporting the Band of Hope stickpin her Sunday School

The Family Album



class gave her on her nineteenth birthday. This one is me. Six months.

Absolutely not a thing on the figure except a couple of old lace curtains, woolen socks, Russian boots, a felt hat and a steamer rug. The next one is brother Joe at the age of five. Father wanted a boy and mother wanted a girl so they compromised on a Lord Fauntleroy suit and curls. Here's one of father at a German picnic. There was a glass of beer in his hand but mother cut it out years ago with a pair of shears for fear the neighbors would see it. You can see where it was cut out. And—but I hear mother calling. She wants to know if I have any cigarettes. They're upstairs in my coat pocket. While I'm gone, run out in the library and tell father to mix you a highball. I'll have one too. So will mother. Scuse please. Be right back."



The famous designer had not been able to make a queen of her. But she was a glorified chambermaid, a girl to shake the heart of a truck driver unutterably.

"Are you from the 'Times'?" he asked. "Well, don't drop a hint of this to any of the guests or they'll go wild. But night before last this girl, Lola Dukes, that's stayin' here, went out in a mighty flossy outfit and acted kinda nervous. Mrs. Greer, the housekeeper, said the dress looked exactly like the one at Sterlings there's been such excitement about. Then a little while later the chambermaid, Cora Davis, her name is, went to a dance in a dress that was certainly awful swell for her kind to sport. She's only been workin' here a month and she was dead broke when she landed, so she can't have much salary saved up."

"Not much," agreed Wales.

"And she's been actin' queer, too!" continued the clerk, leaning forward. "Lots of girls got good clothes in mysterious ways. But she's been actin' kinda cut up since the papers came out. Shuts herself up in her room as soon as she's through with her work."

"Where did she go in the flossy dress? Do you know?"

"Yes, sir," boasted the clerk in pop-eyed pride. "I checked up on that. She went to a dance out at Pleasure Isle—that new pavilion that's just opened up. She's been chasing around with Harry Anderson, truck driver for United Groceries."

"Do you know if she stayed through the dance?"

"Yeah, she did. Anyway Bill, our night clerk, said she got in about one o'clock and said she'd had a wonderful time. The other girl, Lola, went to a dance, too. She works at it. She's a hostess at one of these nickel-a-dance halls, the Sultan's Garden. I guess she's a pretty high stepper."

Wales smiled at the youth sadly. "Brother," he said, "you've got a good mind and I hope you get to be a great detective when you grow up. But did it ever occur to you that the Bobbed-haired Bandit's too slick to wear a stolen thousand-dollar dress to a public dance?"

The youth wilted. "Just thought I'd let the paper know," he muttered sulkily.

"**Y**OUR spirit's great," approved Wales, and went on upstairs. He started a little when Lola Dukes came to the door. For her hair was certainly red. And she was very pretty, in a bright, high-colored, obvious way. Three bracelets clinked on her slim arm and a choker of big pearls circled her throat. A cigarette drooped from her fingers. Behind her on the dressing table, Wales could see the pictures of several men.

Quick, questioning eyes swept his figure and came to rest on his camera. Her tinted brows curved up like the lifting of a bird and she laughed.

"So you're one of the newspaper boys?" she mocked. "Came to take my picture, didn't you? Got tipped off I'm the Bobbed-haired Bandit, huh? Little Bright-Eyes down at the desk's been readin' detective yarns again, huh?"

"Sweetheart," said Wales huskily, "it's a pleasure to meet a woman of intelligence. Where have you been all my life?"

The girl smiled. "Oh, here and there," she retorted blithely. "How do you want me to pose?"

"What's this I hear about your having a pretty new dress?" asked the photographer, unstrap- [Continued on page 115]

Announcing The Birth of

New and Slightly Original Party Ideas for Gentle Folks Who Celebrate One Thing or Another

AS HAD been almost universally predicted, Washington's birthday will fall on the twenty-second of February this year and that brings up the problem, "What sort of a Washington's birthday party can I give that will be different?"

This problem arises from the fact that all over this country people are becoming increasingly tired of eating cherry pie and ice cream in the shape of hatchets.

Novelty is what the guest of today demands—and novelty is what the clever little hostess should provide, if she doesn't want to hear her departing guests remark, "It was lovely of you to ask me, Miss G., but I was bored to death and

I doubt very much if I ever decide to come again."

So here goes for a few novel suggestions for making this year's party somewhat different.

For instance, the invitations can be sent out in the form of telegrams—"Announcing the arrival of an eight pound father of his country next Tuesday. Mrs. Washington doing as well as can be expected. Don't dress."

Or, perhaps, "Crossing the Delaware next Tuesday. Bring your own ice."

Something like that ought to arouse a certain amount of curiosity among the invitees, and then, once you get them inside your house, the rest ought to be easy.

"Crossing the Delaware," for example, is a game which can be played by all the guests. The "Delaware" is a large punch bowl filled with a liquid representing the dark waters of that river on the night on which Washington and his troops crossed and is made by mixing one quart of —,* one quart of —,* two quarts of —,* and a bottle of —.*

Stir well and as an added attraction pour in a little actual water from the Delaware river (which can be obtained by writing to the bureau in Congress which takes care of providing samples of river water to citizens over twenty-one).

Large cakes of floating ice should also be included to complete the picture and then, at a given signal, the American troops "take off" for the opposite shore.

AS SOON as all the punch has been drunk you can announce that the "Delaware" has been crossed, and as many "troops" as can still stand up are then in a festive Washington mood for further pleasure.

Such as, for instance, the game of "Washington Slept In This Bed." For this game it is necessary to have a bed and a "Washington."

Any bed will do and as soon as a "Washington" has been selected from among the male guests the game can commence.

The object, of course, is to put "Washington" to sleep as quickly as possible and lots of fun can be had, especially if "Washington" is of the resisting type.

Drugs are, of course, forbidden, as well as any sharp pointed objects or pieces of pipe weighing over two pounds.

In addition to providing much light-hearted amusement for all the guests,

With our author in the lead, the American troops start to cross the Delaware

*Let your cellar and your conscience be your guide.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

By

DONALD OGDEN STEWART

Drawings by HELEN E. HOKINSON

this game is additionally advantageous as a method of ridding the company of any one who is not particularly welcome, such as one's husband's business associates or others who have been invited merely to repay obligations.

Another excellent game for this purpose is "Cherry Tree." One unpopular guest is chosen to be "Cherry Tree" and is blindfolded and asked to stand upright in the middle of the room.

Another guest is then selected as "Georgie" and is likewise blindfolded and given an axe. The object of the game is, of course, self-evident.

THEN there is "I Cannot Tell A Lie"—a game based on the truth-telling propensities of our first president.

At a given signal the guests start telling each other the truth and this lasts until all the guests have gone home or the police arrive.

First prize is usually awarded to the couple who are still married on the following Washington's birthday and a nice idea for second prize is an offer to pay half of the attorney's fees.

It is well to caution hosts and hostesses, however, that this game must not be started too early in the course of the party, for the average time between the commencement of the game and the first sock in the eye is about three minutes, and for the same reason it is not advisable to play it during supper, even if the dishes are only rented for the evening.

As a matter of fact, the best place to play "I Cannot Tell A Lie" is in the garage—after all the cars and spare tires have been removed.

Any events of the Revolution are, of course, quite legitimate as games at a Washington's birthday party and one of the most interesting of these is "The Surrender of Cornwallis."

One of the guests—preferably a shy young man—is selected as "Cornwallis" and is invited to go upstairs.

There, in one of the rooms, he finds an attractive young woman and the game revolves itself around her attempts to get "Cornwallis" to surrender. The other guests, of course, group themselves at key holes which have been conveniently cut in the wall and the whole thing is a lot of fun. Great care, however, should be taken in the selection of the "Cornwallis."

Dancing, naturally, forms a major part of every successful entertainment and for the Washington's birthday party the dances should be "in character."

A favorite is the "cherry bounce," which more or less describes itself and is not difficult to perform provided that one does not indulge in it too soon after eating.

Another, of course, is the old favorite, "Benedict Arnold," in which one unfortunate young man is induced to dance with something pretty terrible from East Buffalo on the assurance that he will be promptly "cut in" on—and is then betrayed.

A growing favorite is also the "Boston Tea Party" in which the movements of the dancers illustrate the throwing of tea into Boston Harbor, as is also the "Molly Pitcher" who, as you remember, took her husband's place after he had been shot.



This game is called "Cherry Tree." People who play it will probably never again tell lies

Then, of course, there is an old favorite—the Virginia Reel. Although there is a special set of rules for this quaintly pretty dance, the rules can be disregarded. In fact, it doesn't matter just how the steps do go—so long as the reeling is convincing. And to reel really well, much must come before the actual dance begins. This dance, incidentally, might follow the game, "Crossing the Delaware." They, in the manner of speaking, complement each other.

PLEASING novelties can also be introduced in the serving of refreshments.

A "Valley Forge" supper, for example, would consist of hearts of lettuce served by waiters who were suffering terribly from exposure to the cold. (This is best accomplished by having all the waiters put in cold storage for several days preceding the party.)

Another clever effect is the "Bunker Hill," in which one sees only the whites of the waiter's eyes.

Another is Old North Church, in which cauliflower is served. This is deep—but it relates to the *call* to arms, which Paul Revere shouted as he rode through the quiet streets of New England. The flower on the end of the call is just put in to make it difficult. So many things are put in refreshments to make them difficult!

These are only a handful of suggestions. Doubtless any hostess can think of hundreds equally original.

The life of Washington was so full of interesting events that it seems a shame that he had only one birthday we can celebrate—but that, of course, was part of his greatness and it makes one feel warm inside to think in that respect, at least, he was "just like you and I."

VOYAGE'S

IT WAS a large room, simply furnished. Only by the huge Normandy fireplace in the corner, and the view of New York, fifteen stories below, did one realize how expensive a possession this room was.

There was a man, sitting near the window—a dark man, with whimsical eyes, and a little trick of smiling with only one corner of his mouth. He was smiling now, but wistfully. For he had everything in the world—everything he had ever wanted—except the woman who sat opposite, a letter in her hand.

There was a little silence between them, and the fire leaped and roared in the Normandy chimney.

"And when—do you expect him?" the man asked at last.

The woman laughed. "Ames," she said gently, "you know Jimmy of old. He tells you everything he should not and leaves out all the essential facts. The note says only that he is going back to China again—and wants to see me before he goes."

"Back to China," repeated Ames. "After fifteen years!" He looked at the woman attentively.

"**H**E WILL find you as beautiful as on the day he married you, Connie," he said.

"I shall be thirty-eight years old my next birthday, Ames," she reminded him.

"You will never be thirty-eight years old," he contradicted. "I see no change in you—unless it's that you have grown lovelier, if possible." He saw she had tears in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Connie," he said. "You know I'd cut off a hand rather than say anything to hurt you."

"Perhaps that is why I am crying," was her answer. "Because I've never been anything but a grief to you, Ames. Both before I married Jimmy—and since I—divorced—him."

"That was the big mistake, Connie," Ames said gently. "You should never have divorced Jimmy." She seemed to look back at something in the past.

"We were like two children, Ames," she said. "Two children that were forever quarreling. Is that love?"

She saw his little one-sided smile. "It's not my idea of love," he replied. "To my way of thinking, love is deep and quiet—a harbor after the voyage. Whereas, with Jimmy—"

"With Jimmy, love is the stormy, open sea," she said. Ames shrugged.

"The fact remains that my idea has been as much of a failure as his," he returned. "So what difference?" He carefully put out the cigarette he had been smoking. "Which brings me to the observation that you and Jimmy are no longer children. Why not—start all over?" She lowered her eyes, but not before he had seen in them the delight she could not hide.

"My foolish Ames," she said, smiling. "You seem to believe Wheaton is still—still in love with me—after not seeing me for ten years."

Ames, standing at the window, looked down at the snowy



Ames looked into the face of the woman he had always loved, and knew that she was radiant at the prospect of meeting another man. "When do you expect Jimmy?" he asked

canyon of Park Avenue a long time before he answered.

"Have you forgotten how Jimmy Wheaton went to China the—last time?" he asked. "You had been married three hours—when the boat sailed. I have never forgotten how you looked, standing at the rail—with my orchids on your coat!"

"Yours!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, I bribed your maid to put them in place of Jimmy's," he said. "And she did." His smile was bitter. "I don't know whether you can understand it, Connie—but for a long time afterward, I used to get a kind of second-hand happiness out of the fact."

SHE looked down. "You make me feel like a child, Ames," she said. He smiled.

"Because you won't play nicely with your little blocks—but insist on wanting the moon?" he asked. "Connie, my dear—people have a way of wanting the moon. I have never reproached you; don't reproach yourself!" He came back from the window, picked the letter out of her lap.

"Jimmy's old, familiar scrawl," he said. "I wonder has he changed as little as his writing? Well, you will soon know, won't you, Connie? But if he—if he asks you to go—back to China, with him—will you—remember to wear my orchids,

END

By HAZEL
CHRISTIE MACDONALD



*Should a Woman
Make Herself Unde-
sirable for the Sake
of Another Woman—
and If So, WHY?*

*Illustrations by
R. F. SCHABELITZ*

when you—sail?" He pulled her gently out of her seat and stood looking down at her for a moment. Then he went out into the foyer, and picked up his hat and gloves.

"I suppose you will be very busy, you—and—Jimmy," he said. "But, if you should get a minute—"

"Telephone, if you wish, Ames," she said. "Nothing could happen that would make me too busy to talk to you."

But Ames knew that was gratitude, which has nothing to do with love.

When Connie had heard the elevator door close upon him, she clapped her hands with happiness, and began to think about the things she must do. There was shopping—and her hair! It was as if fifteen years had been rolled away, and she was once more buying a trousseau for her marriage to Jimmy Wheaton.

When she got out on the street the snow was falling thickly, but she was so filled with eager expectation that she did not even realize she had forgotten to order her car. She walked down Park Avenue, not feeling the cold flakes which wet her cheeks, and came to the Ritz. She had no appointment with André, the great master of the coiffure, but she sent a message to him.

"TELL him that Mrs. Wheaton will go elsewhere if he is busy," she said. As she had expected, this brought André, in a rage.

"Hein! You would take that hair to some butcher to be chopped, yes?" he demanded. So she sat down, and André became very particular as to the matter of choosing scissors.

Connie realized that a girl with the right haircut and make-up is like a Northwest Mounted Policeman. She can always get her man



"I think," said Connie, "I would like it some other way for a change, André. Now, there used to be a very pretty cut I wore—about—about—ten years ago." André immediately objected.

"But this cut suits Madame," he pointed out. "Madame must do no experiments with hair so exquisite."

"But it isn't an experiment," Connie remonstrated. "I wore my hair cut that way for a long time—when no one else had her hair cut short at all. It had a part in the middle—and then came down like this." She thought her illustration very adequate, but André's contempt was tremendous.

"Parts in the middle are for those silly children of the convent age—who do not count," he said. "Or for their grandmothers. They are not for loveliness like—However, if Madame commands—"

And sighing, he began with his sharp steel. Connie smiled, and closed her eyes, permitting André to turn her head this way and that, as if she were a large doll. At last he stopped.

"Voila!" he exclaimed, and Connie saw, looking back at her from the depths of the mirror, some one beneath whose hair, black as night, blue eyes were set like corn-flowers in a

pale heart-shaped face. Some one decidedly unsophisticated. "Oh! Oh!" she whispered. For this was the girl Jimmy Wheaton had married fifteen years before.

"Very suitable to Madame's type, no?" purred André. Connie was conquering an impulse to shout with delight.

"Very suitable, André," she replied, sedately. "I was quite sure, though, it would be a success." And only in the matter of her tip did she permit her insanity to get the better of her.

ONCE out on the Avenue, however, she cast sedateness to the winds. Shamelessly, she stopped at slabs of mirror in shop-windows and once she blew a kiss to herself, and occasioned a good deal of confusion in the mind of a gentleman who was gazing quite harmlessly at cravats.

In the East Fifties, she came to a grilled iron door, and being admitted at once, she entered one of those hushed and perfumed sanctums, where slim mannequins wear creations that are later purchased by rotund ladies, who cannot imagine what is wrong with the effect they achieve.

At sight of Connie, Cartouche, who was the master of this place, came hurrying.

"You have been walking, Mrs. Wheaton?" he said, when he saw the snow on her furs and hat.

"Yes," she replied. Then she added, and she was entirely serious. "It is such a—a lovely day!"

She slipped her wrap from her shoulders. "Something very beautiful, Cartouche," she said. "More beautiful than anything you have ever showed me." But to everything they brought, she said the same.

"No—no—no—no! These things are all so clever—and I am tired of clever things! The frock I want is coral-colored, I think—and very simple." So they found her something answering to this description, but Cartouche was annoyed when he saw her in it.

"This is something for a little girl who plays at being grown up," he said. Connie, standing lost in some idea of her own, smiled at him.

"And I am grown up—but trying to play at being a little girl, Cartouche," she said.

"Which is why I am cross," returned the couturier. "I have made for you every dress since the one in which you were presented to society—and now I grow gray and heavy, while you—you remain a miracle of youth!"

Connie laughed. "You are charming in a temper, Cartouche," she said. "And now, I must have a wrap, mustn't I? Brown velvet—without fur—and silver slippers, if you please, you great bear!"

SO, HAVING everything she wanted, she came home again, in a taxi. She could hardly wait for the telephone to ring—could hardly wait to hear Jimmy's voice. They would go out somewhere, of course. To dance, perhaps—she in her coral frock—

But it was not till she was almost through dinner, during which every one else in the world had rung up, that Celestine came in and said, "For you, Madame. A Mr. Wheaton on the wire." And then Celestine went out of the room, while Connie held on to the table very tightly for a moment. But at last, she went out to the phone and lifted the receiver.

"Yes?" she said, finally, and heard Jimmy's voice at the other end—Jimmy's voice, eager, laughing.

"Connie—is it really you?" he shouted. "Is it really—really you?"

"Yes, it's—it's—me," she replied, with a catch in her breath.

"It's such a treat to hear your voice, Connie—you don't know what a treat it is! Say something—just to let me hear it!" Jimmy said.

Her heart was hammering no longer now; it was singing. "What—what shall I say?" she asked. "Except that I am just as glad to hear yours, Jimmy."

"Don't be silly!" he contradicted. "You couldn't be! Why, it was the first thing I thought of, when I knew I was going back to Pekin! I thought 'Here's where I see Connie after ten years!' Honest I did!"

He smiled. He hadn't grown a particle in the time since they had parted; he was still the old Jimmy, all impulse.

"Well—and are you coming to see me?" she asked.

"Am I?" he retorted. Then he grew serious. "But, I say, Connie—I'll—be alone, you know."

"Alone?" she repeated. "Why, who should be with you?" He seemed, at his end of the wire, to be surprised.

"Well, I mean Lois, you know—I had intended, of course, to bring Lois."

Something had happened to Connie's heart; it had missed a beat. "Lois?" she said.

"You mean I didn't put a notice of my marriage in that note I sent you, Connie?" Jimmy was demanding.

"I—I—think you—forgot," she said, and the pain was

everywhere; it filled her eyes, her ears, it was more physical than a flogging. She seemed to be struggling to drag herself back from some distant place. Jimmy was talking still; she understood, in some strange way, that he was being contrite. He had always been contrite, she remembered. No one could be more bitterly penitent—for a while.

"I was always such an absent-minded fool, Connie," he was saying. "I hope you're not angry!"

Angry! ANGRY! She put a hand to her lips, to her throat, and then she managed to speak almost in her old tone.

"How can you be so silly?" she said. "Why should I be angry?" He was tremendously reassured.

"You always were wonderful, Connie," he told her. "You know. Lois has been hearing about you all the way across from San Francisco. I guess she's been hearing about you ever since we began to—to—go together."

"Has—has she?" asked Connie, against the transmitter.

"Yes. And I was looking forward to letting her see you for herself—but she asked me to make her excuses to you, Connie—You see, she's been suffering with a headache. She got it yesterday, and today it seemed much worse! But I know she is disappointed at not being able to come."

Connie smiled—Oh, this stupid, this incredibly stupid Jimmy! He was cheerfully continuing.

"You know, when you hear so much about a person, you're pretty anxious to see them for yourself, aren't you, Connie?"

"That depends," replied Connie. "But you'll tell me all about her, won't you? Whether she is pretty—and all that sort of thing." Jimmy seemed to be thinking.

"Well, she's not your type, of course, Connie," he said, finally. "Her hair is a sort of—of—light-brown—and her eyes are—are—well, I guess you could call them gray."

There was a knife in Connie's heart, she saw so clearly what had happened. "Poor little girl!" she thought. "Poor little girl! He has never been able to see the color of her eyes—because he has remembered—mine!" But her voice was very calm when she spoke again.

"Please tell her I'm sorry she is not able to come," she said. Then she thought of something else. "Are you phoning from your room?" she asked. "Maybe I could talk to her, if you are." She was not surprised at his reply; she had expected it.

"No, I'm—I'm—phoning from—outside," he said. "Lois was—was asleep—and I didn't want to disturb her."

"I am glad you're so considerate of her," said Connie. "I like to see consideration in men—and now, when am I to expect you, Jimmy?"

"It will have to be this evening," said Jimmy. "We sail at midnight, you know." Midnight! Lois at midnight—with orchids! Connie put the thought from her.

"Come for a few moments around nine then, Jimmy," she said, and hung up.

WHEN she went into her bedroom, her bravery was threatened for an instant by the sight of the coral frock laid across the bed. But she saw very clearly what she must do, and so became courageous once more.

"You may put it back in the [Continued on page 98]



What Has This Girl Done Anyway?

IS SHE a bootlegger, or a shop lifter, or a murderer?

Or is she just the innocent victim of circumstance?

You'll know, after you've read "The Counter-Irritant," Virginia Lee's story of football and folly... of gangsters and gunmen... of liaisons and love.

In the March SMART SET, of course!

Also—watch for "Lost Turquoise," by Emma-Lindsay Squier, and "A Real Portrait" by Katherine Haviland-Taylor.

The month—with all its magazines—won't offer better fiction!

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"You may put it back in the [Continued on page 98]



Strauss-Peyton

That's What Her Friends Call Katherine P. Stone, Who Has Built Her Success on Candy!

Persistence, Inc.

By ALBERT LANEY

REMEMBER the war song your older brothers used to sing when they were in the training camps?

"K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-girl that I adore."

Its sentiments are practically those of Kansas City, Missouri, when it thinks of parties and the Katydid Sevillia, its favorite candy shop and show place.

Kansas City's K-K-Katy is Katherine P. Stone, President of Stone and Carroll, Inc., candy makers extraordinary, store operators superlative, and caterers par excellence.

Nobody thinks of giving a party in Kansas City—and in that thriving social center everybody is always giving parties—without consulting the Katydid Sevillia.

Hostesses buy their candles, flowers and favors there to match its matchless candies. Drug stores stock its sweets. Hotels use its catering. In fact, the gay Sevillia, and its several retail branches, all under the same Katydid management, is as much a part of the community life as the Chamber of Commerce.

Now for a candy factory to make a big success is not so unusual. But for a girl to make a success of a candy factory alone and unaided—to raise a little one bowl concern into a national business—to be, in 1924, cook, chocolate dipper, delivery boy, bookkeeper and salesgirl and in 1930 to be director of an organization that every day sells hundreds of pounds of "home-made" candy as well as manages many shops—that is not only unusual but practically unheard of. And for a

girl to do this in the Middle West, where, by and large, men are men and women are wives, is to make a story—a story of persistence, ambition, common sense, enthusiasm—and a beautiful sense of humor.

You get the humor right there in the name of her shops and her candy—Katydid. They told Katherine Stone she couldn't make a success of candy selling. She tried and succeeded. She could and she did and so she's telling the world about it right on the sign boards. Hence the cocky "Katydid."

NOW Katy Stone was not educated to be a candy maker. She was just educated. She was born and brought up in Kansas City and went through high school there. Then she spent two years at schools in France and Switzerland before returning home. She enrolled for two years at the University of Kansas, followed that by another two at Smith College from which she graduated in 1916.

And then, there she was, with life—and not much else—before her.

School teaching didn't appeal to Miss Stone. She made her debut into society and that didn't appeal to her either. She took a business course and followed it by two years as a secretary. She was simply bored blue when the war came and rescued her.

Katy went to Washington and worked in the State Department. Came peace! Katy went to Boston and took charge of a public stenographic bureau to [Continued on page 132]

See Yourself as Others See You

ELINOR
BAILEY WARD says

"You Cannot Rely on a Mirror to Help You See the Flaws in Your Personality"

IT'S the same story, always. The same eternal drama. I see it being acted out, over and over again, as I visit the different winter resorts. On the sun toasted sands of Miami. In the luscious green forest of Aiken. On the flashing ice at Lake Placid. It's the same story, always. The average girl swims alone, rides alone, skates alone. Or, if not alone, with a man who is—at best—second choice!

The "different" girl—the girl with personality—plus—is the girl who is popular. Who has, always, more than one escort.

The "different" girl is the life of the party. To phrase it in an old-fashioned manner, she's the belle of the ball. The different girl glimpses life through the rose-colored glasses of romance. She passes her average sisters in the home stretch—and on every other stretch!

THE girl who has realized the value of personality building is, in fact, the most fortunate of all young women. The girl who has realized that she owns the latent ability, the power, to lift herself out of the mass of the general average, is fortunate. For once a girl has realized that personality can be built she has come a long way on the road toward being different. The road, in fact, that leads to popularity.

There are so many factors to be considered in this matter of building—or rebuilding—your personality. There are so many rules that must be observed; and so many other rules that must be thrown into the discard. And then—when the rules are either remembered or forgotten—there is always the question of the individual, which can not ever be handled by a given set of rules.

Are you popular? Are you getting the most out of life? Ask yourself these questions. And, if the answer is "No," try to decide honestly if you are at fault in any of the following ways:

1. Your dress—is it becoming and in good taste?
2. Your manners—are they correct?
3. Do you talk well and entertainingly?
4. Do you listen well?
5. Are you good at games—at dancing—at sports?
6. Are you making the most of your face? Your figure?
7. Are you taking advantage of

your good points? Are you overcoming your bad points?

8. Are you short tempered?
9. Are you loyal to your friends?
10. Are you honest with yourself? With others?
11. Are you conscientious?
12. Have you a sense of humor?

Perhaps you can classify yourself—perhaps, in one of these twelve suggestions—you can find where you are at fault. If so, you've won half of the personality battle.

OF COURSE, the matter of remedy comes next. Perhaps, having localized your difficulty you'll know how to overcome it. In that case you won't need any outside help. But if you don't know what to wear and when to wear it, if you don't know the right and wrong of conversation and behavior, if you aren't sure of yourself—why, then you need help!

A letter directed to me, in care of SMART SET, will receive my very earnest and prompt attention. I'd like it if, with the letter, you would enclose a picture of yourself—a full length snapshot will be fine! I can't promise to make you beautiful, or to put you in the social register. But I think that I can certainly promise you a personality analysis that will show you how you may be more attractive, more contented and—above all—*more popular!*

For, after all, being more popular is the desire nearest every girl's heart, isn't it? Being more popular is the one paramount wish in every young woman's soul. I have seen one of the season's richest debutante sigh for the sort of concentrated attention that even money can not buy—and I have been unable to tell her just why her personality failed to register with the people she most wanted to attract! I've been unable to tell her because we move in the same circle—because I know her too well.

And so I'm sure—because I don't know you, personally—that you'll understand my disinterested (but never, never uninterested!) advice and suggestions.

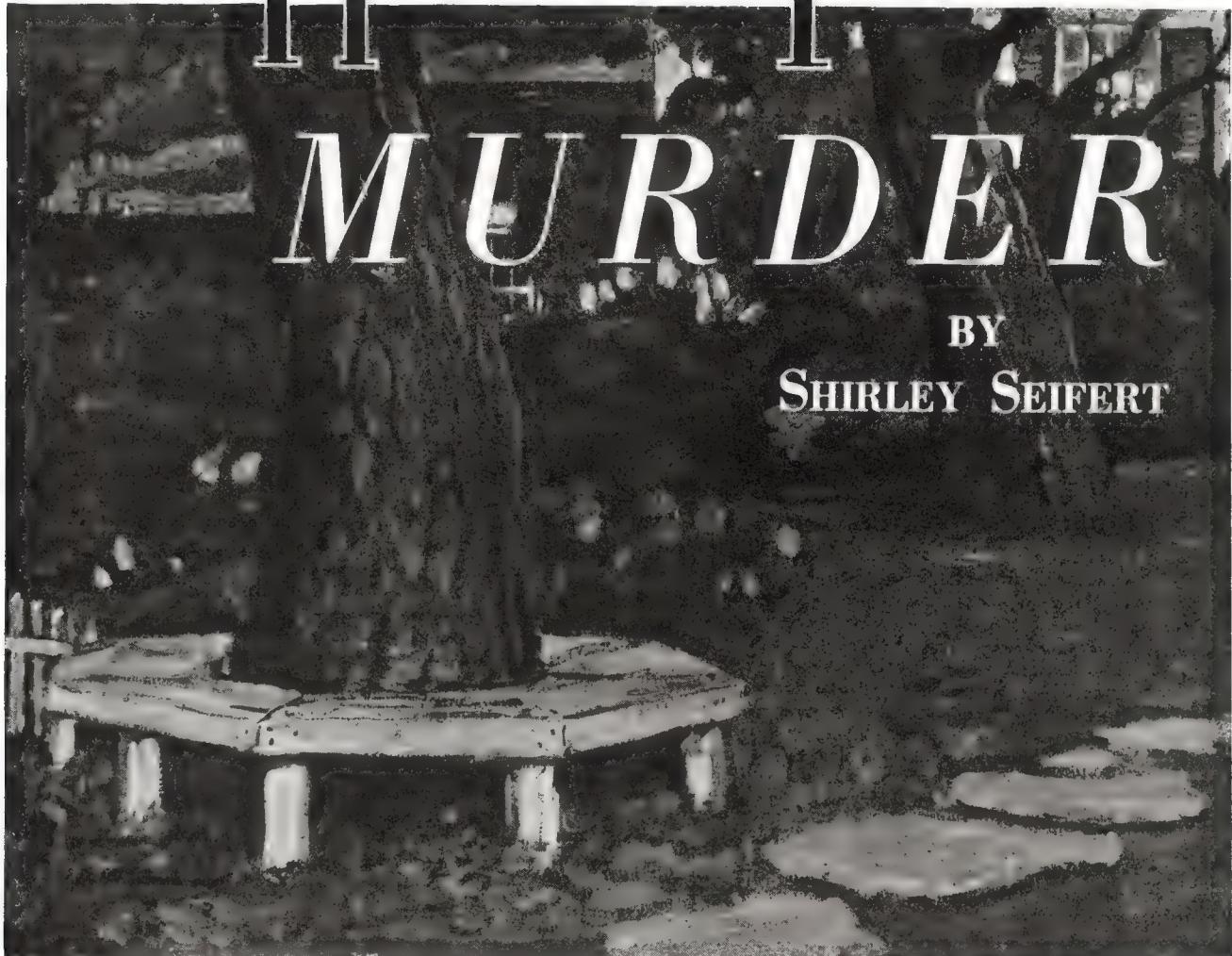
Don't write to me unless you seriously want my help. For, with me, giving that help is not a light matter. I want to be more than an outsider, offering advice. I want, sincerely, to be your friend.



IF YOU are troubled with some problem, if you would like to have your personality . . . your looks . . . your way of dressing . . . analyzed, write at once to Mrs. Elinor Bailey Ward, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Mrs. Ward will be glad to answer any of your questions—to help you!

The HOUSE PARTY MURDER

BY
SHIRLEY SEIFERT



FATHER died shortly after my half sister, Mary Lou, had married James Forbes and gone to live in Philadelphia. Mary Lou's mother, whom I always called Jane, had followed her daughter East and left me free to build a future for myself.

I had spent the first few months traveling about Italy but the unhappy outcome of my first love affair had put an abrupt end to my wanderings. I would have been willing to stay in Italy with Joseph Leoni forever, but when I realized that marriage played no part in his plans for our future, I had returned to my home in the West and gone into business.

BUILDING a career for myself had occupied so much of my time since that I had had little time for visiting. Now on my first trip East I found Mary Lou as fascinating as ever.

I had expected to go to her home in Philadelphia, but Mary Lou had characteristically changed her mind overnight and here we were on the way to Glenhaven where Henry Croft—a wealthy friend of hers and Jamie's had offered her his cottage for a week before closing it for the season.

Mary Lou's enthusiasm was considerably damped when we found, upon arrival, that Henry Croft's housekeeper, Mrs. Yawley, had closed the house and gone to the home of her sister whose son had been murdered the day before. The whole neighborhood was upset about the affair because a woman had been murdered only a week earlier. I felt horribly uneasy about staying there but Mary Lou's chief concern seemed to be that her party was spoiled.

After Jake Hopper, a workman, let us into the house she phoned immediately to her husband and to Henry Croft. Both of them promised to be at Glenhaven before nightfall.

Meantime Jane came with Mary Lou's trunks and we proceeded to make ourselves at home.

We were getting supper by candlelight when Henry Croft arrived. I did not see him come in and so was totally unprepared to find myself facing the man whom I had known years before as Joseph Leoni.

We both managed to conceal our surprise until such time as we could see each other alone for a few minutes. My only concession to the emotion which overwhelmed me at the sight of him was to remove from my neck the string of carnelian beads he had given me and which I had always worn.

In spite of ourselves however there was a tenseness in the atmosphere as we settled down to play bridge after supper. Every one was jumpy and all that was needed to drive us into openly hysterical fear was the sight of a face watching us from the porch. I was sitting just opposite the door and I tried not to scream but Henry Croft noticed the terror in my face and said quietly, "What is it you think you see?"

I managed to say, "There is somebody on the back porch watching us. I've seen the face twice now."

"THAT'S interesting," said Harry Croft and started for the door.

"Don't g-g-go out there!" cried Mary Lou.

"Why not, child?" he said. "I'm not afraid." And out he went, closing the door behind him.

We three women looked at one another, Mary Lou and I both on our feet, Jane Weber still anchored to her chair.

The murders we had heard about were uppermost in all our thoughts. The face I had seen might have nothing to do with that situation—and yet it had been terrifying.

Did Mary Lou Tell the Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing But the Truth about What Happened in the Library?



Mary Lou was running away from the grim, shadowy house—running blindly, wildly, with her hands outflung in a despairing gesture. What unknown terror was she trying to escape, I wondered?

Illustrations by
H. M. BONNELL

We listened for a scuffle, a thud, or some other dreadful sound but nothing happened. After a while I saw a beam of light moving about—over the flowerbed and the woodpile.

"He's all right," I said softly. "He's got the flashlight from his car. Don't you see it?"

THEN distinctly I heard steps—swift, purposeful ones, approaching the house. A moment later the knocker on the front door banged terrifically. Mary Lou snatched up a poker from beside the fireplace. I took a hesitating step towards the door but she seized me.

"Don't pull my dress off!" I begged but she held fast.

"Who's there?" she called.

"Open in the name of the law!" came an answering roar.

I succeeded in lifting Mary Lou's clutching fingers from my arm. I opened the door on a lion of a man. It was his shock of tawny gold hair that suggested the metaphor. Never had I seen such a magnificent head! He was tall and broad-shouldered; his eyes were clear and blue. He was not handsome, but oh, he was strong! He filled the room. I must have stared at him in open wonder. I know it was but dimly that I heard Mary Lou address him.

"Oh!" she said. "It's only you! What do you mean by scaring us to death?"

"How do you do?" the visitor said genially. "What are you guilty of that a knock on the door should startle you? I heard you folks had come in this afternoon. I heard that

your train was late and you'd missed connection with your baggage." This to Jane. "I hope you weren't inconvenienced. I heard that Mrs. Yawley had the gas and electricity turned off after she pulled out this morning."

"If you step out into the kitchen," mocked Mary Lou, "maybe you can still smell what we had for supper and your information will be complete."

"Jake Hopper told me," said the stranger, "that you bought some clams from Pete Ross's boy."

"And this," said Mary Lou, "is tight-mouthed New England."

"Oh, I ask questions," said the magnificent stranger. "My job, you know! I also heard that your sister was with you."

Suddenly he stood before me and the rest of the room was blotted out.

"Why," he said, with a sort of wonder in his manner, "that couldn't possibly be—you!"

I had the maddest desire to cry out, "Oh, why couldn't this have happened to me years ago? Nothing that did happen would have happened if only I'd known you!"

BUT at that moment Harry Croft came back.

"There's nobody on the place," he assured me. "Miss Rockford," he explained to Mr. Burley, "thought she saw some one looking in through this back door just now."

"I did see some one," I corrected. "Distinctly. It wasn't Mr. Burley, I'm sure. I heard his steps on the walk below."

"There couldn't have been any one," said Harry Croft. "I



Mary Lou was in an agony of fear—not for herself but for Croft. "Don't go out!" she begged. "You might be hurt!" I knew she was in love with Croft—and my heart ached for her absent husband

went over the whole place twice with a flashlight. I didn't see a trace of any one."

His condescending skepticism irritated me. I had an uncomfortable feeling that he was lying.

"I saw somebody staring in through that porch door," I repeated stubbornly.

"What was he like, Miss Rockford?" asked Mr. Burley.

"I don't know whether it was he or she. A woman, I think. There was a muffler over the head and around the chin."

"Hm!" A frown gathered on the strong features. "Must have got away, eh, Croft?"

"Absolutely. I'm sorry. It might have helped you to capture somebody suspicious. I hear you're out on that Indian Point case."

"Yes, oh, yes!" Mr. Burley half covered a yawn. "A man can putter around for years settling chicken stealing cases and lobster pot feuds and then all of a sudden there's a mess like this. Baffling, too, you know it?"

"Mr. Burley," Mary Lou explained to me, "is the assistant state's attorney for this county, especially appointed because he knows—"

"You don't think much of that, Miss Rockford, do you?" said he to me. "Large sounding toad, splashing loudly in a small puddle. Unambitious position for a man loafing around here—stick here because I like the country. Get more use of my vacation periods, for one thing. I do a lot of sailing and fishing and hunting between court sessions—"

"And incidentally," drawled Mr. Croft, "you have a very good practice in and around Wynford. You're the authority on all things from chicken stealing to murder."

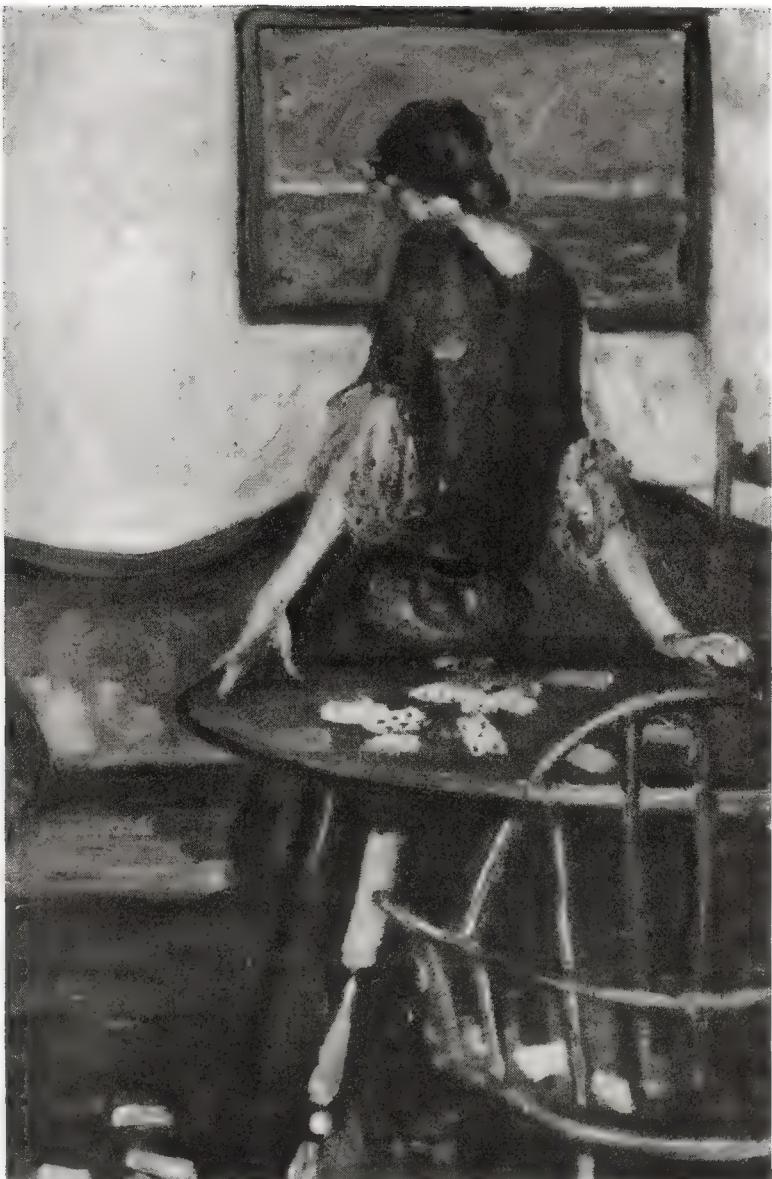
"What is your theory about this affair at Indian Point then?" asked Jane.

"Yes—can you answer that, legally, Dick?" inquired Mr. Croft.

"Having nothing to reveal, there's no reason why I shouldn't talk. Quickest case I ever looked at. Haven't got hold of a thing. No weapons, no fingerprints, no clues. Can't find out anything shady in the young man's past. His relatives and friends either don't know anything or if they do they're keeping it to themselves."

"Can't you sympathize with such a desire, Mr. Burley?" I asked.

When DEATH COMES in THROUGH the DOOR



"Being on the side of the prosecution, I can't," he laughed. "There are times when the citizens of this country seem to combine against the administering of justice. They have a hatred and fear of appearing in law courts even as trivial witnesses. It's conceivable that if a tragedy should occur in this house, for example, that you people, being intelligent would tell all you know freely, but not a person outside, particularly not a native, would have seen or heard or known a thing about it."

The words were spoken casually but somehow, we all felt uncomfortable.

IN AN effort to relieve the queer oppression that had fallen over us I asked, "Do people ever succeed in concealing facts?"

"They do," said Mr. Burley. "It is quite conceivable that I shall never know who killed Bennie Colcutt. As to theories, I think perhaps one or both of these deaths may be the work of an eccentric criminal hereabouts. The problem is to find the nut that has turned dangerous. We have peculiar people to deal with among the poorer classes, Miss Rockford—quite a selection of idiots, some just simple, some potentially harmful, but all running around loose and taken as a matter of course until a thing like this happens. The frequency of weak intellects is perhaps a result of considerable interbreed-

ing. This theory may or may not be applicable to these cases. The woman was a notorious character, but this nephew of Mrs. Yawley's stumps us." With disconcerting suddenness he turned directly to me. "I hope you won't be frightened away by all this. Will you?"

"No," I said, rather breathlessly. "At least, I don't think—"

"I'm glad," he said. "I'm not too courageous tonight myself. I've been jumping all day. I'll admit I'm tired. Mind if sit down?" He picked up a chair, put it down beside mine, and dropped into it.

"Put you up for the night, if you'll stay," said Harry Croft. The rest were laughing openly at Dick Burley and me. I must have been staring at him open-mouthed. That he should be a prosecuting attorney! The only one I had ever seen before had gone for his quarry in the courtroom like a rat terrier. This man was frank, ingenuous—why, he was delightful!

"Equal to some bridge?" said Mary Lou. "We're staying up in case my husband comes in." Her tone was elaborately indifferent but she smiled with spontaneous warmth on Henry Croft who asked lightly,

"What have I done to deserve that?"

I thought I knew. She smiled on him because Dick Burley ignored her. Hadn't she said in the afternoon that the one thing she could never bear was to be treated as if she were of no consequence?

IGAVE my place at the bridge table to Richard Burley. I wanted him in the chair I had occupied facing the door. And because I was restless I asked if music would disturb the playing.

Amid questions as to how I knew of the existence of a piano, candles were lighted on the library mantel. Their light was adequate, because I played from memory and I liked dimness about me. I begged everybody to go back to the game and pay no attention to me.

I laid my hands on the keys. Of course I understood now the presence of this splendid instrument, which had a marvelous richness and at the same time a bell-like clearness of tone. The man had always thirsted for music. I took up one by one simple, tuneful melodies that he had loved. I was finishing Schumann's "Traumerei," when the thing happened for which I had been hoping. He laid down a dummy hand at bridge and came to the piano. I waited for him to open the conversation.

"Edith," pleadingly, "what can I say to you?"

"What have you to say, Joseph?" I know my voice was gentle on the old name, no matter what my feelings.

"Nothing—adequate."

He looked really wretched, leaning over the piano, his fingers tracing a beading on the wood, his eyes sombre.

"You'll believe I had no idea you would be Mary Lou's sister?"

"That's obvious," I said.

"Are you," his voice was low and humble, "going to spoil everything for me now?"

"You spoiled a great deal for me once upon a time, Joseph."

"I know. I was a brute—and a fool. Do you still hate me?"

"Hate?" I queried. "I don't know. I—we have grown older since then."

"I have. But you—"

"I, too, Joseph. Please, no [Continued on page 121]

. . . ROMANCE FLIES OUT of the WINDOW . . .



Jerry was a gate crasher—and how those gates did crash

BETTY HARNED received Jerry's invitation to the Yale Prom on the fifth. She wired him at once.
IN BED WITH FLU STOP DOCTOR WILL NOT SAY WHEN I CAN GET OUT STOP CAN I ANSWER NEXT WEEK.

After she had filed the yellow blank at the telegraph office, she drove home slowly through the late fall chill. At the corner of Fifth and Maple, she slowed up in front of an old brick house with a gray slate mansard roof, set well back from the street. The blinds were drawn. Buddy's family was in Europe, she knew. But she liked to look up at the old house and remember.

She smiled faintly—rather wistfully for a girl who has

Can't You

There's a Big Difference Between Being Persistent and Being a Nuisance

grown to the age where anything even approaching wistfulness is usually considered as ancient as old lace valentines. So much, it seemed to her, so very much of her existence was bound up with that old house. She remembered the Easter egg hunts there on the old lawn, in the days when her long brown hair had fallen in full curls. It was still long, but caught in a very sophisticated knot on top of her head.

In fact, everything about her—from her trim snake skin shoes to her saucily placed lip stick—shrieked sophistication. Everything that is, except the loving glance she bestowed on Buddy's house.

Jerry's answering wire arrived that night.

O. K. WITH ME BABY BUT WHO IS THIS GUY FLU

Betty grinned in spite of herself—and in spite of the fact that she was worrying herself sick over the non-arrival of a letter from Buddy. The Rutland prom was the same week-end as the Yale affair, and she felt sure that Buddy intended to invite her.

Hadn't he invited her every year, so far? Hadn't they been sweethearts from the time they wore pinafores?

BUT the week of grace she had allowed herself slipped past, and no letter arrived from Buddy.

She wired her acceptance to Jerry, and received two dozen long stemmed American beauties in return.

And then, two days later, Buddy's letter arrived. It was brief and matter of fact as the letter of any one who has known you all your life is apt to be. But it contained the looked for invitation.

Betty dashed wildly to the telegraph office at once. One wire to Buddy said yes. And one to Jerry read—

SUDDEN RELAPSE STOP DOCTOR SAYS NO

Jerry's reply was prompt.

GET ANOTHER DOCTOR

Betty grinned once more. The reply was characteristically Jerry, and for a second the picture of that tall, lanky red-headed rough-neck who had camped so steadily on her trail those two weeks at Buck Hill, last summer, came back into her mind.

She could remember the unquenchable grin on his face when she had protested, "But, Jerry, I'm engaged." It hadn't been precisely true, but she had figured that nothing short of an engagement would have stopped a man like Jerry.

He was one of the kind who crashes up to the Prince of Wales, unpresented, slaps him on the back, asks for a light, pockets the lighter, and gets away with it.

And as a matter of fact when she had mentioned her engagement, all Jerry had done was laugh joyously.

"Glad to hear it, sweetheart. The harder they are to make, the more they need a specialist."

He was incorrigible! Entirely incapable of comprehending anything as divine, as poetic, as her feeling for Buddy. Still, memory of Jerry did call forth a chuckle, now and then.

Be SERIOUS?

By

HERBERT A. WOODBURY

Illustrations by
EVERETT SHINN

And when, a few days later, she packed her bag for the trip to Rutland and Buddy's prom, she couldn't help wondering what Jerry was doing.

She could picture him going through an address book which undoubtedly contained the names of thousands of girls, and saying, "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo." All the girls in the book would be knock-outs—with a slight bow to herself—and most of them would be tickled to death with his invitation, late as it would have to be.

"Well," she reflected, as she sat on her bag to latch it, "here's one girl in this day and age who still prefers a nice, serious boy like Buddy to a red hot line like Jerry. Girls, page Dorothy Dix to write an article about me."

And then her mother's voice sounded from the bottom of the stairs, "Come on down, Betty. Some one to see you."

SHE flew to the top of the steps, and stood stock still, agast.

There, his red head peeping out above a coon coat, which seemed miles too big even for his rangy frame, stood Jerry Corbin.

"Howdy, sweetheart. Glad you're better," he called up to her.

She came down the stairs slowly, awkwardly.

"Joe Barstow lent me his boiler, and the coat is courtesy of Jack Wilson. Take a look—" he pointed outside. "The roadster's open as the Great Northwest, but the trip's only two hours the way I step on it."

Betty said nothing, but her face was a thundercloud. She was angry at his nerve, and angry at herself for being discovered. And doubly angry because Jerry cheerfully gave her no real cause to be angry.

"Evidently," she said icily, "you didn't get my last telegram."

He winked at her jovially.

"The fast one about the doctor? No, I didn't get it."

"Then," said Betty, "I'll have to repeat it. I said I was sick in bed."

"And I knew you were lying."

She tapped her foot energetically. "Sometimes," she said, "when a girl quite obviously tells you a lie, it's just as well to let it go at that. The chances are she's doing it to spare you the truth."

Jerry made himself at home there at the foot of the steps. He sat down, pulled out his pipe and an oilskin of tobacco, and steamed up. The pipe bore a silver inlaid Y in direct contradiction of Yale's haughty assertion that such pipes exist only in the movies.

"Sometimes it is," he admitted, "if your feelings are easily hurt. But I'd just as soon have the truth."

"Well," frowned Betty, "the truth is that I broke your date so that I could keep one I liked better. Now, that's pretty plain, isn't it?"

She meant to be as rude as possible. Her dark eyes



"I told you I was sick in bed," said Betty, "and I meant it. Take some other girl to the prom, Jerry!"

flashed at him like an angry tiger's.

Jerry only grinned.

"It's straight from the shoulder, all right. But it gives me hope."

"Hope?"

"Sure. If you'll break dates with one man, you'll break 'em with another. I labor then under the hope that you'll wire the big moment that a Yale prom is something not to be passed up lightly. After all, Betty, you can run off to Rutland or Skinneymadunk any old week-end. Yale is to be gazed on more seriously."

"Then you knew I was going to Rutland?"

"Not till five minutes ago," he said. "In fact," he went on gayly, "until your mother told me, I'd never even heard of such a place as Rutland."

"Well, you've heard of it now," said Betty, "and you know I'm going there."

Jerry drew seriously on his pipe for a few seconds. Then he said, "Well, in that case, I guess I'll have to drive you to Rutland."

Betty gasped. "But your own prom?"

"If I can't take you, I'm not going to it," said Jerry smiling. "And all I'll ask for the buggy ride is two whole dances without any cutting in."

"Two whole dances! Where?"

"Why, imbecile, Rutland, of course."

His mind worked a little too swiftly for her. "But—" she protested.

"But nothing," said Jerry. "I'll crash the gate."

"You have to have cards."

"Easy," grinned Jerry, "I'll drop in on the Sigma Sigma house. I'm Brother Whoosis from Yale. I mumble mystic words in Greek. I give the sacred hand clasp. And then I tell 'em I want to go to their party. Can they disappoint a brother from Yale? They cannot."

"That's enough of that," said Betty, "I'm going on the train."

"All the same to me," said Jerry. "I'll leave Joe's roadster parked in front of your house, and I'll ride the iron horse myself."

"You can't."

"What's going to stop me?"

"If you go to Rutland, I won't."

"Well, isn't that what I've been trying to get you to say, all along? Fine! You won't go to Rutland. When do we start for Yale?"

"Idiot," cried Betty, "can't you be serious?"

BUT the upshot was that they set out for Rutland in the borrowed roadster. After all, there was apparently no shaking Jerry, and besides, Betty reflected that since an automobile would get her there ahead of train schedule, she might as well give in on that point. It would give her that much extra time with Buddy. The whole evening before the prom and Rutland would be making whoopee.

She tried to make things very plain to Jerry as they tore through the zipping air.

"You see," she explained seriously, "I'm not just one of these prom trotters, Jerry. Buddy and I have been in love—well, ever since we were kids, I guess. I'm sort of an old-fashioned girl, you see. I still believe in love."

"Nothing very old-fashioned in that," laughed Jerry. "So do I. I've believed in it ever since I first saw you!"

"Listen!" She was slightly angry now. "You've got to be serious, Jerry."

"I am," said Jerry. "We're on our way to keep a heavy date. And we're in a hurry."



EVERETT SHINN 1926

So saying, he stepped Joe's dainty boiler up to sixty. Betty settled back against the cushions and was silent.

There was a bite in the air. Something exhilarating in the way in which the wind roared round her face. It was fun in a way, dashing to the prom like this. Buddy had driven down to get her, one year. This year, though— She excused him. He was a senior, and seniors had to study pretty hard.

They stopped at a gas station and had hamburgers—picnic style. Jerry handed her hers without fork or knife, and she ate it with the mustard dripping over her fingers. Buddy, she reflected, would have brought it to her on a plate.

Then they were off again, hitting sixty-five.

TEN miles out of Westward, she looked back to see what looked like a motor cycle. She communicated her fears to Jerry, at once.

But Jerry, who never took anything seriously, simply grinned and stepped the car up to seventy.

She was thrilled, but a little frightened.

And Jerry's optimism was all wet. Five miles farther up the pike, the officer overtook them. Jerry pulled up to the side of the road, and got out to speak to an exceedingly red-faced and hard-boiled cop. Betty's heart beat triple speed.

She heard Jerry imitating a brogue and saying, "My name's Sullivan." The rest was a whisper.

Five minutes later he got back into the roadster, and they crept away at a mere fifty.

"Told him we were married, sweetheart," he chuckled, "and



Jerry was the life of the party. The whole restaurant echoed his laughter and watched his tricks. Only Betty sat cold and aloof

that it was danged important we get to the hospital quick."

Betty flushed scarlet.

"Jerry, you utter heathen!"

But Jerry simply grinned, leaned over, and patted her knee.

And finally, she forgave him, seeing that they reached Rutland in three hours flat.

HE DROPPED her at the Inn, and told her he was driving round to the Sigma Sigma House to make arrangements. She sped him on his way with a sigh of relief, and declined his invitation to dinner.

Then, breathlessly, she rushed to the phone, and called Buddy.

He was a little surprised to hear from her so soon. He had suggested in his letter that she arrive in the morning. Yes, there was a house dance at the Beta House tonight, all right. All the houses had dances, of course. But—well he wasn't feeling so well. The doctor had advised him to go to bed.

But he'd be around for her at noon, tomorrow, and they'd go to the game in the afternoon. And as for the prom, tomorrow night—his voice became more enthusiastic—he was raring to go.

"But Buddy," she persisted.

"Yes."

"You'll take care of yourself, tonight, won't you? Do just

what the doctor says. Remember to gargle your throat. And maybe you'd better rub your chest. And, Buddy—"

"Yes."

"If—if the prom's too much for you, tomorrow night, we could go home early. I mean, don't think you have to stay just so I'll get lots of dances. The only person I want to dance with is you, and—"

"Oh, I'll be all right enough tomorrow night." His voice was joyfully certain on this point. And he hung up.

Betty put up her own receiver a little slowly. And for a second, her brown eyes were a little moist. She thought that he might at least have asked her to dinner.

Still, when you were as completely in love as she and Buddy were, why—why it wasn't necessary to be gallant and artificial, that way.

JERRY did not phone her from the Sigma Sigma House as he had threatened to do. Characteristically, he came crashing into the Inn just before supper time, and announced that he was dining with her.

She would have liked to refuse him, but, somehow, she didn't feel capable of all the energy it would require to wriggle out of the invitation. She was feeling just a little bit weak and stepped on. So she followed the course of least resistance.

They dined in the oaken splendor of the Rathskeller, where Jerry insisted on playing the buffoon and doing tricks with spoons and glasses for the edification of every one present. The room was crowded with loyal sons of Rutland and their dates, and most of his audience was appreciative even if Betty did wrinkle her nose in disdain.

"Can't you ever be serious?" she demanded.

"Sure," said Jerry. "How's this for being serious? Every frat on the campus delegates five of its biggest men to visit all the other house dances, tonight. Look me over. The Sigma Sigmas have delegated Brother Whoosis from Yale."

She couldn't help laughing a little at Jerry's crashing in to Rutland and usurping the honor due some senior who had debated for four years, or some man who had made Ring and Mortar.

He added, "So I'll look for you at the Beta brawl." She flushed crimson but she didn't have the courage to tell him she wasn't going. She had a suspicion that if she did, she would find herself argued into making the rounds of all the campus dances on the arm of Jerry Corbin.

He'd find out the truth later on in the evening, to be sure.

But—she held her head a little higher—maybe when he did find it out, it would show him where he rated with her—just exactly zero. And she thrilled with a sort of grim satisfaction at the thought of how she was going to show this conceited son of Eli that she would rather stay at home and do nothing than go anywhere with him.

It was a satisfaction for which she paid a price, however.

She had the doubtful pleasure of lying awake in her room at the Inn, and listening to the music of a hundred dance orchestras which drifted in from all over the campus, that night.

It was very late before things were quiet enough for sleep. She dozed off, finally, after putting in a request at the desk to be called early. She was sure Buddy would phone her in the morning, and she didn't want to keep him waiting.

She dreamed about his cold, and wondered whether he were remembering to gargle.

[Continued on page 80]

SECRETS of a Social Secretary

*The Story of a Family That
Spent a Quarter of a Million
a Year and Bought a Radio
on the Installment Plan*

PHYLLIS CLIVEDALE—to give one of my most recent employers a fictitious name—was a woman in her early thirties, petite, vivacious and pretty. Of all the women I have worked for as social secretary, I liked her best. She was human and had an understanding heart. In the fast and furious living of the environment in which I found her, she seemed out of place. Wealth was not new to her, but the ways of society were. The daughter of a self made man, who had once held high elective office in the East, she was probably the first member of the family who had broken into society.

Marriage had been the stepping stone. Her husband, fifteen

By MARGARETTA ROBERTS

years or so her senior, was a power in the business world and had surrounded himself with a sporty set of men and women whom he entertained on a lavish scale. Money was his great idol. It had won him social recognition—and nothing in the world but money could have succeeded in accomplishing that. Loud, gruff and boisterous, he was not a prepossessing figure in the drawing room. Yet he was popular. Both men and women liked him; in fact, a famous international beauty, descended from one of the most patrician of titled English families, was openly infatuated.

So notorious was the affair that I wondered why Mrs. Clivedale did not become jealous. Later I learned she had become obsessed with the notion that it was the essence of impropriety to make a fuss over such things. What society had done to her was a pity!

In her earlier association with her husband's circle of friends, I am sure she must have revolted against their loose standards. I am sure, too, that she would have made an ideal wife for a man who appreciated the finer qualities of womanhood. But, here in this swift moving coterie of pleasure seekers she had steeled herself against natural inhibitions and was living her husband's life.

A conversation I once had with Mr. Clivedale revealed his conception of life.

"Money is everything, Miss Roberts," he said. "The poor man is the world's most forlorn creature. I'd rather be dead than poor. I can't understand why people permit themselves to be poor. There's no excuse for poverty. If I were to lose every cent I possess I could go out and make half a million in a month or two."

Not the slightest doubt existed in my mind that he was speaking the truth. Money and Halsey Clivedale were synonymous. I have never met a man who seemed quite so self reliant, so capable. The curious part of it was that at times he was fearfully short of



It was a sacrilege to interrupt Mr. Clivedale's polo—but there was a piano to be paid for, and I had no money. "What shall I do?" I asked. "You'll have to figure that out," he answered

Illustrations by
OSCAR FREDERICK
HOWARD



"The poor man is the world's most forlorn creature," said Mr. Clivedale. "I'd rather be dead than poor. There's no excuse for poverty"

ready money, in spite of his wife's independent fortune and his own high powered earning capacity.

As supervisor of the family exchequer, I was brought into intimate contact with these stringencies. None of their friends knew what was taking place behind the scenes. All that they saw was a great panoply of extravagance. It would have astounded them to know how we had to stint on occasions.

THE showiest of the several homes the Clivedales maintained was a great ranch located in a beautiful mountainous region on the Pacific Coast. Before describing the lavishness of this place let me relate an incident to show how persons of reputed enormous wealth sometimes find themselves in dire straits for immediate cash.

One day Mr. Clivedale directed me to purchase a grand piano and a radio set of the latest design.

"How much shall I pay for them, Mr. Clivedale?" I asked.

"Get the best; don't think of expense," he said.

"My drawing account for household expenses is pretty low," I informed him. "There isn't nearly enough money to buy a piano and a radio set."

"Oh, don't bother about such trifling things. We'll cross that stream when we come to it."

I placed the order with a large store in the nearest shopping center, about three hundred miles from the ranch. Though the Clivedales were known throughout the entire section as enormously wealthy people, the two articles arrived a week or so later c. o. d. The radio cost one thousand dollars and the piano twelve thousand dollars. When the delivery men demanded payment before they would allow the articles to enter the house, I was in a quandary. I hurried to Mrs. Clivedale and explained the situation to her.

"You'll have to see Mr. Clivedale—I haven't the money," she said.

Mr. Clivedale was out on the polo field with his guests. It was all but sacrilege to interrupt him when he was thus engaged, but this was an emergency which brooked of no delay. I told him what had happened.

"Well," he demanded brusquely, "I haven't the money to pay for them—what are you going to do about it?"

"What am I going to do about it?" I repeated, quite nettled. "I have nothing to do with it. You told me to get them."

"Oh, yes; so I did. Let's see now. I'll tell you what to do. Get the store on long distance and tell the credit manager that you are alone on the ranch and that you simply haven't the money to pay for them. See what you can do about it." With that he returned to the polo game, as little concerned over the problem as though he had no connection whatever with it.

I checked up on the household account and found that there was something less than eight hundred dollars on deposit. An idea occurred to me as I put in the long distance call. When the credit manager answered after a delay of about five minutes I said:

"This is Mrs. Clivedale's secretary. A piano and radio set have just arrived c. o. d. from your store and there's nobody here to pay for them. The only thing I can suggest is that I pay your men as much as I can and send the rest later."

"How much can you pay?" the man asked.

"I can let them have four hundred dollars."

"That will be satisfactory," he said. Then laughing, he added, "I guess the Clivedales are good for a hundred times the amount."

The purchases were delivered. That afternoon, foreseeing further complications, I went after Mr. Clivedale again to find out when the balance could be sent.

"Lord knows," he said. "You'll have to arrange with the store to buy those things on the installment plan."

And that is how this family which spent hundreds of thousands every year bought their piano and radio—on the installment plan—just as any small salaried worker contrives to get such articles. I am still wondering what the credit manager of the store thought about it all.

In beauty and comfort and luxury the ranch was unquestionably the most elaborate of its kind in the United States. There were two houses for the owners and their guests, the main one containing thirty rooms and [Continued on page 118]

DIFFERENT

By

ELLEN HOGUE



OD—that relationship between Toni Warburton and Chris Herrick!

It isn't often that boy and girl, man and woman are such friends. It isn't often that there are two like that who love each other honestly and openly and never even think of being sweethearts.

Perhaps it was because they had gone around together nine years—they knew each other almost too well to fall in love.

Chris had been a shy boy of sixteen when he moved into the house next door to the Warburton's. Toni, thin for her age, thirteen, curious, friendly, had watched him and his dog until she could bear it no longer.

She made friends with the dog first—Chris had boasted proudly up to then that his was a one man animal, but after that first week as Toni's neighbor he had changed his mind.

Thereafter she had trailed him in a manner similar to that of his puppy, when he would allow it; she gave him her very complete confidence; she loved him dearly, devotedly, openly,

as only Toni could love. And he knew her very well. Perhaps that is why, when she told him she was engaged, he merely said, "What, again?"

For Toni was a dear fool, and at fifteen had shown him the first of a series of high school fraternity pins which were to adorn her blouses. Chris never took her loves too seriously.

"This is—something else again," she said and, incredibly, she meant it. Her voice was different—it quivered; and her misty, odd eyes were deep. She was sitting beside Chris on the davenport when she told him; she got up and out of the great circle of yellow light from the lamp and went to stand in the shadows by the piano. With one finger she picked out the crazy, gentle rhythm of "*Cain't—help lovin' dat man of mine—*"

Chris stared at her, blond brows drawn sharply down. He was shocked. For it was not like Toni to be shy with him over such an announcement. Careless Toni, casual, nonchalant Toni, so generous, trying so hard to give love when it was given her—trying to love long after she found out that she couldn't possibly, that she never had.

If she had said as usual, "Chris, I'm in love—at least I think I am. And don't you dare to laugh!" Chris would have laughed. He did not now.

"I'm mad about him," Toni flung over her shoulder, and Chris went to her and turned her away from the piano keys, away from the haunting, foolish, one-fingered tune she was playing. He looked down at her blue, blue eyes, her short nose, her wide beautiful red mouth. Her hair was tumbled; she leaned companionably against him, as she always leaned on Chris.

"IT'S WEDDING bells this time, Chris," she said and laughed, a queer, excited laugh. She put her arms around his neck and just for a moment her face pressed his chin. "I'm happy," she whispered.

He said, "Johnny Stephens! Why you hardly know him. He's only been in town a month."

"I know him so well, Chris."

"My good Lord!" Chris Herrick said.

And for a moment there was silence, silence before the storm; and Toni set her lips into a stubborn line.

"I go away for two weeks," he said at last, "and you get yourself into this! Honestly, Toni—honestly—"

She pushed him away, and flung herself down among the cushions on the davenport like an impatient child.

"Will you stop acting as if I were a kid!" she cried out. "Oh, Chris, don't be difficult about this! Mama is. She's acting up about it. Chris, what none of you get is that I'm twenty-two and I might possibly know my own mind! 'Ask Chris what he thinks about this!' Toni mocked. 'Wait til Chris comes home!' That's mama. As if you had anything to do with it! As if, my darling Chris, just because you live next door—"

"You certainly don't take after your mother," Chris said grimly. "She has sense."

He came and sat beside her on the davenport. Chris Herrick,

The Story of Two People Who Knew Each Other Too Well to Be Sweethearts

twenty-five, and grave way beyond his years.

"I suppose you are twenty-two," he said, casually enough. "You'll always seem like a crazy kid to me. You're such a—spendthrift, Toni."

"What do you mean?" Toni asked sulkily, because she didn't want Chris to disapprove of her now any more than she ever had.

"You go into things so helter-skelter," he said. "You've been in and out of love so many times."

"That wasn't real love, Chris."

"You thought it was," he said grimly. "And all the time it was just because somebody loved you—and you felt guilty because you didn't really care. So you acted as if you cared more than any one ever did before."

"There have been," he added, "so many great loves in your life. How many times have you been engaged, Toni?"

HE did not answer. He laughed, reached over, took her slim hand into his grasp.

"Don't be a little donkey," he said. "Remember when you wrote me Tom Pennock was the one and only? And when I came home Christmas you made me kiss you where he'd catch us so he'd throw *you* over—and you wouldn't have to hurt his feelings."

"I was nineteen then," Toni said. "That was three years ago. Will you have sense? I love Johnny."

Chris's brown cheeks whitened just a tinge, and his hand closed over hers more tightly as he said, "You'll get over it."

Toni eyed him.

"I won't have time to get over it," she said. "I'm going to marry him next month. And I don't want to get over it, Chris," she added passionately. "Do you think I don't know what sort of a fool I've been about men? Do you think I want to go on all my life, loving and stopping and loving and stopping? I tell you, I've been downright sick over it, and now—to feel this way—"

Chris said slowly, "I wouldn't worry about that. I've always known you'd really fall for some one some day. But I did hope—"

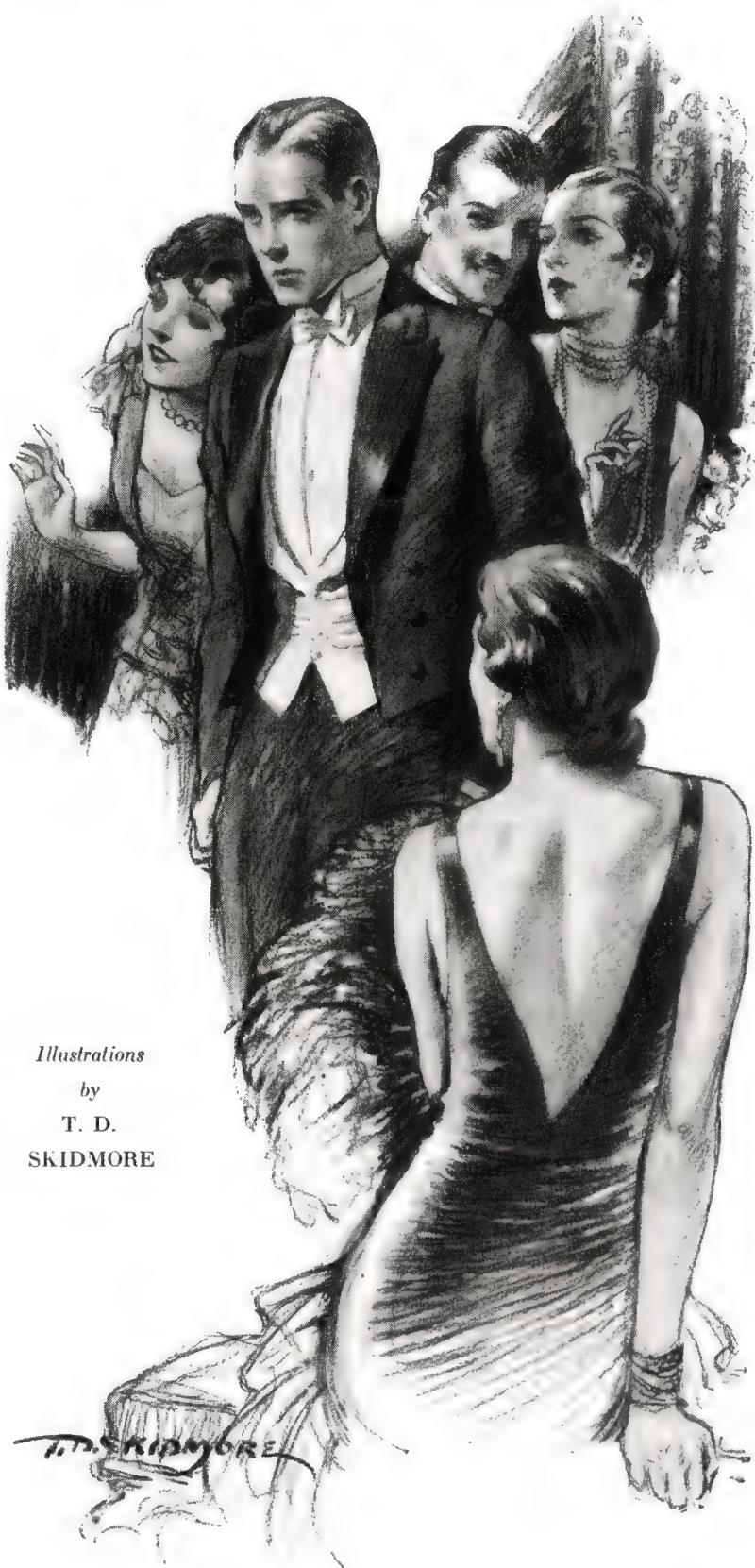
"Hope what?" Toni asked. And now she jerked her hand away from him. Defiantly. Angrily. He saw the fury rising in her eyes, and he met it with a scowl.

"I hoped it would be somebody good enough for you," he said. "Not just anybody—not something shoddy—"

"Johnny's not shoddy!" she said. "Don't you say anything against Johnny! I won't stand it even from you! It's not like you to be caddish! I mean it! I mean it! Don't you dare!"

They stood, facing each other, Toni breathing hard as though she had been running, Chris smouldering, his fingers itching to shake her, his heart heavy within him.

"I'm fond enough of you—" he said deliberately, "—you little fool—so that I don't care whether you think I'm a cad or not. You don't know the kind as well as I do,



Illustrations

by

T. D.

SKIDMORE

Chris felt his heart breaking as he watched the girl he loved with the man he hated. The ring on her finger was like a band of ice around his soul. He tried to smile but he couldn't manage it!

that's all—but he's not *your* kind. You'll find that out."

Toni cried, "He's different, if that's what you mean. He's big town—"

"He's different, all right," Chris said grimly. "He's flash—that's what he is. He comes here where nobody knows him and he picks the fastest crowd to run with, and he drags you into it."

"He's selling bonds—well, any egg can sell bonds. He's got a lot of money. Any other fool woman can take him up for all of me, but you!"

Toni shrieked, "You be still, Chris Herrick! You shut up! I'll marry who I please and nobody can stop me."

MRS. ANTOINETTE WARBURTON announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Toni Warburton, to Everett John Stephens, formerly of Philadelphia. The wedding will be an event of next month."

Thus Toni, the bridge burner, in the afternoon papers, the very day after she had got Chris's disapproval. She had been engaged before, but this was the first public announcement of any of her intentions that she had ever made. It was a gesture of defiance.

Chris read it that night at a dinner party at Merrill Parker's. Somebody thrust the paper into his hands as he came in.

"Tell us if it's true!" some one shrieked, and Chris said grimly, "It's true, all right."

Dorothy St. Evans was there, and Jack Ramsey and half a dozen others. And every one looked shocked when Chris spoke, for Johnny had been rushing Merrill, too, and had even taken Dorothy out several times.

"But, my dear!" Dorothy cried. "Four weeks till the wedding! Can you tie that for haste!"

Merrill Parker looked up sharply.

She was a small, demure, pretty blonde, the sort of girl who did everything charmingly and well, and who was invariably gracious. But now she said in an ugly tone, "Oh, that! Well, more haste less speed. Toni's been engaged before but it never takes. She'll never marry Johnny."

She changed the subject; talked feverishly and animatedly; and all the time she talked, she watched the door. At last the bell rang, and Toni arrived, with her new fiancé.

SHE came in rather shyly out of the cool evening, beautiful in a new gown and a gay bizarre shawl that made her look like a blue gypsy. Johnny, before he spoke to any one, said in his deep thrilling voice, "Let me take your wrap, dearest," and she gave him the most charming, adoring glance, as though he had offered to go off somewhere and kill tigers for her or scotch the evil one.

They were a very handsome couple. Johnny was dark eyed, dark browed, with a debonair, slightly amused manner—he was smiling down at Toni, showing all his white, square, beautiful teeth.

Somebody cried, "Toni, are you honestly going to be married next month?" and he answered for her, triumphant and arrogant.

"Toni's the sort of girl who's hard to hang on to, I understand. I'm marrying her before she has a chance to change her mind."

Every one was rushing around Toni in circles, the way women do, crying out that she must be terribly excited, that she was looking marvelous, that—

"Show them your ring, dearest," Johnny commanded, and Toni obediently held out her hand. It was a lovely ring—a big pearl and four tiny perfect rubies, set oddly in platinum.

"Quaint, isn't it?" Johnny said. "It was my mother's. I had it reset for my own girl."

He was charming in his pride of Toni and of the lovely old-fashioned ring. Chris was standing near them, and when Toni looked imploringly at him, he went straight to Johnny and held out his hand.

"Best wishes, old man," he said. "Toni's the finest girl on earth. You'll be happy if you get her."

Johnny said, "Thanks, Chris," and tears came into Toni's eyes. She put her arms around Chris and kissed him, then and there, while Johnny looked on, amused and pleased.

The dinner was not a success.



Over that gay group of young people, who knew each other so well—almost too well—there hung an atmosphere of constraint. A mood that emanated from Johnny and Merrill.

Only Toni was unaware of it. Having forgiven Chris as thoroughly as she always forgave her loved ones, without even being asked, she clamored, "I want to sit between Johnny and Chris—may I, Merrill?"

Merrill said, "You can't have everybody beside you, dear," and took Chris for her own partner. She sat there, hardly touching her food, with the strangest look on her face—almost unseeing, except when she was watching Johnny.

Once Johnny called sharply down the table, "What did you say, Merrill?" and she turned from Chris, who was on her left and said. "I was telling Chris that there are men who automatically make fools of women!"

Johnny said, "Wish I were that type!" and laughed, and Merrill laughed too.



Toni hid her face before the low voiced testimony of the other woman. Her house of cards was crashing down, all about her

Badinage, teasing—but Merrill looked pinched and drawn and Johnny angry; Chris watched Toni anxiously, and when dinner was over he came directly to her.

"I want to talk to you," he said, and Johnny said, "Run along, child," and asked Merrill to be his partner at ping pong.

After all her coldness to him, Toni clung to Chris as they went into the other room.

"You aren't going to scold me any more?" she said.

"I'm not going to scold you any more."

She held out her thin, young hand and looked at her engagement ring.

"No shoddy person could have given me that," she whispered. "Oh, Chris, try to like him."

Seeing the sudden pain in her eyes he said harshly. "I guess I'm old-fashioned, Toni. I'd like to shut you up somewhere and pick out a husband for you when the time came. I should have been a parent of yours."

He took her hand in his, turned the ring back and forth on her finger.

"I guess I hated the idea of losing you, Toni—"

Toni cried out in honest surprise.

"But you're not losing me, Chris! Johnny understands how I feel—I can play around with you still. He doesn't mind." "He doesn't!" Chris said incredulously. "He differs from your other swains. They all loathed me. I thought I'd have to clear out now."

Toni broke in, boasting, gay.

"We're going to be a modern couple, Johnny and I," she said. "His friends for him, mine for me—"

"Pretty soft for him," Chris said, and Toni caught him by the shoulders.

"Chris, I will not quarrel with you again! Now what do you mean?"

"I mean," Chris said stubbornly, "that he gets a peach of a girl and he's still free."

"Johnny's sophisticated, a man of the world!" Toni cried. "He's not like you, Chris. He's—well, for heaven's sake, if he's free so am I!" she added, and her face broke into three or four dimples and the loveliest smile in the world.

"Honestly, Chris, aren't you glad I'm going to marry some one who'll let me keep on being friends with you?"

He was, of course. If neither could bear quarreling with the other, was it likely that they would enjoy Toni taking part in an old-fashioned, dyed-in-the-wool engagement?

Of course, he knew that more or less he must lose her when she and Johnny were married. Johnny might take her away somewhere, or she might be too busy being Mrs. John Everett Stephens to have time for an old friend.

Her wedding was four weeks—three weeks—two weeks away.

"And up to the time you actually say the fatal words," Chris told her, "I am right here to use up all your spare moments."

She could spare him plenty of moments. Oftenest, of course, she was with Johnny; but she seemed to enjoy boasting, rather like a shocking little girl, of how broadminded she and Johnny were.

"Think of the fun," she told Chris, "of going to the club to dance and meeting Johnny there with Merrill or somebody. As if we were strangers. And all the time knowing—all the time feeling his ring on my finger—"

THAT was only at first. Later she had a rather anxious look in her blue eyes, as though something were happening to her that she didn't understand. She was vivacious, defiantly vivacious, when Johnny took another girl out, and she acquired a way of carefully avoiding a glance after him when he disappeared through a crowd with another girl.

Dorothy St. Evans expressed what Chris was feeling.

"It's broadminded," she said, "but is it human?"

She was sitting with Chris on the steps of the club house, watching Johnny depart over the links with Merrill.

Chris said, sharply and defensively. "It's certainly their own business."

"You're such a darling Chris," she said. "Of course, stick up for Toni if this is her idea. But I don't think she likes it."

"What do you mean?" Chris asked.

Dorothy had the grace to blush.

"It's just gossip," she told him, "but he takes Merrill to dinner once a week, regular as the clock. And last night late I saw him hanging around the Print Shop restaurant waiting to take that blonde cashier home."

"You don't know," Chris said. "And if so, what of it?"

"Listen, it's all right if Johnny wants to do it. But can you imagine any other man who wouldn't want to spend his time exclusively with Toni if he were really in love with her? Husbands stray," Dorothy added in the sophisticated manner which she loved to affect, "but not pre-husbands, if you get what I mean."

[Continued on page 128]

A Word To Little Lambs



Lazarnick

*A Young Woman,
Wise to the Ways
of Finance, Gives
Some Tips that
Cannot Fail*

*By
ALICE BOOTH*

IT'S a rare thing, in this age of specialized training, to meet a woman who has made a success in the business world without any particular equipment for it. One hears so many discontented girls say—

"Oh, if I only had something to do—but of course it's too late now. I really haven't been trained for anything!"

And it never occurs to them that possibly they might get that training, if only they had real ambition—real enthusiasm and real backbone!

For the last three years I have given all my money, except what went for the rent and the groceries, to Ethel Marquette Young, a star saleswoman for one of the oldest bond houses in New York. Mrs. Young is not only pretty, and the cheeriest person I have ever known—she is also the most informed on finances. Incidentally, her success may be measured by the fact that she has a Fifth Avenue address, that she drives her own car and wears model frocks.

Often I have wondered how she—or any one—could learn to do her job, to be a specialist on investments. And then one day I found out. For I asked her to tell her story to SMART SET readers—and this is the story as she told it.

SIX years ago I had never earned a cent in my life. I had never been inside a business office.

"That is my story—believe it or not. And perhaps that is why I have never yet realized that I am in business.

"I go about meeting people, and having the most delightful time, and it is not so very different from the life I led before, which included a thorough knowledge of nothing at all, except possibly horses, and golf, and motor cars.

"My two years of college had given me no start in any definite direction. I had to earn my living, and I hadn't the least idea how or where to begin. I was as

Ethel Marquette Young is a star saleswoman for one of the oldest bond houses in New York. She has built her success on intensive study and an honest interest in her customers

Street?' and introduced me immediately to one of the Street's most famous bond saleswomen, who filled me with all sorts of ambition to follow in her footsteps, as far as I humanly could.

"She passed me on to another woman of her acquaintance, and finally I succeeded in making an appointment with one of the oldest investment banking houses, for an interview. I was so excited about it all—it seemed such a wonderful adventure—that I arrived at half past eight in the morning—to find just exactly no one anywhere about the place. So I went back and spent a half hour in Trinity Church—just time enough to wonder what in the world I could ever do to fill a place in the most famous street in America.

"Miraculously, I passed inspection and was told I must see Miss Cook under whose direction I should work—but she was in Atlantic City. I had just come from Atlantic City and I had to hurry to catch the express back, but I made it and saw her that evening.

"She told me two things—'You mustn't be too sensitive.'

"'I'm afraid I am,' I confessed.

"'And you must have perfect health,' she insisted.

"'Oh, I've never been ill in my life,' I assured her.

"And in spite of all the other deficiencies, she told me I might come in on the following Monday.

"I went home simply walking on air with excitement—and the next day I came down with the flu, in its worst form. I could not move—much less go to New York City to take up a new position. And just about the hardest thing I ever did in my life was to ask some one to call up Miss Cook, and tell her that even my one lone asset had vanished. I was down, [Cont. on page 86]

ignorant of what I wanted to do as of what I could do.

"One day, a friend said in the most casual sort of way, 'Why don't you do something in Wall

By
MILTON C.
WORK

Bridge Questions I Have Been Asked

The author of this article—an internationally known Bridge authority—is our most prominent Bridge lecturer, broadcaster, lawmaker, teacher and writer. His daily mail contains hundreds of queries which come from all parts of the world

AT TIMES I have told my friends about some of the absurd letters I receive. The reaction generally is an expression of regret that, as The Ananias Club admits to membership only those whose tales are possible, I am necessarily ineligible. Verily, many of my Bridge letters are stranger than any Bridge fiction could be; so for that reason—if no other—my narrative will be that of historian rather than romancer.

One interesting feature of my correspondence is that it comes from rich and poor, old and young, the socially prominent and the socially obscure, bankers, college professors, and the densely illiterate. Every trade and profession is represented. I hear from doctors, lawyers, firemen, policemen, porters, waiters, major league ball players, shop-girls, manicurists, preachers, and bootleggers.

Such is the universality of Bridge that I have found, in the same mail, letters from a foreign Ambassador, a convict in a Chicago jail, a judge of an appellate court, and a "hopeless case" in an insane asylum.

OCCASIONALLY a letter has a pathetic touch. One with a heavy black border came from a woman who unexpectedly found herself obliged to support her family. Her friends told her of the great demand for Contract lessons and advised her to teach; but, alas, she had never played cards and scarcely knew one card from another. She could borrow enough money to come to New York but not enough to stay overnight. Could I show her in one day how to teach Contract to her friends who had been playing Auction for years? That was the hardest letter I ever had to answer.

I have letters by the hundreds asking such questions as:

"What is a finesse?"

"What is a double?"

"What is a rubber?"

"How many jokers do you use?"

"When both sides score enough to go game, who wins?"

"When your partner is playing a No Trump, what do you lead?"

Another type of letter of which I receive very many, reads about as follows:

"I have never played Bridge, but my friends play every day, so I must learn. I hate to ask them to teach me. As you answer questions, I enclose a stamped envelope and ask you to tell me all about the game in a few words."

One amazing thing about Bridge is the way players, in what our baseball friends

would call "the bushes," unblushingly put over "the latest thing from New York," when a new rule will be of service to the player who creates it. These alleged additions to the code usually are introduced in "Party Bridge" with local fame and perhaps a pin-cushion as the reward for the high score.

The pin-cushion collectors have worked to the limit the allegations that a dealer may bid again after a hand has been passed out; that a player whose bid has been followed by three passes, may change his bid; and the time-worn contention that a player whose hand contains neither ace nor face is entitled to a new deal.

If one of these irregularities be questioned, the doubter is met with some such statement as, "Mary Jones told me that a friend of hers played at the Cavendish in New York last month and that is the way they do there." That generally settles it.

THE most remarkable case of "getting away with murder" I ever heard of occurred when a visitor in a small town, playing in a Progressive game, stated, as she dealt the last hand, that she had a big score and believed she would capture the prize if she won on that deal.

She bid two No Trumps almost before she looked at her cards, and the others passed. Her declaration went on the rocks as she took only six tricks.

Before her adversaries could count their penalty of 100 points she stated that under a new law, when playing No Trump a book consists of three tricks, and that consequently she had made three-odd and won her game.

This naturally started a discussion and she then told the table that when she heard of the change in the No Trump book, she had called me on the long distance telephone to make sure about it, and I had confirmed the change.

She was allowed to count 30 for tricks and 125 for game in one hand; which was going some for a set contract.

An amusing incident is narrated by an expert who filled in a game of "Party Bridge." At one table he drew a bound-to-win no-matter-how player as his partner. The dealer bid No Trump; the expert's partner (second hand) doubled, and the expert—with a very strong hand—passed. The Business Pass was a new one to the doubler. She assumed that her partner did not understand the informative double and she mentally pictured a huge adverse score if the enemy played one No Trump doubled—but she was resourceful.

"You [Cont. on page 100]



The two ex-football players go into a huddle to decide on the next bid



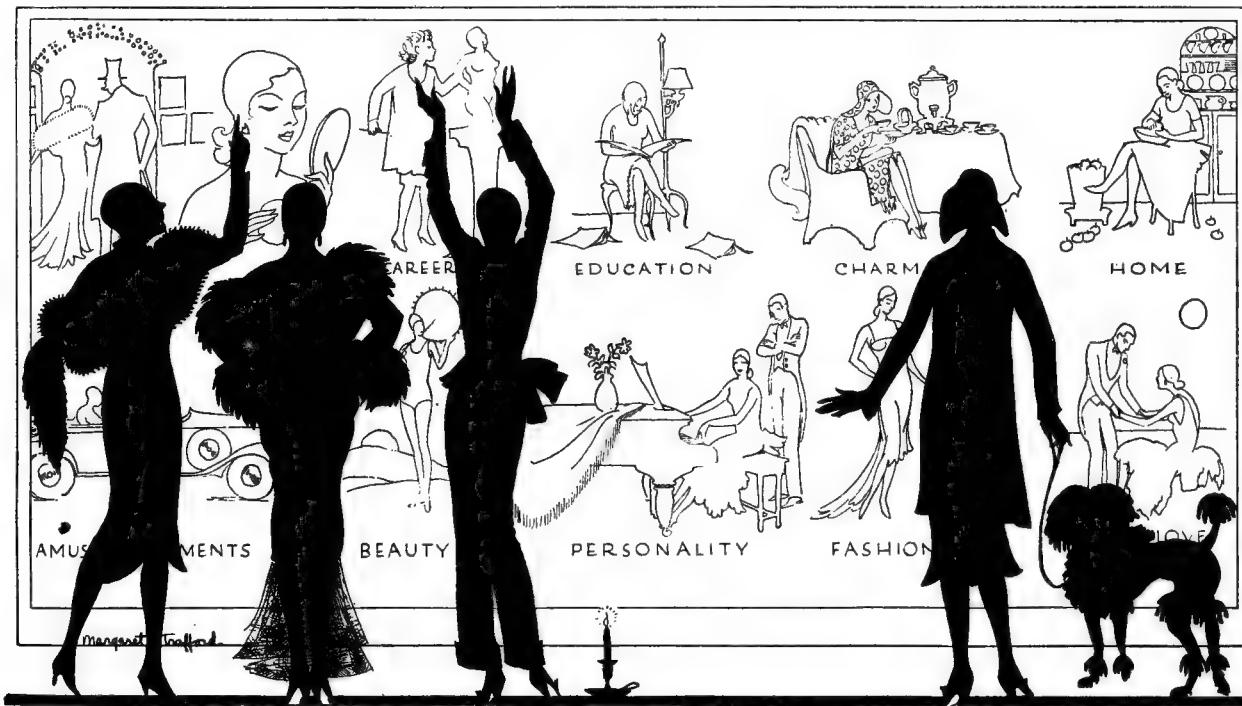
Drawing by John Held, Jr.

DAN CUPID IS A MERRY ELF

Gather your shiners while you may,
For this is cupid weather;
This is the time for rose and rhyme,
And hearts that beat together!

Dan Cupid is a merry elf,
But—gosh—the boy is foxy!
When arrows will not do the trick,
He sometimes sends a proxy

Smart Set's Service Section



The Boy Friends

by

Ruth Waterbury

AS LONG as the sexes continue to fall in love—and they're still doing it at this writing—you'd think somebody would be interested in men.

But who is?

Get women together and they talk about women.

Get men together and they talk about women.

Get men—American men—going on the topic—particularly on the topic of the modern miss of 1930 and you'll find out they have a credo about it.

Here's some of it:

1. That just because styles have changed this winter, all that feminism has stood for is going to be lost and girls are going to behave just like their grandmothers.

2. That the fact that skirts were long in 1919 after being short in 1918 and then after that relapse became shorter and shorter through 1920-21-22 and so on, until last summer no clothes at all seemed imminent, has nothing to do with the case.

3. That no girl with sex appeal admits she has brains.

4. That no girl with brains has sex appeal anyhow.

5. That while history shows that Ninon de L'Enclos, who was a highbrow; Catherine, the Great, who ruled a na-

tion; and George Sand, who wrote a library of books, had quite a way with the boys, it doesn't prove anything.

6. That the girls who go in for self-improvement are the ones whom it will do the least good.

7. That the young working girl of 1930 spends most of her time and income on make-up and that the older working girl of 1930 realizes her freedom is all a mistake and that she'd give it up any minute for love in Bayonne or what district have you.

8. That although there are four and a half million working women in this country, with an amazing percentage of them earning over \$10,000 a year and it isn't reasonable that they can all be miserable, you shouldn't have mentioned that.

9. That for the truly womanly woman love is a whole existence.

10. That while statistics prove that ninety percent of the books purchased in this country are woman-bought; that eighty percent of the audiences at lec-

tures, concerts, and art shows are feminine; and that, of this female public, seventy percent are married women and presumably loved, their seeking this outside intellectual diversion is just one of those things.

11. That women really know nothing about money and are completely incapable of balancing a check book.

12. Of course, most home managers are women, who budget the family income, and advertisers admit women made prosperity by their purchases, but why bring that up?

13. And that while practically no women marry their chauffeurs, their errand boys or lads in musical comedies, seeming to have a strange preference for captains of industry, doctors of philosophy and famous men in all ranks of life—

While other women, often in their teens, acquire through clever marriages dower rights to millions—

And while men do marry chorus darlings, nursemaids, cooks and smart little secretaries and so often scorn girls of accomplishment and breeding—

Still men say:

14. That women have no logic and are hopelessly romantic.

Ah, well, turn on the radio! There's always Rudy Vallée.



What man wouldn't get sentimental over a girl in a dress like this? Of fatal black lace, it has a tiered skirt, a tiny train, a softly draped collar and a natural waistline. And all for \$44.50

Courtesy M. Zucker

Are you one of those efficient but subtly feminine business girls? Try this frock on your office force. Of black flat crepe—and you know how practical that is—in smart princess lines, topped by a scarf of soft blue. Price \$19.50

Courtesy Bennie Wiesen

64

Don't Be A

The New Styles are Unconventional and This Is the Most Difficult Month of the Year for Shopping Wisely

DON'T be a "stock pattern!" Don't buy any model which becomes so popular it is no longer chic. Don't accept styles that are seen and accepted everywhere.

To be a "stock pattern" wearer in any other season was bad enough. But to be one this new year is right in the same class with stealing the baby's milk. This season you must be individual, no matter how it hurts. If you don't dress yourself true to type, temperament and temptation, you're all wrong.

But how to do it on a limited clothes allowance? It isn't easy. I know that to my own personal anguish. And I also know that there is no time in the whole year when shops are so designed to make you buy the wrong thing at the wrong moment as this very same period.

Last winter's clothes—bargains—to the right of you. Palm Beach clothes—alluring affairs with price tags that ought to blush at their own figures—to the left of you. In your own soul that tired feeling, due to the holiday rush being over and the newness gone from all the clothes you bought last September.

To buy—gosh, how you want to! But what to buy—that's another problem!

January and February. What shopping months they are! In March things are simplified. The Paris openings have happened and there is a reasonable assurance



A hat, somebody said, should be becoming enough to make all men love you and all women hate you. This smart brown felt ought to achieve that for you. Don't mind its being low-brow. The new hats are. Price \$10.00

Courtesy Real Hat Co.

Stock Pattern

*The Styles Shown
Here Can Be Bought
in Your City*

By

GEORGIA
MASON



of what spring styles will be. But these two last months of winter everything is uncertain, muddled, and mixed-up. And that is just why you are most apt to buy a "stock pattern" at this time—to pick out a dress that you see every one else wearing, to don it quickly whether it's copy one of the original model, priced at \$59.50, or copy sixteen, priced at \$9.95.

But the moment you buy a "stock pattern," you wish you hadn't. It is a visible admission of defeat. It proclaims to the world that you are less style wise than style tired. It tells your closest girl friend—the one you are always trying to impress sartorially, that you gave up the struggle. You took what you could get.

Of course, we all do submit occasionally and take the dress the sales-girl forces upon us, or the dress we see in the third shop when we are just too tired to hunt any more. We all do—but we shouldn't. And, honestly, there is less need for doing it this year than ever before.

There is less need because it is now so much easier to get knowledge of what styles are both smart and original. It is easier to find large collections of models to choose from, even in small town shops. And it is easier because chic has been brought within reach of almost everybody's pocket-book by the very skillful copies of the better gowns which the ready-to-wear manufacturers are putting forth daily.

Still and all, I think the most important factor of



Of course, if you have one of those beautifully curving foreheads, show it off. Here the brim turns sharply off the face, flares out at the sides and comes low on the neck. In all the newer shades it's very dashing. \$10.00

Courtesy Real Hat Co.



Prints will return for spring. So observe this demure model of red and yellow on brown. It has a full drooping skirt, its collar is of very fine lace and its sleeves tie with little bows. \$34.50

Courtesy Robbins Fox

Ankle length, form fitting, tightly belted above the natural waistline, here is a gown for the girl with an exotic personality. Of Safari silk, its brightly colored design came all the way from Zanzibar. Price \$24.50

Courtesy Ulman Jessel.

the whole bunch is the knowledge of new fashion trends.

Right now that's no child's play. Call it a jigsaw puzzle or a set of anagram blocks or any other thing you like but don't think the girl who is smart this year just got that way. If she's smart this season, she is smart just because she has been using her ears, eyes and brains constantly.

Just by way of giving yourself a little aid, did you ever think of cultivating the smartest salesgirl in your favorite store?

It has always been my personal experience that after all the fashion forecasters, the Paris advisors and the innocent bystanders get through, it is the salesgirl who knows what styles are really going to be smart.

For she is the lass who knows what models smart women are buying and what models they are rejecting.

Talk to your clerk the next time you go shopping. She's as eager to make a customer as you are to get service. Ask her whether she's selling more black satin than brown crepe, more capucine than red, more tweeds than silks, more off-the-face hats than large brimmed ones. If she's worth a darn, she knows.

Then digest what she tells you and—after reading this most valuable department—make your own choice.

But honestly, even if I am being merely flippant when I write about my "most valuable department" I do want to be very serious for a moment and thank all you girls who have been writing to me for personal advice on clothes. It's great hearing from you. It's grand to know you like the new moderate-priced clothes I featured. Since most of you have written to ask how best to budget a clothes allowance, I figure I struck the right note when I tried to find distinctive frocks for you at average prices. As for all of you who have written asking about correct colors, correct lines and what to do with last winter's coat—well, I'm positively thru-rilled to give you my help for whatever it's worth. And if a lot more of you write me this month, you'll just make it Happy New Year for me all over again.

Shopping about among my own favorite New York and Fifth Avenue salesgirls to learn how best to advise you, I found out much.

I discovered that all this talk about elegance is not just so



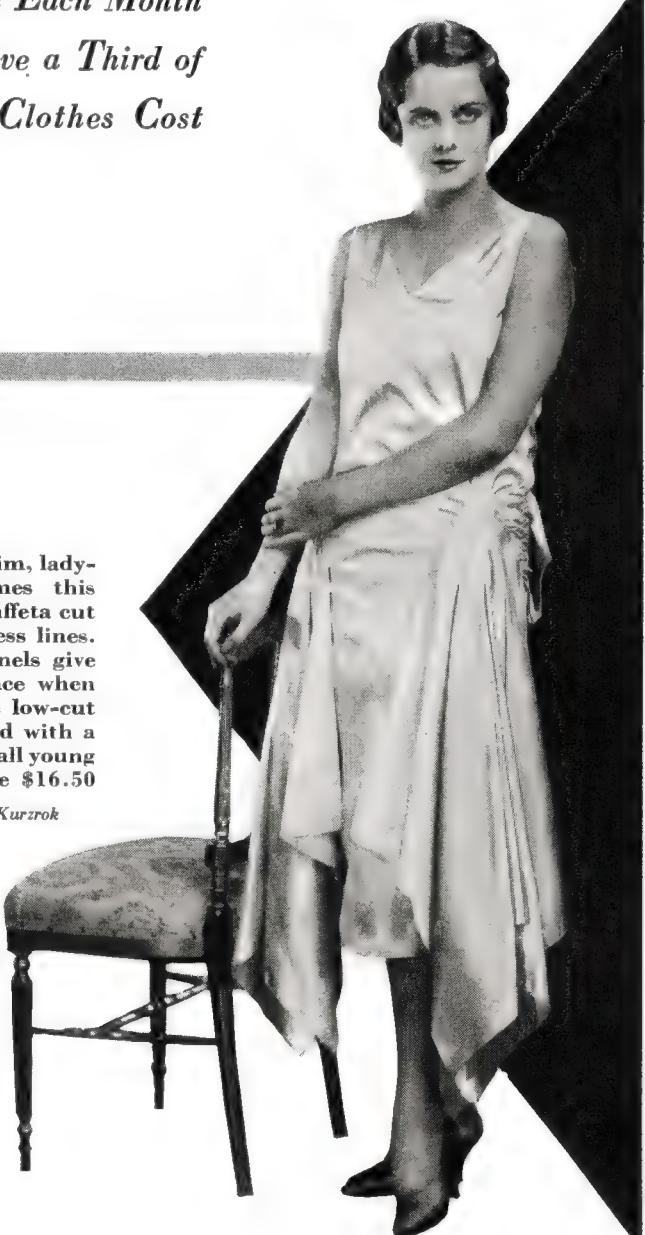
To put joy in a rainy day, don this delightful ensemble of rubberized silk comprising a saucy umbrella, a waterproof hat, a cunning coat and rubbers that can be tucked away in a matching envelope when the shower's over. A real bargain—\$11.95 for the whole outfit

Courtesy Sherman Brothers

*Follow Georgia Mason's
Shopping Tips Each Month
and You'll Save a Third of
Your Usual Clothes Cost*

To give that slim, lady-like look comes this shimmering taffeta cut on soft, princess lines. The set-in panels give it a lovely grace when dancing. The low-cut back is finished with a flat bow. For tall young things. Price \$16.50

Courtesy Max Kurzrok



much sound effect. It's real. Elegance—lovely quality—is back. You must have it even if you don't know too completely what comprises it. Fair warning—elegance takes time. Our days are no less busy than they were a year ago. But we simply must spend more time on buying, wearing and living up to our clothes. Our sports have not been buried in the gymnasium in favor of moonlight in a conservatory. Our real lives are almost exactly as they were. But our fashion lives have got to be different.

The salesladies told me that few women of any age or group are buying the new styles without protest. But protest or not, they are buying them. As one girl said, "Women just must get used to the new fashions, Miss Mason. The thing now is a matter of adjusting to one's originality, their extreme difference from the mode of last year. But when you get accustomed to them, as we clerks are from handling them daily, they really are perfectly beautiful."

The fact that struck me is that all these salespeople talked about "women." Gone is the conversation about "girlish touches" and "boyish" notes. And yet the whole tendency of

the better shops is that while this new mode is definitely anti-flapper, it still demands that we look definitely young. Which is certainly no snap.

The new clothes have dignity, sophistication, glamour and quaintness—that is, the best of them have. The worst of them are just so many headaches.

The more awful models have, as I told you last month, frills, bows, gathers, berthas, boleroes and blouses and only too often they are all on the one dress. Just because the new styles are so different, don't let yourself get railroaded into buying clothes like this. This season you simply must know what's right and what's wrong before you buy.

The new styles are here to stay at least until summer. Then we shall see what will happen. Privately I expect a glorious battle between this new mode and the summer-sunshine wish to be comfortable. Privately I think much of the present mode is too quaint, too old-fashioned to last very long. They can call it the "mode of the eighteen-nineties" but after all, this is not 1890. It's 1930 and our lives demand different things altogether. But I may be [Continued on page 84]

*Write Miss Mason at Smart
Set If You Want Personal
Advice on Fashion Problems.
She Knows All the Answers*



A rich evening wrap for the thrifty girl in red transparent velvet with a shirred self collar and a deep flounce of red Georgette. Very serviceable as it can be worn throughout spring and summer nights. \$35.00

Courtesy J. Metz



Suits are going to be very important this spring, so if you're extravagant and want to outsmart everybody, buy yourself one this month. Here black and green tweed fashions a two-piece suit with matching, detachable topcoat. The blouse is of beige crepe. Price about \$129.50

Courtesy Max Levine.

HAIR

S MART
ET
ERVICE

RAISING SECRETS



For the very young girl comes this hair style of fatal simplicity. The hair is side-parted and kept straight except for three fat, little uncombed curls on the side forehead



For the girl with perfect features, a round head and a natural wave comes this hair dress which is one unbroken swirl around the skull. Original and chic particularly with sports clothes and cute ears

SOME girls appear to believe raising beautiful hair is as easy as raising a cloud of dust. They neglect their hair completely. They forget to brush it. They twist and burn it with curling irons. They shampoo it negligently. They wear tight, little airless hats in winter and no hats at all in summer. And then suddenly they begin wondering what makes their hair look so drab.

All of which is a shame, for the beauty of lovely hair is second only to the beauty of lovely skin. But unlike the skin, hair beauty is ageless. And to attain such beauty is a comparatively simple thing, requiring not more than ten minutes a day on the average with a once-in-ten-days trip to the hair-dressers, for smartness.

TEEN minutes a day—and a fairly regular visit to the hair-dresser's. That is absolutely all you need for a beauty more important to the face than all the gowns, cosmetics and treatments ever devised. The hair is the frame that sets off the exquisiteness of the face. We have only one face to last us all our lives and its features may be far from ideal. We may decide to make the best of the face that was given us. We may keep the skin fresh and fair, the eyes sparkling, the mouth red. But the basic changes we can make are very slight.

The hair, however, can be changed and glorified to any extent we wish. We can bring out new lights and shades in it. In the case of straight hair, we may wear it that way or waved. We may dress it, if we're clever enough, in any one of a dozen styles. And properly cared for and dressed, the hair can do marvelous things to the face below it.

Now I think all of you know, generally, about the structure of the hair—its follicles, its little oil glands, its "erector pilus" muscles which make it stand erect, in the case of surprise or shock, and hold it firmly under ordinary conditions. So I won't go into all that again, but just because so many of you write me for advice on hair health, I do want to repeat to you those oh-so-simple rules that make for our so-called "crowning glory."

The most important thing to remember is that the hair responds to the health of the body. If you have been over-nervous or ill, your hair will be devitalized. If you need sleep, your hair will show weariness just as visibly as your face. If you neglect your general health, it is foolish to expect your hair to be vigorous.

So you must build up your circulation, eat wisely, and take sufficient exercise if you want luxurious hair.

NOW why is it, when most of us have been trained from our earliest childhood to brush our teeth at least once a day, so many of us feel that we have given our hair sufficient attention if we brush it hastily three times a week? Our hair and scalps are exposed to dust and dirt constantly. The very best rule any girl can make is to brush her hair at least five minutes daily—and to do that five minutes by the clock.

When you're just brush, brush, brushing, five minutes seems very long and unless you're clock-watching, you'll probably stop in two-and-a-quarter minutes.

Then massage the scalp. My own rule is to do it immediately after brushing my teeth in the morning. That way I can't forget it. (Besides, I find it is much better and easier to make a routine of beauty care—so many minutes for each daily rite. I think you'll find it a rule worth adopting, too.)

*Plus Four Coiffures Designed Exclusively for Smart Set
Readers by ANTOINE, Famous French Hairdresser*

BY MARY LEE

To massage the scalp, hold the sides of the head firmly with the palms of the hands. Resting the fingertips on the crown of the head, rotate them firmly until the scalp beneath them becomes glowing and pliant. This stimulates the oil glands to proper activity and loosens up any dandruff and dust which may have collected.

You may use a hair tonic, if you like. There are many excellent ones on the market, made under the finest conditions and most exacting standards. There are some for dry and some for oily scalps and they are most helpful. Yet their chief value comes in their stimulating the blood supply through the massage they necessitate.

You don't need to spend much time on scalp massage. Three or four minutes will suffice, if you can't afford more, and you will be perfectly amazed at the results. Particularly in cases of light dandruff, the massage so stimulates the scalp and tones up the erector muscles, that the dandruff is soon routed. Dandruff of longer standing needs more thorough treatment, of course, and any of you who want detailed treatment for this condition, need only to write me and I'll send it to you at once.

I can hear a lot of you moaning as you read this, "But what about our waves, Mary Lee? Do you expect us to brush a dollar a week right off our heads?"

Yes and no. I do and I don't. Those of you who have natural waves of even the most delicate degree will find that brushing will make them twice as lovely. Those of you who have permanents and marcel—I am one of you—must make the choice between a formal wave and lifeless hair, or luxurious hair and a loose wave.

To me there isn't any choice. If you become a slave to your wave and never disturb the hair by brushing and massage, be you sure that wave's going to do you harm. Nature is very wonderful and struggles against bad treatment for an almost indefinite time but the steady dryness the hot irons induce, the lack of circulation, the retarded blood supply, the dust and oil, will sooner or later make your hair dreary.

I see so many heads that are beautifully waved but look dry as haystacks. I don't think them beautiful. They only seem to me a little pathetic. But you can have a wave put in by a good operator, even a marcel, that will hold its lines softly no matter how much you brush your hair. It won't do this at first in hair that has been neglected. It will do it, after some training, in hair that has regular, daily care. So you may find brushing a bit expensive at first but I assure you, it's quite worth it eventually.

THEN comes shampooing. With daily brushing of the scalp, twice a month is sufficient shampooing for an oily scalp. Every third week is enough for dry scalps. Remember, too frequent shampooing overstimulates the oil glands and harms oily hair rather than helps it. If you shampoo your own hair, be careful not to use an alkali soap. An olive oil soap is excellent for dry hair, a pure castile for oil scalps. Tar soap is beneficial, though better for brunettes than blondes as it has a slightly darkening tendency.

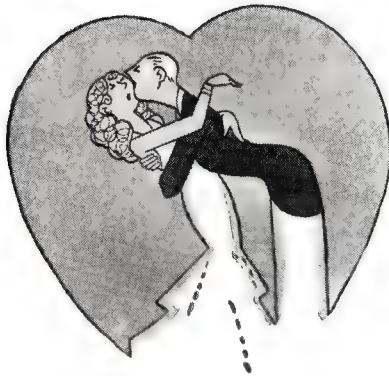
If you have to use hard water, a tablespoon of lemon juice in the final rinsing water will cut the soap curds and assure you that your hair is clean. It is best to make a jelly of the soap, by melting it in a little water and adding a pinch of borax. This prevents your getting [Continued on page 106]



Antoine advises a long bob for the slightly older girl, with one lock brought flat over the head, ending in a curl just over the ear. The lower curls fill in about the neck



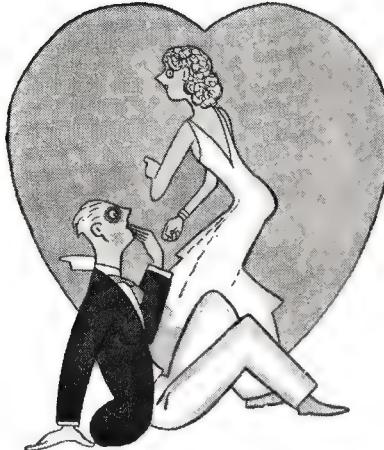
For the brunette at evening, the hair is brushed sleekly down and brought forward on the cheeks. A short upper strand of hair is curled across the crown of the head. Sophisticated but easily arranged



A kiss in time is worth
two in the bushes

The Party of the Month

*Hearts and Flowers Are
the Order of the Day—
and We Don't Mean a
Piece of Music, Either!*



There's many a slip
'twixt a kiss and a lip

St. Valentine's Whoopee

By

Edward Longstreth

Illustrations by L. T. HOLTON

NOW arrives the time when you will get the low-down on your boy friend. Will he come across with a box of candy, a bouquet of flowers, or a new pair of sheer stockings? Well, maybe. And maybe not.

Perhaps the poor nut is crazy about you all right but just hasn't sense enough to know what to do about it. With Valentine's Day approaching he ought to think of something more adult than ringing doorbells and hiding. The boy friend should ring the door bell with full intent to stay and take up sofa room. He should come with a smile on his face, a gift in his hands, and love in his heart.

In order to give the oftentimes stupid male a chance to realize that St. Valentine's Day is set aside for a national get-together, many people resort to giving Valentine Parties. Which is not a bad idea.

Of course, the Valentine color scheme leans heavily on red, and the other colors should be gray and pale blue, with just a dash of jet black to set the whole thing off with snap.

IT IS not the province of this department to give itself a headache over the buffet supper—Miss Claire attends to that—but offhand we can suggest red and white mints, red candles aglow on the table and pink ice cream. You might get a few candied cherries into the occasion in case you have to put the party off this month till it is almost Washington's Birthday.

A hostess who is worth her salt knows quite a lot about the private history of her guests. She certainly must know enough about them to pair them off with happy effect and keep apart all those who have recently broken their engagements, and all that.

It is often useful to know some neat and original way to assign guests their proper partners for dinner, or for sports, or just for instance. At a Valentine party people must get the couple idea firmly in their heads somehow.

So cut out, or buy, a lot of red paper hearts, enough for each guest, different sizes and shapes but in pairs, two of each kind. You can even make pairs of the same size unique by putting dents in them, or breaking them in identical ways.

Write a boy's name on one heart, then write the appropriate girl's name on the heart that matches it in size. There is your pair of hearts.

When the time comes to pair your guests off in couples, tell them you have a lot of broken hearts that need mating.

Each guest fishes his heart out of a tray and then goes about trying to match it with a heart belonging to one of the opposite sex. When the two lonely hearts find their match, the couple is united—at least for the evening.

Try This Over On Your Cranium

What words rhyming with

? VALENTINE ?

can be substituted for some meaning of the following:

1 unravel	11 foolish
2 row	12 sacred
3 lean	13 string
4 restrict	14 grieve
5 refuse	15 vertebrae
6 purify	16 prone
7 silhouette	17 lace
8 diggings	18 nice
9 climber	19 eat
10 champagne	20 number

Can you make a poem of twenty lines using all of the rhyming words? For the cleverest poem mailed not later than January 31, SMART SET will pay \$25

A VERY silly game that can be played for a short while, one of those games you can love but must leave, is a rhyming game. The crowd gather more or less into a circle. The hostess begins a poem but first she must explain that no word can be used twice and that only lines rhyming with "Valentine" can be used. Each poet gets only ten seconds to think of his rhyme. If he can't think of the rhyme fast enough, he or she drops out and it is up to the next in turn to carry on. The sole survivor wins.

There is a list of twenty words ending in the sound "ine" which you can find by trying the game set in the box on this page.

The hostess begins this game by saying to the person on her right, "Won't you be my Valentine?" This person may reply appropriately, "First I want a loving sign." The third has no cue for his line but tries to tie it in somehow so he says, "Oh, to call you baby, mine!"

In a little while somebody will probably scream and faint from the sheer strain of the thing; and that is the time to stop and do something else before the guests rise up and murder you.

Give every one paper and pencil and tell them they are to write, or print, a short description of some person present and give that person's name by inference in the description, or fold it and address it to the person described within. The game can be played either way—by [Continued on page 97]

That First Day on a New Job

By

HELEN

WOODWARD



Courtesy of Pathé

IT WAS Miss Julia Carman's first day in her new job. Before she was able to find out what stationery to use for her letters or whether the address was to go on the top or the bottom, she was told that today there was to be an office luncheon, very formal, and that she had to attend. To her dismay, she found herself seated next to her boss. Her hands became all thumbs. She began to be troubled about her table manners. Stealing a glance at the strange faces at the long table she grew so nervous that she told the waiter "tea," when she meant "coffee." She found herself getting thirsty, and with an almost trembling hand took up her glass of water. But it seemed to her that each swallow descended in a series of huge, loud gulps.

Of course, no one really paid the slightest attention to her. She was, poor child, suffering from the exaggerated state of nerves which strikes so many girls in their first day in a new job—the sort of thing that happens to college women at an examination.

For myself, I have always liked both examinations and first days on a new job, because in both cases it is as though life had flung down a glove and dared me to combat. If you do not like such gauntlets, try to approach your first day on a new job as a sort of game, and it won't seem so hard. Try to enjoy the uncertainty of it and the newness. It will help, perhaps, if you put yourself in the state of mind of Louise Brooks, who told me this amusing story of her experience:

"IT WAS my first day in the new job and I was uncomfortable. I always am until I find out how things are going. My desk was in the boss's office and when he walked in I thought he would say, 'Hello,' or 'good morning,' or something—but not a word. I didn't say anything either, but sat feeling unhappy."

"I didn't have a thing to do. I didn't think I ought to read a paper. So I just sat and I couldn't stand it any longer and had to say something. I said, 'It's a nice day.' He answered, absentmindedly. 'Yes, very nice.'

"There was a long silence and I got more and more uncomfortable. After a while he got up and walked out of the room and in about a minute came back swearing outrageously—something about the work outside that had gone wrong. Then do you know what I did? I just swore back at him—yes, I did. I couldn't help it. I was so nervous by that time. He laughed, and after that we got along just grand."

A VERY different temperament has another stenographer—one of those girls with a guarded look in her eyes. She looks at you always as though she thought you were going to take something away from her. This girl gets her way in life by ingratiating manners, and so when in her last job things didn't go smoothly for a day or two, she chose a characteristic way . . . On the third day she bought some flowers and was arranging them on her boss's desk when he walked in. This helped to smooth things out and she had no further trouble.

But the woman who has the most trouble is the nervous girl, like Stella Baker. She had been ill and so she was even more jumpy than usual. But she got a new job and was eager to please and so very brisk at her work. To her amazement one day her employer said to her, "You are too quick. You make me nervous. I won't let you make me nervous."

It appeared that he himself had just come through an illness, and she remembered that on the day he hired her he had been so uneasy that he had in his quivering awkwardness, thrown his own telephone on the floor. "All right," he went on in answer to her amazed look. "I will show you what I mean. Now you come in [Continued on page 114]

MART
ET
SERVICE

Your Own Room

By

ETHEL LEWIS



Photographs by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

In a sunny room—or in a dark one, for that matter—a ruffled chintz spread is charming. The one in the top photograph is easily made—and a clever ensemble effect is obtained by the use of chintz window valances

The spread in the lower left hand photograph is a modern adaptation of an old hand woven coverlet. It is inexpensive and in perfect taste for any bedroom showing Colonial influence

WHAT shall I use for a bedspread?" is a constant query. And as this is the time of the year when the shops are filled with fascinating bargains in the smartest and newest fashions for beds, it seems a good time to discuss this all-important topic.

When planning the color scheme for any bedroom, one of the first points to decide is the color for the bedspread. Next to the walls and floor it presents the largest area of color in the room, and it is the one that the eye usually sees first.

Too often people decide on walls and rug and draperies and furniture, and when they are all in place, with the colors properly balanced, then they ask, what shall we use for a bedspread? Don't leave it until the last thing. Plan it as you develop the scheme for the whole room, and then it will be in the correct relationship to the other things.

Many a pretty and dainty room has been spoiled by using the wrong spread. It is also true that many a nondescript

What the Well Dressed Bed Is Wearing

SMART
SET
SERVICE

Write to Ethel Lewis, in care of SMART SET, if you want any information in regard to decorating your own room. Miss Lewis will tell you where and how to buy—and what to pay for the things that you purchase. She'll also tell you what's new and smart in both draperies and furniture

room has been made over and brought up to date by introducing a new and definitely colorful bedspread. It is a really vital factor in the bedroom, so let us consider it carefully.

First, what type do you need? What style room have you? Do you want a frilled feminine spread that is as dainty as a summer dress, or do you want a strictly tailored spread that boxes in the bed and gives it a heavy masculine air? There are many other styles in between and you can surely find one which suits your room and your needs.

One lovely bedroom that I know has grayish blue walls, a deep violet rug on the floor, window curtains of palest orchid, and overdraperies of semi-glazed chintz combining orchid, blue, rose, and a good bit of pure white. The furniture is French walnut and the bedspreads are the same soft blue tone as the wall. They are made of sheer material and the fluted ruffles and the frilly frivolous pillow cover are as dainty and feminine [Cont. on page 117]

This Side of the FOOTLIGHTS

By

HELEN HATHAWAY

ONE night, at the beginning of this theatrical season, I went to the opening of a much-heralded Broadway play. The audience consisted of typical first-nighters, the theatrical intelligentsia of New York—critics, actors, producers, smart society and the general public who had been lucky enough to get seats.

Just before the curtain went up there was a commotion in the box at the left of the stage. A gorgeous creature in a white ermine coat, with corsage of orchids and dangling diamond earrings, entered.

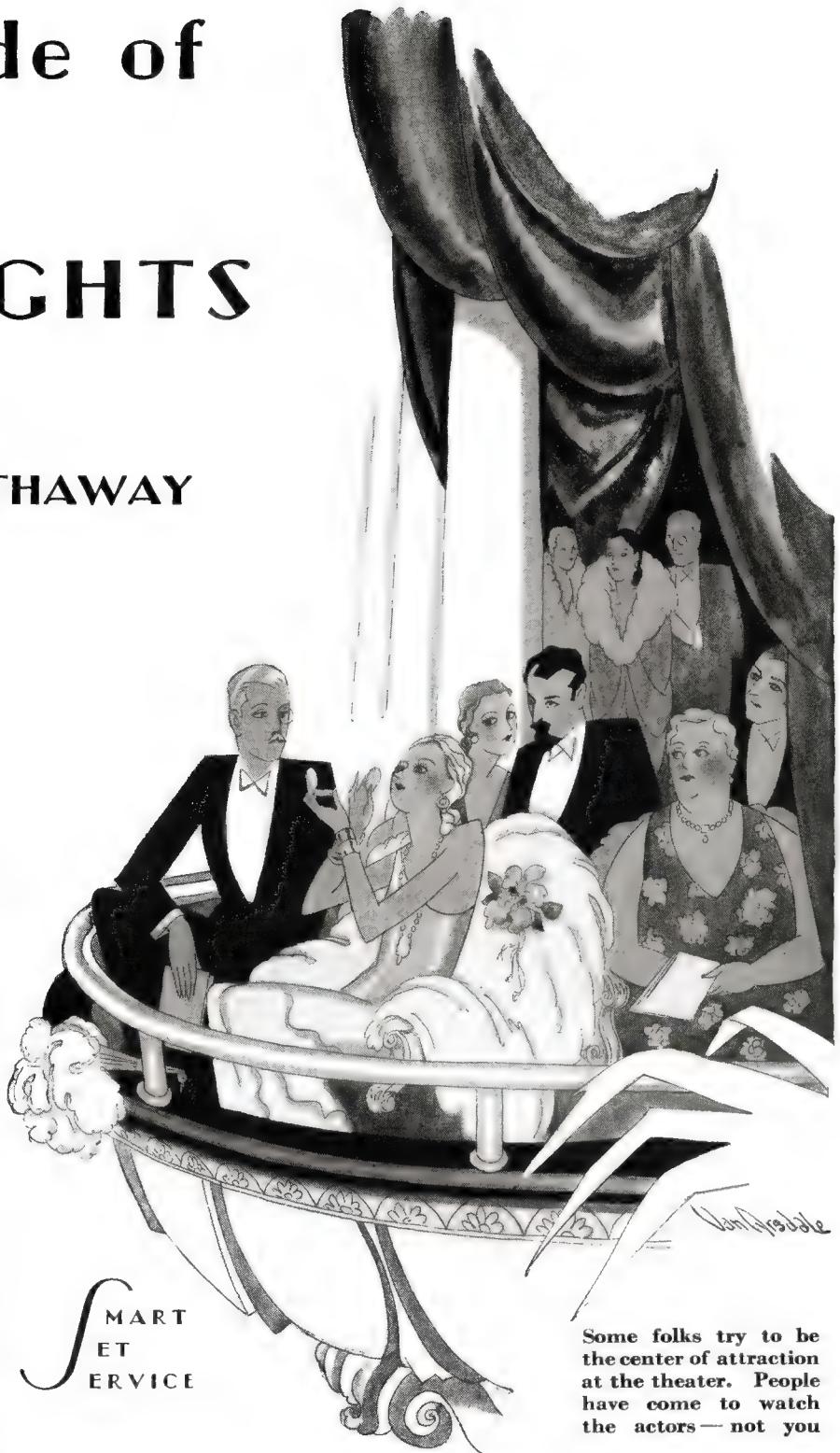
Without a word of apology to those already seated, she, with her escort in tow, pushed her arrogant way to her seat by the rail. With a grand gesture she threw back her evening wrap and in the full glare of the house lights, took out her jewelled vanity case and brought her complexion up to date. All eyes were upon her and it was not until the curtain went up that she grudgingly relinquished the attention of her audience to the stage.

BETWEEN the acts I overheard her every word, for her rasping uncultivated voice was too penetrating to miss. Just before the curtain went down on the last act I was forced to notice her again when, pulling her ermine wrap about her she rudely pushed her way through the box, disturbing everybody and distracting every one's attention from the stage.

Who was she? I don't know. Just an ordinary ill-mannered woman, one of New York's *nouveau riche*, whose idea of being elegant is to be conspicuous.

In vivid contrast to the "nobody" was a "somebody" who happened to sit beside me. She was a striking, handsome woman in an attractive black velvet evening wrap and dinner gown, her only jewelry one handsome dinner ring, a pair of antique earrings, and a string of pearls. Throughout the entire evening she made not a gesture that attracted attention. Even her voice was so low and well-modulated that although I sat next to her, I could not hear a word she said to her companion.

Who was she? One of America's most prominent women, internationally known in social and artistic circles. She belongs to one of our oldest and wealthiest families. She has won several prizes in national art exhibits. The Secretary of State frequently asks her to entertain certain distinguished



Some folks try to be the center of attraction at the theater. People have come to watch the actors—not you

foreigners, because he feels that she represents the best in American society. And incidentally, it is her kind that sets the standard of correct theatrical behavior, and if any one would act the part of the well-mannered theater-goer let him take his cue from her.

IN THE theater it is easy to spot the greedy, inconsiderate woman. She pushes her way through the lobby. Hers, of course, is the only right of way. She rushes up to the usher demanding instant attention. She flounces down the aisle and pushes by those already seated without "I'm sorry," or "I beg your pardon," and planks herself down in her seat with an air of "Here I am and I am going to enjoy myself, which means of course I shall do as I please." [Continued on page 120]

*There Are Many Men Who Will
Pay Well for Reality . . . But
It's Only One Man in a Mil-
lion Who Will Even Consider*

BUYING

BLOOD sister to every port town into which he had ever swaggered, Los Angeles waved a gaudy hand to Kerry Kent, welcoming him ashore with glamour of lights abloom like golden poppies from mountains to ocean.

For a moment, staring at their glittering gaiety from the window of the San Pedro electric, he caught his breath in sudden, surging joy at the reality of being once more in his native land. After eight years of servitude to adventure he was eastward bound to the soil he had deserted for highways of the sea.

"I'm going home," he kept telling himself over and over to the rhythm of the car swaying upon the rails. "Home, home, home," he repeated, and dared not yet compass all of peace and contentment and hope-come-true he meant by the word.

BACK of him lay Guaymas and Auckland, Singapore and Suez, Bombay and Marseilles, their tattered banners drooping in the doldrums of remembrance.

Years stretched behind him—long cycles of time vivid as Brazilian sunlight. The black smudge of the oil tankers, on which he had sweated and sworn and saved, trailed low on a horizon he was bidding good-by. White girls and yellow girls were leaves in a closed log now.

Before him spread California for a night and Kansas for a lifetime—and, with the scornful tolerance of one who has known other and older harbors, he looked past the shining curtains of this half-way house to the wide stretches of the inland prairies.

Fathoms deep in contemplation of those wide acres of his boyhood, he paid no heed to the sailor who sat beside him, until a lurch of the car sent the youngster against him. The boy gave him a wide, white-toothed smile of friendliness. "What's your ticket?" he asked.

"Farmer," Kerry told him.

"Farmer? You? G'wan, big boy, I can smell the oil on your shirt."

"That was yesterday. I'm talking about tomorrow."

"You don't mean you're goin' to quit tankin' for farmin'?"

"Sure." It was his first spoken avowal of the thought which had grown under Northern Lights and Southern Cross, and, as he said it, a swift mirage of remembered golden corn fields spurred him into speech.

"When you've seen as much of the world as I have, kid, the little old red silos'll look pretty good to you. I've put in eight years at sea, and after the smell of a tanker, and the smell of Asia, and the smell of life in the port towns, I tell you a Kansas farm'll be perfume!"

"You can keep it," the boy shrugged. "I beat it off a Michigan farm two years ago, and enlisted at the Great Lakes. They've got me down in the engine room of the West Virginia, playin' nursemaid to a boiler, but it's a darned sight better'n hay-kickin' near Pontiac."

"You wouldn't think so if you'd shipped on a tanker."

"The fleet's no easy break, either, I'll tell the world."

"Oh, g'wan, kid, it's a Cook's tour," Kerry laughed at him. "Nice white pants, and clean hankies, and a swell marine to take you by the hand when you go ashore."

"I s'pose you think you know your onions because you've rolled up your sleeves and bellowed around a leaky tub. What have you got out of it?"

"What've I got out of it?" Kerry's voice rose in emphatic appraisal. "I've had smallpox and some first-class fights. I've got a slick vocabulary and an eye-witness picture of all the dirty places of the world. I've got ideas enough to last me the rest of my days—and I've got three thousand bucks!"

"Three thousand berries?"

"Yeh, and it's goin' to be planted in Kansas real estate before I'm a week older. I'm fed up on oil and oceans and the lurch of a tanker. I hope I never see a harbor again. I'm a jayhawker from now on."

"Folks back there?"

"They're dead."

"A girl?"

"Nope. The kind I've known for the last eight years ain't the kind you take home."

"You said it. Know any in L.A.?"

"Los Angeles? None."

"You could pick worse janes than you'd find here."

"Mex?"

"Not many of 'em any more. They're gettin' too stylish for sailors. I used to know a little hot tamale in Sonoratown, but some guy at a castin' office kidded her into thinkin' she was good and she gave me the air."

"Better luck next time, kid."

"There ain't goin' to be no next time for this pride of the fleet. Not in a movie town."

"Say," Kerry's tone slumped into a queer little diffidence, "did you ever see Amy Alden?"

"Not since my mother used to carry me to the shows."

"Don't get so fresh. She ain't much older than you are!"

"Wake up, big boy. That dame was in the first picture they took in Hollywood."

"She was not. Her first picture was Honeysuckle Hill. I saw it in Auckland."

"When did you see her last one?"

"Over in Bombay."

"The sticks'll take anything, won't they?"

"She's the one best bet in the movies."

"Maybe she was, big boy, when she was young, but they wouldn't even know her name now out in Hollywood."

"Oh, I guess they would all right."

"Dream on, fellow." The train slid into the terminal, and they rose with the alacrity of youth for action. "Don't forget to hang up your sock for Santa Claus when you get to the farm."

"So long, kid, and keep your eye peeled for leather-necks!"

INTO the glittering mile of Main Street Frenchmen from the Prado, Norwegians from the Naze, Italians from Taranto, sailors from half the harbors of the world tramped with Kerry Kent.

A crowd of boys from the fleet, his quondam companion among them, were singing, "She was just a sailor's sweetheart," and laughing at their own attempted close harmonies.

Pawnshops, cutlery stores, cheap luggage bazaars, pinchbeck jewelry displays flashed panoramic views of wares sinister or significant. A police patrol siren shrieked down the pavement. The Salvation Army lifted torches of revival beside the old Plaza while from the dusky Cathedral of Saint Vibiana rose the low chant of dark-shawled Mexican women and grim-faced Mexican men, kneeling in exile. Two blind boys played concertinas. Wildly colored posters advertised motion pictures, one more thrilling than another.

A ballyhoo man in front of the Estarrita Arcade touched Kerry on the shoulder. "Come inside, come inside," he shouted raucously. "The police haven't closed us yet. See the hottest show on Main Street! See Evangeline, the pearl diver! Let the Moonshine Sisters chase your blues away!"

A D R E A M

By
MARY SYNON

Illustration by FRANKLIN BOOTH



Kerry looked at the girl on the bench beside him. He knew her for what she was—and so he spoke. "Kinda hard to be alone in a strange town, isn't it?" he said

Some of the crowd lingered, but swift contempt for this epitome of the places he had seen in the years of his voyaging sped Kerry past the tawdry sideshow. Wise as Odysseus going back to Ithaca, he turned away from the street of the sailormen, seeking broader sweep of the city for passing of the dwindling hours before his train should bear him eastward.

HE KNEW—for he had timed his homecoming through many months at sea—that he could leave Los Angeles a little before midnight. He had but three hours to drift before speeding across the Sierras.

At the corner of the block he bought a newspaper with thought of searching its amusement advertisements for one of

those motion pictures which had been manna to his exile—pictures of the Amy Alden he had worshipped with that whitely burning flame of idealization of womanhood which so often and so strangely glows in the soul of the wanderer. Known to him only through the films, she had become goddess of all those elements for which he yearned, the land of his birth, the girl of his younger dreams, the spirit of home. Night after night in faraway ports he had sought and found her; but he could not find her now, and recollection of the sailor's jesting taunt came back to trouble him, only to be flung aside again.

Above the local papers on the news stand he saw the sign. "Your Own Home Papers Here," and, close to it, like a beacon on strange shoals, the name [Continued on page 102]

You Can Get Away With Anything

By

F. E. BAILY

THE Fates smiled when beautiful Ann Cosway married the catch of the season—Greville Chard—the handsome young racing driver who was Vice Chairman of Greyhound Cars, Ltd. They smiled—but it was a somewhat malicious, altogether triumphant smile, for the Fates already knew that before they had been married a year Ann would have become so bored with Greville that she would be carrying on a more or less open flirtation with an elderly lawyer, Julius Bruce.

They knew, too, that before that same year was out the suicide of George Bondy, one of the directors of Greyhound Cars, Ltd. would force Greville into a position where he would have to economize rigidly.

When that happened Ann flamed into open rebellion. She would not be the wife of a poor man! She would not give up her social career! She would not live in the dingy apartment Greville had hired to be near the motor works!

She was confident that Sir Julius would rescue her permanently from such a predicament—but one brief talk with him convinced her that no help lay in that direction.

A similar talk with her parents proved them to be equally unsympathetic.

Nothing daunted Ann decided to try a career in the films, only to learn that mere social prestige was not enough to put her name across on the silver screen.

THUS, although she had sworn never to endure that infamy Ann found herself one perfect summer evening within the despised walls of a Cricklewood flat. A middle-aged housekeeper hustled about uneasily. This tall young lady who wandered from room to room like a lost soul got on her nerves.



Like a dirge the words "Fifty-seven Lorne Mansions, Minden Road, Cricklewood," ran through Ann's head. She still wore her hat and the frock in which she had arrived. Her trunks stood about her bedroom unopened, though dinner time approached; she could tell that because a faint aroma of cooking came from the kitchen.

The housekeeper approached with reluctance.

"I had no instructions, madam, so I've arranged dinner for half-past seven. I hope that's convenient."

Ann gazed at her as though she were some strange animal.

"As Mr. Chard engaged you he should have said what time he wished dinner to be served. We generally dined at a quarter past eight. You might show me the bathroom. I s'pose there is a bathroom?"

"Certainly, madam, a very nice bathroom with a gas-heater.

Ann Realizes at Last That You Can't Beat Life—That, No Matter How Clever a Girl Is, There's Always a Settling Up Time!



Illustrations

by
AUSTIN
JEWELL

Greville came limping in, between the men—his head swathed in blood stained bandages, his arm in a sling. Seeing him, Ann felt a surge of primitive emotion

I'll light it for you. I expect you'd like to have hot water."

In a dream Ann followed the housekeeper into a tiny bathroom, watched her turn on the water and ignite the gas. In all her life Ann had never realized such things could be.

"And if I want a bath I suppose I have to wait years while that heater trickles out the hot water, and this is the sort of life Peggy's led for years! It's perfectly intolerable," Ann exclaimed furiously.

"When that housekeeper sees my things she won't think I'm really married at all. In the world she's used to it isn't respectable to have a decent standard of comfort."

Cheered by this reflection Ann migrated to her bedroom, and littered the gold and ivory fittings of a dressing case

over the dressing table. She was delving in a trunkful of clothes when the hall door slammed. Greville's footsteps sounded along the corridor and he tapped on her door.

"Come in!"

He came in smiling, and kissed a coldly averted cheek.

"Hullo, Ann! So you've got here at last!"

"My dear Greville, don't gibber like an imbecile. Can't you see I'm here? I suppose by this time you know me by sight!"

"Jolly little show, isn't it?" he continued. "The housekeeper's a peach. I took her on with the flat because she knows where everything is. You won't find the place any bother."

Ann looked at him murderously.

"I s'pose you aren't going to change. Will you dine in your shirt-sleeves and take off your collar, or what? Certainly I shan't find the place any bother. I don't propose to trouble it very much as soon as I can find somewhere else to live. Do you realize there's no hot running water in the bathroom, and have you seen the furniture?"

"We might get permission to put in a hot water cistern. The furniture doesn't worry me a great deal. It's only for the time being. I hope we shall be back in Seamore Place at the end of a year."

Ann took off her hat, drew a comb through her tawny hair, and went on, "You must forgive me. I ought really to have run out with your slippers and told you about the trouble we'd had with the kitchen range. What do you expect to do after dinner—go to a movie, or sit on the balcony and watch the people opposite sitting on theirs?"

"I'm so hungry I can't look any further than dinner at the moment. Perhaps we could talk over business affairs if you're not too bored. 'Scuse me while I wash."

He went out leaving Ann dumb with emotion. She stood quite still contrasting herself, a curled, manicured beauty, with Greville in a battered suit, his fingernails definitely grimed.

"That type of man is the absolute limit. He's got all he wants in his unimaginative way and he's happy. He's grubbing at that filthy works. He has food and clothes and a bed to sleep in, and he doesn't bother. When his affairs pull round he'll buy me anything I please and till then I can simply exist for all he cares."

WHEN the housekeeper announced dinner Greville ate hungrily but Ann, who was also hungry, picked at her food and pushed it away. Nobody seemed to care and she wished she had eaten it.

They retreated to the sitting room. The housekeeper brought coffee. Greville gave Ann a cigarette and inquired, "Cointreau?"

"What, in Cricklewood?"

"I brought all my drinks along. You'd better. Do you good."

"All right."

He went away and came back with two glasses of liqueur, sat down and lit a cigar.

"These racing models are hot stuff," he said at last.

"My dear Greville, unless you want me to scream don't talk about your racing cars. I'm sick of them."

"They affect you a good deal. If we pull off the Grand Prix, as I intend we shall, you'll be so much the better off. We sell to people who don't count money, and a lot of them'll want a car made by the firm that won the Grand Prix. Racing success matters to manufacturers of a thoroughbred speed model."

"Very well, then, it matters to me. What else?"

"Nothing, except that the race is run at Brooklands in three weeks' time and I'll probably be down there a good bit in the interval. We've three cars running; Watson drives one, Good-

WHAT ARE "BOOTLEG BLUES"?

If your best friend won't tell you, read Canby Chambers' ultra modern story—in the MARCH SMART SET—and you'll know

enough the second, and I drive the third. How many seats would you like on the stand?"

"I don't know that I'm very interested. Motor racing's so dull."

The faintest shadow passed over Greville's face. Then he said quietly, "You'd better go. I assure you a Greyhound will win, barring unheard-of bad luck, and a victory for us won't do your social prestige any harm. Your photograph will have an additional news value. Pity to waste publicity."

"Cynical, if generous of you. All right. I'll go and take some man."

Greville flicked ash from his cigar.

"You're very bitter, Ann," he said at last. "I don't know what you expected from marriage that you haven't had. After all I couldn't foresee that George would crash. At the worst we've had a certain amount of fun and we're due for plenty more. Were you perfectly serious when you told me some time ago I bored you? Is that really the trouble?"

"Yes," Ann answered. "You're young and good-looking but mentally you don't exist. While you were rich enough to buy me the sort of life that would make up for what you lack in interest I could rub along fairly well. But I'll never forgive you for bringing me here. It's unspeakable, and I loathe it. Just as soon as I can get out of it I will. It's only fair to tell you, and don't be surprised when the day comes. I can stand anything except humiliation and every woman I know must be laughing at me."

"Let 'em laugh if they please."

"Women," Ann told him from the doorway, "don't let other women laugh at them if they can help it. Envy or hate from other women is a tribute and pleased laughter is a disgrace. That, among other reasons, is why I'll never forgive you. Good night."

UNFORTUNATELY for Ann it proved far from a good night. The air of a hot summer night seemed stifling and the window opened only on to the back of other flats. Noises to which she was unaccustomed disturbed her. Sleep refused to come. Her whole soul seethed with rebellion. She exhausted her nerves with plots and counter-plots, imaginary dramas and dialogues between herself and Greville, her mother, Julius Bruce—any one and every one.

She could have got up and smashed everything in the room. The heat weighed down on her like a pall; she felt hardly able to breathe. Behind all this emotional chaos one dominant thought impressed itself: "I must escape; I must do something; what am I to do? Julius Bruce is out of the question. I can't live alone on three hundred a year, and that's all I've got."

Under every form of torment her weary brain could only think of two expedients.

"Hayden Bellamy ought to be able to give me a job on the stage. I've taken enough boxes for his charity shows and done a lot of amateur stuff in pageants and tableaux and things. I'm one of the prettiest girls in Mayfair. I can wear clothes and I don't care what sort of a stunt he gets written round me. Shouldn't think he'd turn me down but if he does I might go in with Eleanor Maxted in her hat shop."

Hayden Bellamy in his more thoughtful moments considered himself to have been created by Providence exclusively for the purpose of lending tone to the English stage.

When Ann telephoned to him asking for five minutes of his time, his quick brain instantly placed her as the daughter of Arthur and Adela Cosway, the one a pillar of the Foreign Office, the other well esteemed in Court circles, and his mellow voice blessed her.

"So glad to hear from you, Mrs. Chard. I remember your kindness so well in connection with my matinée for Distressed Tragediennes. I'm supernaturally busy at the moment but I have a free quarter of an hour at noon today if you could come to my office at the Delphic Theater."

He replaced the receiver, smoothed back his iron-gray hair and fitted a Turkish cigarette into a long amber tube, admiring his own slender white hands in the process.

"No doubt," he told himself, "she has written what she calls a play. They all do. If she likes to provide the backing I don't mind putting it on. A bad play by a young society woman is no worse than a bad play by a so called dramatist—moreover the friends of the young society woman will flock to see it whereas so called dramatists have no friends."

TO HIM at noon entered Ann, more beautiful than ever in a Lanvin model all long lines. He held out a white hand and shepherded her into an armchair.

"Delightful of you to call, Mrs. Chard. I was most pleased to get your telephone message. Is there something I can do for you?"

Ann's tawny eyes raked him, and her swift mind misgave her. "Suave as butter until one wants anything and then hard as nails," she thought. Her clear-cut mouth began shaping clear-cut sounds.

"Charming of you to see me, Mr. Bellamy. Yes, there is something you can do for me. I want to go on the stage."

He controlled surprise admirably. His eyes appraised her from head to foot, and his brain sought an explanation.

"What's behind it all? Has she a man she wants to attract? But even in that case, why the stage? Is it vanity? Too good-looking to be vain of her appearance. Bored perhaps, and wants a thrill."

A loud he said, "This is a great surprise. Have you any training for the stage, Mrs. Chard?"

"Beyond a good speaking voice, amateur experience, my face, my figure, and a knack of wearing clothes, no. But I'd slave like a beaver, and I'm quite well-known of course. I thought we could work it as a stunt, and by the time the novelty wears off I shall be competent."

"The average girl," Bellamy said slowly, "graduates from a stage academy or starts in the chorus. You haven't worked at a stage academy, and chorus girls are mostly trained as children, and start to dance at about eight years old. But perhaps you have some special idea in mind?"

"I'm not quite sure what you mean, Mr. Bellamy."

"Sometimes a dramatist writes a play round a certain type of woman, and if she's a very exclusive type or, let's say, if a certain woman in real life has inspired him, he may want that particular woman to play his heroine. I thought some friend of yours might have written a play round you. Of course, if you or he could find the backing, I should be honored to help you as far as possible."

"No, nothing of that sort. I merely wish to start a career of my own."

"It seems to me very difficult, Mrs. Chard, very difficult indeed. I greatly regret to say so but, if you'll forgive me, an absolute beginner—I daresay you know many competent actresses are out of work."

"Then you won't give me a job?"

Hayden Bellamy shook his head.

"For your own sake I fear I must refuse, greatly as I regret—"

She was on her feet, gloves and vanity bag dangling, a perfect picture of the modern girl.

"Frightfully sorry to have wasted your time. 'Afrid I've kept you from luncheon. Oh, no, thanks awfully. I'm



Ann wondered whether the moment for explanations had arrived. Perhaps she should admit now that she had been in the wrong. Instead, she spoke very simply, "Poor old thing," she said to Greville, "I'm most frightfully sorry for you."

booked for luncheon at Hoyt's. Good-by, Mr. Bellamy."

Ann was walking up the Haymarket cursing softly.

"Why does business make people so ruthless? I daresay Eleanor Maxter will be just as bad. However, here goes."

She beckoned a taxi and had herself driven to a hat shop of an exclusive nature run by The Lady Eleanor Maxter under the trade name of Mimi.

Ann entered and tracked the Lady Eleanor to her lair, a private office as large as a good-sized cupboard. The Lady Eleanor she found talking to the head saleswoman in fair French.

Ann said, "Hullo, Eleanor! Come and lunch at the Ritz Grill. I want to talk to you." She had been at school with the proprietress, who happened to be a year her junior.

"How are you, Ann?" replied the Lady Eleanor. "I don't mind but we're frantically busy. Everybody's off to Deauville and I can't get hats over from France quick enough for people to take them back again."

In the cool white silence of the Ritz Grill Ann revealed her fell purpose.

"I want to come in with you, Eleanor. I feel the need of a career. It'd be a good idea for you to have a reliable partner to keep you straight. You were always a little flighty. Besides I'm a married woman and you're not and I can sympathize with the sufferings of married clients."

"Excellent scheme of yours, Ann," said The Lady Eleanor. "I'm on it like a shot. We need a little strength badly. I just stick on a hundred per cent [Continued on page 133]

Can't You Be Serious?

[Continued from page 53]

Apparently, he didn't remember.

At any rate, he phoned her first thing in the morning to say that his cough was worse.

"I'm sorry as the devil, Betty," he apologized, "but the doc says no prom, tonight."

"I'll be right over," she promised.

"But you can't," cried an alarmed voice, "it—well, it might be scarlet fever or something."

"If it is," said Betty, "I'll take the chance."

She was downstairs in a second. Just in time to crash into Jerry Corbin who was coming in with a box of candy under one arm, and a bunch of flowers under the other.

She brushed them both aside. "Listen, Jerry," she challenged, "I'm in no mood for foolishness, this morning. And I mean it, this time. Buddy's sick and I have to get to him as fast as I can."

"Well," said Jerry, "the car awaits without. Without gas and oil, at present, but we'll attend to that as soon as I can cash a check. The brothers are always more cordial if you float your paper elsewhere."

"Jerry, would you? Really?"

"Anything," said Jerry, "to make you happy."

So that in a moment she was there in the roadster beside him, once more. Jerry slipped the car into gear, and they leaped forward at the usual fifty.

But after he had rounded a corner on two wheels and was heading East on the asphalt, Betty began to have a sinking premonition about the state of Denmark.

"Jerry," she accused him, "this isn't the way to the Beta House."

"You're sure you want to go to the Beta House, darling—when we could make New Haven by four?"

"Sure?" She almost screamed it. "Of course I'm sure. Buddy's sick."

Very quickly, he turned the car about, and drove back the way he had come. Oddly enough, he did seem serious now.

He drew up presently before the white-pilastered Beta House.

"I'll wait for you," he said.

She scarcely heard him. She was dashing up the path to the door. But she didn't get that far.

There, round to one side of the great veranda, was a game of horse shoes in progress. And Buddy, his shirt sleeves rolled up, his black hair mussed, was just aiming, to toss a ringer.

"This'll tie you," he cried.

And then the eagerness left his voice, and his throw went wild. He had caught sight of Betty.

Well, there he was—up the creek without paddle or sail. There was nothing to do but be brazen about it.

"Well, Betty," he began, "I thought you'd have sense enough to see what I meant. But since you haven't—"

WELL? inquired Jerry, as she came back to the car.

"Well," said Betty as she got in beside him a trifle weakly, "I—I guess I've just had a taste of my own medicine. And I know now for sure that when somebody tells you a lie, it's—it's better not to go prying for the truth."

And then because Jerry's broad shoulder was conveniently near, she allowed herself to weep upon it.

He patted her arm gently.

"It hurt, I guess, didn't it? I'm sorry."

"Oh, it's not your fault," said Betty, "it's mine for being so dumb. You knew, then?" she asked him. "That's why you didn't want to bring me here, just now?"

"Well," said Jerry, "naturally I saw him at the Beta House dance, last night. And

when I found he wasn't with you, well—I'm no dumb bell."

She wept a few more tears, powdered her face, and wept again. Good old Jerry. There was something rather fine about him, after all.

"We've still got time to make it to Yale," Jerry suggested and headed the car away from town again.

"Jerry, can't you be serious? Yale—and a prom? When my heart's breaking!"

Jerry gave her a rather startled look.

"Betty," he asked suddenly, "do you really love him that much?"

"I've loved Buddy all my life," she said. And she hurried on, even though she realized as soon as the words left her mouth that they weren't true. She hadn't ever really loved Buddy. It had simply been a romantic notion, created first by her parents and his, and later seized upon eagerly by herself at the age when a girl has to have a hero. Any hero.

All this she realized. But she went on in the tragic vein.

"You see, Jerry, I—well, I sort of grew up with him. He's been a part of my dreams ever since I was old enough to dream. And this prom—I'd been counting on it for weeks—just to see him again, to—"

"Excuse me, Betty," Jerry said, "I—well I hadn't realized it was quite as serious as all that. I had the idea, somehow— Well, never mind."

And for the second time, that morning, he was heading back toward Rutland.

For the moment Betty forgot her pose.

"Where are you taking me?" she demanded excitedly.

"Back to town," said Jerry, "you're going to the prom with Buddy."

"I'm what?"

"Oh," smiled Jerry, "it'll be easy enough

to do. As soon as Lita Lee gets on her way, Buddy'll call you up at the Inn and say that his cough's a lot better. And if he doesn't do it of his own accord, why—" Jerry smiled. "They tell me at the Sigma house that Buddy wants to make Ring and Mortar. Well—for a second, a little of Jerry's old effervescence returned—"Well, if Brother Whoosis from Yale asked the Sigma men in Mortar to black-ball Buddy, it'd be too bad, wouldn't it? I'll put it up to him on those terms.

"I'll get Lita out of town, into the bargain. Now that's white enough, isn't it?"

"Who," gasped Betty a little weakly, "is Lita?"

"She's the prom trotter Buddy had at the house dance, last night. You see," Jerry went on, "I danced with her when I found out whose drag she was. And it didn't take me two minutes to find out that Buddy'd invited her up for the house dance and the prom, both. She accepted for the house dance, but she turned him down for the prom. She wanted to go to Yale."

"And you mean she changed her mind and decided to stay over for the prom, after all? To break her Yale date?"

"Not quite," grinned Jerry. "I mean that I changed her mind for her. Buddy had exhausted his line, when I entered with mine. I whispered light tra-la-la's in her ear for ten minutes straight, and—well, the truth of the matter is that although she's technically staying over to be Buddy's date, she's really staying because she found my blandishments so attractive that she's giving me half her dances, tonight, to hear more of them."

Betty's eyes bulged very wide.

"Oh, how I hate you," she said.

"I know," Jerry nodded. "I shouldn't have meddled. But everything seemed so perfect. I had the idea that if Buddy threw you down, you'd be sore enough to go to Yale with me."

"Jerry, you're so dumb," she cried.

Jerry smiled softly. "But we're almost there, honey. Things'll be jake in a jiffy."

They were, in fact, just drawing up in front of the Inn. Jerry swung a leg over the side of the roadster.

But a feminine hand clutched his coat.

Betty's brown eyes flashed fire. "Jerry, if you ever speak a word to that hateful hussy again, I'll—well, I'll—"

Jerry slipped back into his seat beside her with considerable alacrity. He took both her hands, and imprisoned them fast in his.

Then he said, "Now then, Betty, before we do another thing, or say another word, I want to ask *you* a question. Why can't you be serious?"

"Be serious?"

"Yes, woman, serious. Do you love me, or don't you?"

"I don't," said Betty hotly.

"Fine," grinned Jerry, "I'm going to kiss you."

She dodged—or at least she thought she made decent pretense of it. But when it was over, she suddenly wondered why she had waited so long to let him.

"Like that?" he asked her impudently.

"I hated it."

"Then we'll have to try it again."

She smiled at him softly after that next one.

"Please, Jerry," she grinned, "I—I hated that one, too."

"I only hope," smiled Jerry, "that you hate 'em as much as long as we live. And now, darling, can we cover two hundred miles to New Haven before dark?"

"Well," Betty reflected. "Maybe you were right about a Yale prom, Jerry. It isn't to be treated lightly."



"Now I know where I lost my lipstick"

Broadway Stars pass merciless Close-up Test . . .

Like 9 out of 10 screen stars, they have long kept their skin at its best with Lux Toilet Soap . . .



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THE moment the talkies "arrived," many of the most famous stars of the Broadway stage were signed by the great motion picture studios. Then, under the glare from the huge incandescent close-up lights, they faced the cruellest test a skin can possibly meet.

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These Broadway stars passed the test, needless to say. Theirs was the flawlessly smooth skin demanded. And never were they more appreciative of the gentle care Lux Toilet Soap has given their skin.

Long ago the famous women of the theater made Lux Toilet Soap their

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You will be delighted with Lux Toilet Soap, too! You can keep your skin just as clear and smooth as the famous women of the stage and screen keep theirs. It does lather so generously, even in the *hardest water!* Order several cakes—today.



LENORE ULRIC says: "It keeps my skin so smooth."



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Luxury such as you have found only in fine French Soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . .

NOW 10¢

1890  1930

DAGGETT and RAMSDELL CELEBRATE THEIR FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WITH NEW PACKAGES



SWEET decorum happily combined with the daring gallantry of the war and post war days . . . the mauve decade gone dahlia so to speak . . . that's the debutante of 1930. A throwback if you will to the *quality* of your grandmother's young days but with a spirit of your own, too, that has never been matched in any age.

For you, the famous family of Daggett and Ramsdell cosmetics has been repackaged in enchanting new containers. Crystal and silver bottles . . . porcelain and silverjars . . . all charmingly monogrammed . . . all decorative enough to set out on your ancestral Duncan Phyfe dressing table . . . all containing exactly the right beauty aids for complete care of the skin throughout your busy life.

How to use them

First: Apply Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Cream liberally. It liquefies instantly. Cleanses quickly. Wipe off with tissues.

Second: Apply Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and massage gently but thoroughly. Brings new life to the tissues. Stimulates the circulation. Wipe off with tissues.

Third: Wet pad with Vivatone and slap the face sharply with it to close pores, invigorate the skin and remove surplus cream.

Fourth: Apply a whisk of Perfect Vanishing Cream before your make-up. Result: Youth! Freshness! Beauty!

For headaches and tired nerves, a gentle application of Ha-Kol (Headache Cologne). Quick, harmless, safe—used for years by physicians and the public.

All Daggett and Ramsdell Products in their new modern dress are on sale in the same drug and department stores where you are accustomed to buy.



The girl who inspired them

In the gay nineties the center of fashion whirled around the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 34th Street in New York. And thereby hangs one of the most romantic tales in all American business history.

For opposite this hotel was a little apothecary shop. And over that shop hung the name Daggett and Ramsdell. And within that shop, fashionable customers were to be seen daily, making their purchases of this and that. And behind the counter in that shop was a very clever man who had both knowledge and imagination. And as he watched the continuous parade of beauty . . . slender figures wrapped in velvet, dainty fingers concealed in mink muffs, sweet delicate faces blooming like roses under gorgeous ostrich plumes . . . he thought, "Something must be done to preserve all this fair beauty against the inroads of late hours, rich foods and wines, excitement and pleasures."

And so he set to work and evolved a face cream . . . a new kind of face cream that was better than any home-made creation ever concocted from the old recipe books . . . that could actually be put in jars and marketed far and wide so that the fashionables of other cities, and indeed, other lands, could enjoy its benefits. And so Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream was born. Mr. V. Chapin Daggett himself invented the formula . . . with his own hands he made the first quantity . . . with his own hands he wrapped up the jars and sold them to his customers. For

*The man who
Created
these
Creams and Lotions*



V. Chapin Daggett, founder

no sooner had Perfect Cold Cream appeared on the counter of that little old apothecary shop, than the news flew like wild fire among his customers. "Here," they said, "is just what we have longed for." And so it was not long before the whole fashionable world was using and praising the new cream. Queens of fashion and Princesses Royal of the theatre flocked to buy. And that is how Perfect Cold Cream is today a tradition in smart households and in the theatre, passed on from grandmother to daughter to granddaughter. Once the best and still the best!

We've saved till last, the best part of this story. There is a perfectly charming new introductory package of the Daggett and Ramsdell products, all in

The Debutante Kit



The girl who now uses them

their 1930 dress. Perfect Cold Cream, Perfect Vanishing Cream, Perfect Cleansing Cream in regular sizes—not samples. A special bottle of Vivatone, too; absorbent tissues and cotton; and a practical new beauty book with all sorts of important information in it. A complete beauty outfit called the *Debutante Kit*. You've never seen anything like it, for the money. If you want one, send 50c. to Daggett and Ramsdell, 2 Park Avenue, New York. These kits cannot be bought in the stores as we are making a special offer direct to you to celebrate our fortieth anniversary. This is a real bargain. Do send for it. It makes a marvelous week-end or traveling package; you can keep one in club locker or desk. There's enough of each product in the Kit to give yourself several complete facials. Mail the coupon at once for our supply of these new Debutante Kits won't last forever! Act now.

Special Offer — 50 CENTS

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Dept. H-2

Two Park Ave., New York
Enclosed find 50 cents for Daggett and
Ramsdell's Debutante Kit.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Don't Be A Stock Pattern

[Continued from page 67]

wrong about this style change I expect summer to bring. I may be wrong. I have been a couple of times.

But now to get down to cases.

All signs prove that suits are going to be of unusual importance this spring. Even late in the winter very, very smart women began wearing them. So we ordinary mortals will need at least one smart tailleur in our spring wardrobes.

With this in mind I selected for you a four-piece ensemble, consisting of a long topcoat and a two-piece suit, both of tweed, and a separate tailored blouse of beige crepe. The topcoat can be worn separately for sports wear and the suit is also slick without the coat. This makes it adaptable to almost anything and so I think you will be justified in buying it even though its price is a bit high. This kind of a suit may well be the center around which you evolve your whole wardrobe.

Which reminds me that I must mention color. To be well dressed on a limited income it is always wise to select a color and stick to it, to ensemble your accessories and shoes, and to bring everything, large and small, into one general style circle.

Right now, black is the little color you certainly should choose if you are one of those fortune favorites who can wear it. The whole fashion outlook at the moment is very black. Early in the fall, the fashion forecasters said black would not be so good. My own hunch is that black, because of its simplicity, came back to balance the general strangeness of line being shown.

Certainly black is in for evening. In the front of the magazine, you'll observe a black lace dinner frock that I consider just a pet.

When it comes to the little lace dinner dress I get very enthusiastic. For not only is this little gem black, but it is a black lace in an excellent quality. Its lines are lovely, being exact copies of their Chanel origination. For girls with demure looks and slim figures, it should prove very come-hither at parties. This frock also comes in green, blue, brown, dahlia—which is very smart for the right brunettes—and red in case you prefer. I wouldn't, but don't let

you such a gown in the new fishnet. This was good then but now it is too popular. So this month I chose point d'esprit—which is much the same thing but more delicate—in black with a two-tiered skirt and long, tight sleeves. It needs a little dignity to look its best. I think it would be better on

this transparent model is a warm one. It's not. It's too light for warmth. For Northerners it will do only for spring dates.

For daytime wear I chose two printed dresses and two flat crepes. Prints are surely going to be with us again. They won't be as big and booming as they were last year. In keeping with everything else, they'll stay polite and ladylike. But in their delicate way, they will reappear and they present a nice, spring-like contrast to your solid color frocks.

Flat crepe is perennial. For the business girl there is nothing more correct or practical. Except in the "high" colors, it is slenderizing and it dry cleans marvelously. I particularly like the crepe frock on page 64 with its princess lines and full circular skirt for the girl whose job demands a chic appearance. The little soft scarf tied about the neckline is of a delicate, flattering blue.

Finally, just to prove I think a lot about your problems, gaze on the little rain ensemble on page 66. Doesn't that make you long for weather hitherto considered suitable only to ducks. Hat, umbrella, raincoat and rubbers all in matching rubberized silk, gay as a giggle and retailing for a mere \$11.95 complete. I honestly think it's the best buy I ever found.

So, there's your guide. These days find the stores filled with bargains left from the winter stocks, but remember that if the dresses and hats marked-down hadn't been more or less duds in the first place, they wouldn't be hanging around the shop still. Whatever you purchase at this time of year, you should buy very cautiously. Buy, not for the days that have gone, but for the days that are coming. Next month there should be real news from Paris.

All the designers, who did not come out unreservedly in favor of the new silhouette, last fall, and those who came out much too extravagantly, will have new ideas to offer and new favorites to show. For do not think that this winter has been an easy one on Paris. The designers have been very perplexed. Add to this the Stock Market debacle in New York that affected the buying of the whole country and you get one



The "Sunday night dress" has captured the smart world. This version of the most necessary frock of the winter season is in black point d'esprit. It has long, transparent sleeves and its tiered skirt makes it most flattering to young, slender figures. \$44.50

Courtesy M. Zucker



Don Diego

An evening sandal of crepe de Chine in all evening shades or dyed to match your gown. Twin bands of gold kid form the trim and its narrow gold strap has a tiny gold buckle. Price \$6.00

Courtesy Blyn Shoes

that stop you. The price either way is only \$44.50, which for a gown that you can wear practically anywhere and practically forever, is cheap enough.

The Sunday night dress which I wrote about last month—that boon to the boy friend who doesn't want to dress and joy to the girl who likes to appear picturesque without being formal—has swept the country like Lindbergh. Last month I showed

tall girls than chubby ones. This comes in colors, too, particularly a lovely blue.

For girls who are going South, or those that just naturally live there, I selected a new evening wrap in red transparent velvet with a shirred collar and a deep pointed flounce of red Georgette. Evening wraps are being worn in three lengths, as you know, but the long ones are the safest. The short ones must be exactly at the right line for the frock beneath them or look gaga. The medium length ones are, to me, too neutral for real chic. Besides, like the short ones, they're chilly. Not that



Don Diego

The new brocaded silver slippers are more stunning than ever before, particularly when, as in this model, the brocade has a striking modernist design. A smart note is the braided strap. Price, \$6.00

Courtesy Blyn Shoes

of the most unsettled style years ever known.

Meanwhile this month is a mere fashion in-between. From the point of view of thrift, I can't recommend that you buy anything. But if your wardrobe is a little weary and you feel bored, a new dress or hat is a wonderful thing. But whatever you purchase, buy carefully and let your common sense be your first assistant.



Something to it

There's something to a dentifrice that wins leadership in 4 years. Listerine
Tooth Paste, 25¢.

How office workers avoid colds and sore throat

AMONG office workers, colds and sore throat are responsible for more ill-health, lay-offs and cuts in pay, than all other diseases combined.

That such workers are thus singled out, is probably due to the fact that living sedentary lives, they are unable to throw off infections to which they are exposed in offices and crowded street cars.

One of your best aids in warding off colds and sore throat is full strength Listerine used systematically as a gargle. And once these ailments have started, Listerine is often effective in checking them. You simply increase the frequency of the gargle.

Recall that colds, sore throat and similar infections

and the financial loss they cause



*Gargle full strength
Listerine every day.
It inhibits development
of sore throat,
and checks it should
it develop.*



*Prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands
with Listerine before
every meal, destroys
the germs ever-present
on them.*

are caused by germs and that Listerine, used full strength, kills germs in 15 seconds.

Even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) (official test germs of the U. S. Government) succumb to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000. Yet Listerine is absolutely harmless when used full strength. Actually, its effect on the mucous membrane is cleansing and healing.

Because of Listerine's extreme safety and marked germicidal power, it has for 50 years been prescribed by physicians, and has the endorsement of the London Lancet, the world's foremost medical journal. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle with LISTERINE the safe antiseptic

Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

A Word to Little Lambs

[Continued from page 60]

and down for a good long time to come. "I should not have been at all surprised if she had told me never to come in. But I found business as kind as the social world could possibly be. So just the moment I could, I moved bag and baggage to New York, and arrived one evening, at the hotel to which I had written to engage a room.

"It was marvelous, rolling down Fifth Avenue, all my possessions around me, and New York City all lit up just waiting for me to come. The mood lasted until I reached the hotel. There was no room. Yes, they had had my reservation, but they were crowded and simply couldn't fill it. I felt absolutely crushed, and as I started out to hunt a place for me and my belongings, the city seemed like a black wilderness, and I very friendless and alone.

"But by the next morning I was cheery again, and so eager to begin that again I arrived too early—and again I had to wait and wait in Trinity Church until the doors of the office were open to me.

"I began with church each time, you see. Call it an omen if you like.

THREE were five of us students—and it seemed at first no teacher—around us a whole world, speaking an unknown language, was carrying on a thousand strange affairs. There were desks—books—people—and soon we began to learn.

"There was drama all around us—we caught snatches of it—and soon I turned to the books to find out what it was all about. I had not used my brain for concentrated work since I left school. The massive paragraphs slid under my eyes like water and left no trace behind. But finally I hit on a scheme which helped force my mind to function. I began copying paragraphs, definitions, then as I began to understand, summarizing them in my own words. Remember that when I began I was totally ignorant of all business. I did not know a bond from a mortgage—a lease from a margin.

"Once a man said to me, 'My dear child, do you realize that you are occupying space worth five dollars a square foot and producing nothing?'

"One whole year I spent in study, in observing, in learning to analyze financial statements so that I could speak with all the force of my own conviction about a company as good or bad. And then they felt that it was time for me to make a start.

"A thing Mr. Noyes told me helped me more than anything else.

"Always remember that you are not selling anything but advice. You have nothing to peddle. If any one wishes to buy a stock

or bond you recommend, we shall have to go out and buy it for them. You offer only your services as an analyst and judge of securities."

"In spite of that, however, it was five days before I really called on any one. I rode

what a terrible drop that seemed to be.

"Well, none of them bought anything as you may imagine—and none of the next ten. It was weeks before I sold anything at all. And when I did that sale came about by the merest chance.

"I had gone to see a man because his name was the same as that of a dear friend of mine—you follow hunches just as blind as that when you are selecting prospects from a world of unknown people—and I went in and told him my little story. In those days I was still stumbling over it. I left my name, and the name of my firm, and went out. And somehow, I thought I would go to see him again.

"I did—and he listened to me again—and asked what bonds I should advise. And when I told him, he decided to divert three thousand dollars from an unproductive investment into the bonds I recommended. He was my first customer—and I am happy to say he is still my customer.

"And that is how it all began—and how it went on—as simply, as almost accidentally as that. I did not make a sale the next day, nor the next week, nor the next month. But I had begun to see that persistence and numbers, would some day yield a certain result. I suddenly realized that if I called on enough people, some few out of the total would want the service I could give them. I saw fifteen or twenty a day. And seeing fifteen or twenty people a day means a good many more than fifteen or twenty calls a day. A good many people are apt to be out. And a good many people are busy. And then there's that old alibi—the 'in conference' one. Nowadays there are fewer people in conference, when I call, than there used to be!

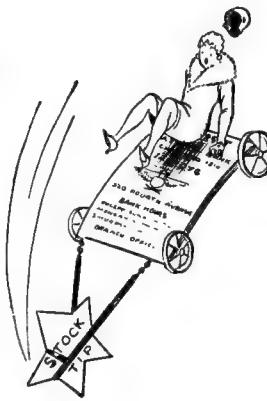
"I realized that you cannot work at anything, patiently, faithfully, without improving something—either yourself or the thing you are working on. And I learned to remember that each dull day that passes brings you nearer a day of achievement. That's a good thought, incidentally, to carry with you—whether you are in business, or not. For there must be some dull days in every life—whether the life is lived in an office or a kitchenette apartment.

"Six years ago, I had never earned a cent in all my life, and was in debt to the firm for my year of study. Today, I can support myself comfortably in the most expensive of all cities. And best of all, I have a real occupation, a true interest in life, and a sense of fulfillment my early years never gave me."

IT'S a big responsibility, telling people what they should do with their money. Protecting wives—children—mothers. It's a responsibility that makes you want to strain every faculty so that you may advise carefully, honestly. So that no child, because of you, will lose the money that would have meant his college education. So that no grandmother because of you, will have to spend the sunset of her life in dependence.

But just because it is such a responsibility there is joy in the doing of it. And a real sense of being of value to the world. Perhaps that is why Mrs. Young's smile is so spontaneous. Perhaps that is why she finds a welcome sign on so many doors.

EIGHT RULES FOR THE “BEGINNING” INVESTOR



Always put your first thousand dollars in Government Bonds.

Remember that the first purpose of saving is security, not profit.

Never buy anything on margin. The only people who can safely buy on margin are those who actually have enough money to buy the stock outright.

Don't take “tips” from any one. A good financial statement is the only reliable guide to investment buying.

Never put all your money in any one company, however good. Diversify your investments.

Tell your advisor exactly how much capital you have so he can advise you intelligently.

Check up on all advice given you. Check up your broker at your bank; check up your bank at your broker's.

Always buy marketable securities. You may need to sell in an emergency.



down in one elevator, up in another, found myself in a chill of stage-fright before a door, and hurried back to my own office again, to sit at my desk in sick discouragement.

"But finally I did it! I knew that the rubber companies had been prosperous, and I thought men who had made money would have money to invest, so I selected ten names from the directory. I began with those—absolutely cold prospects, for I had long ago decided that I would never depend on my friends to save me from failure.

"Ten men selected from the directory—and two of the first three were dead—one of them for three years. You cannot imagine



85% of America's Leading Hospitals now use the same absorbent of which Kotex is made

Here is medical approval which dictates every woman's choice of sanitary protection
... it must be hygienically safe, it must be more comfortable than any substitute

KOTEX absorbent has replaced surgical cotton in 85% of America's great hospitals! Surgeons used 2½ million pounds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding last year. That is the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! Remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as softest cotton, with 5 times the absorbency.

Hospitals depend on Kotex absorbent today.

They realize that comfort is most closely related to health during the use of sanitary protectives. Then is when women must have perfect ease of mind and body. And Kotex assures such ease.

This unusual substance—Kotex absorbent
Cellucotton absorbent wadding was an invention of war times. Its quick, thorough absorbency is almost marvelous. It is made up of layer on layer of the thinnest and softest absorbent tissues . . . each a quick, complete absorbent in itself.

These many air-cooled layers make Kotex not only *safest*, but lighter, *cooler* to wear. They also permit adjustment of the filler according to individual needs.

As one hospital authority puts it: "Kotex absorbent is noticeably free from irritating dust, which means increased hygienic comfort."

To women who still make their own sanitary pads of cheesecloth and cotton, these facts will be of interest. Kotex absorbs (by actual test) five times quicker, five times greater,



than an equal amount of surgical cotton. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture and distributes that moisture evenly, not all in one concentrated place.

Kotex absorbent is used in hospitals where every precaution known to science surrounds a patient. Hospitals where world-renowned surgeons operate.

Lying-in hospitals use it in enormous quantities, proving conclusively that doctors regard it as hygienically *safe*. What other product offers this assurance?

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low, no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely, if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

Why smart women prefer Kotex

It is significant that 9 out of 10 women in smarter circles today use Kotex. They find that it permits a freedom and poise hard to acquire otherwise. That's because Kotex really fits. It is designed, you see, to conform . . . shaped at the corners and tapered.

For perfect daintiness, Kotex deodorizes. This eliminates all possibility of an offense that fastidious women consider inexcusable.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

KOTEX IS SOFT...

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 *Safe, secure...* keeps your mind at ease.

3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

4 *Deodorizes...* safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Thousands of women first learned about Kotex in hospitals, then discovered they could buy it at their corner drug store! The price of the Regular size is never more than 45 cents.

A few months' trial will convince you that you owe yourself this modern, comfortable, *safe*, sanitary protection. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

K O T E X
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

*Start Your Dinner
with a Good Soup,
Give it Pep with a
New Salad, and—*



You'll Get Your Man

By MABEL CLAIRE

Decoration by ANN BROCKMAN

MANY of you have written me asking for unusual salad and soup recipes.

Soups and salads are two items on the menu which can and should be made both piquant and decorative. They are the most interesting of all dishes to prepare because so many touches all one's own may be added.

Every clever hostess has worked out one or more soups or salads peculiarly her own. But there are some of you who have not yet reached the experimental and originating stage and to you I want to present some recipes that I hope will lead you to create dishes of your own that your friends will boast about.

SOUP STOCK

Cover $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of ground round steak with 1 quart of water. Add 2 sprigs of celery leaf, $\frac{1}{4}$ bayleaf, 1 tablespoon of chopped carrot, 1 slice of onion, and 1 whole clove. Cook 10 minutes. Strain through cheese cloth. Cool and skim the fat from the top. This will keep several days in the refrigerator. This stock is the basis for all clear soup. Variety is achieved by the different ingredients added.

MUSHROOM SOUP

Slice 4 mushrooms into thin slices. Cook for 5 minutes in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water. Add 1 pint of soup stock and heat together adding salt and pepper. Serve with cheese crackers.

ALLIGATOR PEAR SOUP

Peel an alligator pear. Cut $\frac{1}{4}$ of it into thin crescents. Let the slices simmer in 1 pint of soup stock for 10 minutes. Add salt and pepper. Serve with saltines that have been buttered, sprinkled with paprika and heated in the oven. The remainder of the alligator pear may be served in salad at another meal.

BORSCH (RUSSIAN SOUP)

Put 1 cup of cabbage through the food chopper. Cook it for 8 minutes in 1 cup of water. Add the cooked cabbage to one pint of stock. Chop 2 cooked beets fine. Add to the stock, together with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of beet juice, salt, pepper and the juice of half a lemon. Heat and serve with 2 tablespoons of whipped cream on the top of each plateful. The Russians use sour cream. Rye or Russian bread should accompany the borsch.

SPINACH SOUP

Heat 1 cup of water with $\frac{1}{6}$ teaspoon of salt. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped raw spinach and 1 teaspoon of grated onion. Cook 5 minutes. Combine the spinach and 1 pint of stock. Heat. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese which is added at the table. It will be doubly good—and healthful—if you add bran to the cheese.

LOBSTER BISQUE

Heat 1 tablespoon of butter in a pan. Do not brown. Add the meat from a 1 pound lobster or 1 can of lobster. Cook 3 minutes. Stir into this 1 pint of thin cream. Dust with salt and pepper. Serve very hot with finger rolls that have been split, buttered and toasted.

OYSTER SOUP

Into a saucepan put $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of hot water and 1 dozen oysters. Heat thoroughly but do not boil. Be sure they are hot. In another saucepan heat 1 pint of thin cream. Combine with the oysters and add 1 teaspoon of butter, salt and pepper.

LIMA BEAN SOUP

Put 1 can of Lima beans through a sieve. Add them to 1 pint of soup stock. Blend 1 tablespoon of butter with 1 tablespoon of flour. Add to the soup together with salt and pepper. Cook 5 minutes. Add croutons to each portion, sprinkle with minced parsley and serve with slices of lemon dusted with paprika. Squares of toasted bran bread will make acceptable croutons.

ENDIVE SALAD

Wash the endive. Cut it into thin strips and chill. Dress with French dressing made with 5 tablespoons of olive oil, 3 tablespoons of vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt and 1 tablespoon of East Indian Chutney. Arrange the endive on salad plates. Beat the dressing well. Dress the endive with it. Serve with saltines or bran bread spread with cream cheese with 1 teaspoon of currant jelly in the center of each.

AMBROSIA SALAD

Drain 1 can of seeded grapes. Peel three oranges and 1 grapefruit. Cut the fruit into squares, discarding the white pithy portions. Cut 6 slices of pineapple into [Continued on page 101]

J
MART
ET
ERVICE

What type of girl is "glorified" today?

JOAN CRAWFORD
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ON THE STREET, out for a stroll—the most stylish and chic women are the pictures of health. There is confidence in their carriage; grace in their movements. Yes, there is the suggestion of slimness about them, but one would never think of calling them thin. "Rounded slimness"—that describes them. They set the fashions.

Today it is fashionable to be healthy. Never was there a more sensible fashion. For with health comes true beauty and true happiness.

Nothing is more important to health than wise eating. The gay parties with their soft, sweet foods; the numerous days of "dieting to reduce"; the quickly eaten meals of today—are nearly all lacking in roughage—one important element that means so much.

Without adequate bulk or roughage in the diet, improper elimination usually occurs. It, more than any other one thing, is responsible for lack of health, for premature aging, for the backaches, listlessness and other common ills that take away the joy of living.

Yet this trouble is so easy to relieve—and prevent. One delightful food product is guaranteed. It is Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

You can eat it in many delicious ways. As a cereal, eat it with milk, with fruits or honey. In orange or other fruit juices. Sprinkled over salads—in soups—or cooked in bread, muffins, etc.

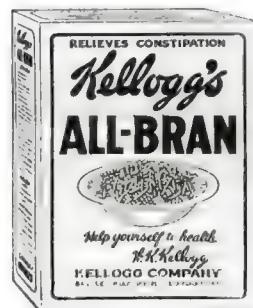
In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN contains an abundance of iron, the blood builder. It gives color to the complexion, makes lips red and eyes sparkle. It is a health essential!

Isn't this much better than taking pills or drugs that may undermine the health? Avoid habit-forming cathartics that do not provide permanent relief!

Make Kellogg's ALL-BRAN a part of your daily diet. It is the safest and best way to be sure of getting the correct amount of roughage to keep healthy. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a vital addition to any reducing diet. Thousands of physicians know its benefit and recommend it to their patients for diet and health. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. S-2, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name _____

Address _____

Time to Unmask

[Continued from page 29]

during the rest of the waning summer, but not very often. She was off making visits, mostly, and Sam, it appeared, wasn't the sort of young man you met at North East and such places. And it wasn't very satisfactory when she did see him. He was scrupulously polite; he asked her to dance; he talked to her about the market, and continued to pay her the courtesy of assuming that she had brains. But he was annoyingly well behaved. She wouldn't have minded that if she hadn't known that it wasn't his invariable rule to treat girls that way.

Whether it was because she was, as she put it to herself, silly enough to be letting her mind dwell on Sam, or whether the new crop of boy friends was really pretty poor, Anne didn't know. But, though the episode that had soured her a year ago was already a faint and not too unpleasant memory, she simply couldn't get excited about any one.

And she knew it was time for her to be giving serious thought to the matter of getting married and settling down. Her Uncle John, who wasn't really her uncle at all, but just John Trenham, her real aunt's second husband, was a lamb, and he liked having her around.

Uncle John would leave her something in his will, she supposed, though, of course, the matter had never been mentioned, and he was a singularly hale and hearty old chap, anyway. Besides she had her own income from the trust fund that had been created out of her father's life insurance. Though that wasn't much, as incomes go these days, and she knew the stock market would turn on her, sooner or later, and bite her.

Peter Carter and various other young men, eligible and ineligible, were more than ready to attend to the problem of Anne's future. But they all left her cold, and she saw them, one by one, turn to other girls while she just carried on, making a point of getting up mornings, no matter what time she'd got in, to pour Uncle John's coffee for him, and listen to his comments on the news.

UNTIL one morning, she sat at the table alone, looking out over the park, all white with snow, with no Uncle John opposite. He wasn't feeling well, his man said. After breakfast she went in to see him, and was alarmed to find him feverish and cross. Pneumonia makes short work of high colored, white haired gentlemen of sixty five, sometimes; it was so in Uncle John's case.

The cousins, who weren't exactly her real

cousins at all, were very nice and sympathetic, but none of them so much as suggested that if Uncle John hadn't neglected to make a will he would have made some provision for Anne. So Anne, all at once, had to shift for herself.

SHE found a tiny apartment in a good enough house, east of Lexington, and furnished it agreeably. Then she sat down and did sums. Try as she would, she couldn't fit her irreducible expenses into her income. You can't subtract thirty-two hundred dollars from twenty-six hundred and have a balance, no matter how good a mathematician you are.

"All right," said Anne to herself, "I've got this money in the bank, haven't I? And I always have made money in the market, haven't I? That's how I'll make up the difference."

In theory that was quite sound. In practice it didn't work out so well.

She thought of getting something to do, of course, but that wasn't as easy as it looked. She had no particular talents, and didn't know how to capitalize her knowledge of clothes, which was considerable. All sorts of people were always making helpful suggestions, but they weren't practical, when she came to examine them.

She was feeling rather low one afternoon, about three months after she'd become a householder, when the telephone rang. She didn't recognize Sam's voice at first; he'd never called her up before.

"Hello!" he said. "Been hearing things about you. Wouldn't like to give a chap a cup of tea, would you?"

"Oh, but I would!" she said.

So he came around, and approved of her rooms—and, with his customary reservations—of her. He actually drank her tea—most of the boy friends brought their own brand, in a flask.

"Sorry, Anne, and all that," he said. "Been abroad for the firm, or I'd have rallied round before. How're you making out?"

Anne usually answered that question with a defiant mendacity. But she didn't have to lie to Sam.

"Not—not awfully well," she said. "You see—"

She didn't mean to, exactly, but before she knew it she was telling him the whole story.

"I haven't done so well in the market, either," she confessed. "I get good tips and they go wrong. There's always some per-

fectly good reason, but that doesn't help me much!"

"Know what's wrong, don't you?" he said. "Before it didn't matter. You were playing the market the way you played contract. If you won—fine! If you lost—oh, well, what of it? Now you've got to win. Used to play your own hunches, too, didn't you? And now—well, you take advice, don't you?"

"I—I suppose I do," said Anne. "But I took yours about Ingot."

That was different. I don't play tips. I wait till I get some inside information. Happens about once a year. And even then it's no game for widows and orphans. I wouldn't pass anything like that on to you now on a bet."

"But I've got to do something, Sam! Ladies must eat!"

"Sure, but they don't have to pay the check, do they?"

"For breakfast—yes. They do. To say nothing of the rent, and the telephone, and the maid, and the gas and the electric light, and—"

"Stop! You're breaking my heart! You aren't up to a job, I suppose?"

"I don't seem to be. I've tried—a little."

"Well—you know the answer, don't you? For better—for richer—till the courts do you part, with alimony! I don't like your looks much, but every man to his taste, and you're more or less in demand. Be your age, woman! Pick yourself out a good, reliable husband and do your stuff."

"It's so cold-blooded, Sam!"

"There's no law against your liking the chap, is there? I expect to be quite fond of my heiress, in my own way. She's going to have light hair—not bright yellow, you know, but sort of gold, with reddish streaks in it, and blue eyes, and a skin like a peach—"

"Yes," said Anne. "The kind you get at Agatha Deane's. There's a tip for you, Sam. When you're sizing her up, find out where she goes to have her face done. No charge."

"Good hunch," said Sam. "I hadn't thought of that. Makes a difference, in the long run, doesn't it? You recommend Agatha Deane for my sort of blonde, do you?"

"Yes. She'd be poisonous for me. I swear by Mary Cornwall."

"Yes? Well, seriously, though, that's your line, Anne. No use wasting time, either. Ever met Bill Judson?"

"No!"

"You'll like him. Let's see—how about

WHO talked father into trading in the old car for a Packard . . . and said if the family intended to dine at the Dutchman's around the corner instead of at Pierre's or Henri's it could count her out . . . and told Aunt Hattie that if she insisted on saturating herself with Jockey Club or New Mown Hay she could go to hear Rachmaninoff all by herself . . . and wrote for a Frigidaire catalog . . . and then made father put a Frigidaire in the kitchen . . . and phoned the Atwater Kent salesman to drop around some night and sell father a new radio

Who Indeed?



(which he did) . . . and who wouldn't be seen in public with brother Jim until

he wore garters . . . and told her boss, who is always asking for matches, about a new cigarette lighter she saw advertised . . . and who reads all the new books and magazines and sees all the new plays and buys all the new music and talking machine records . . . and smokes cigarettes and plays bridge and buys six dollar hosiery and ten dollar hats and fifteen dollar shoes . . . and earns the money to pay for them, but is always there with a couple of sawbucks when a guy wants to take his girl out? Who? Well, believe it or not it's our sister. That's who.

The thrift dentifrice with the *wonderful* after-effect



Buy a good tie or two with what it saves

There are a great many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, rather than dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A tie is merely a suggestion. Handkerchiefs, hosiery, haberdashery are other possibilities.



ARE you willing to make a trifling experiment that will delight you and save you considerable money?

Then switch to Listerine Tooth Paste and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price. You will quickly make these important discoveries:

—That it whitens teeth remarkably—sometimes within a few days.

—That it removes blemishes and discolorations that ordinary dentifrices fail to affect.

—That, because of its fine texture it penetrates tiny crevices between the teeth and routs out matter causing decay.

—That it leaves your mouth with that exhilarating after-effect you associate with Listerine itself.

—*That it cuts your tooth paste bill approximately in half.*

There can be no greater testimony of outstanding merit of Listerine Tooth Paste than its rise from obscurity four years ago to a commanding position among the leaders today. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

BEFORE
YOUR PARTY
BEAUTIFY YOUR HANDS
WITH THIS "INVISIBLE
GLOVE"

Just before you greet the first arrivals, dash on a few drops of Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. It will only take a moment, for it does not require the usual bothersome massaging. A clear, sparkling liquid, it penetrates quickly, dries almost instantly, is not the least bit sticky. And, as you smooth it in, feel it soothe and refresh, you'll know that here's a real hand lotion. Because it protects the pores like "an invisible glove," Chamberlain's is unusually effective in protecting and revealing the beauty of your hands. Ask for it at your favorite toilet goods counter. Two sizes, fifty cents and a dollar. Or, send us the coupon and get our ten cent purse size FREE. Chamberlain Laboratories, 282 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

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Please send your ten cent purse size free.

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Thursday night? Dinner and a show, and a bit of high class whoopee later among the dives? I'll get Beth Rogers to keep me company. Right?"

Anne tried to think of appropriate words. She couldn't. So she agreed.

SHE spent the time between then and Thursday evening thinking of ways to be unpleasant to Sam—and to Bill Judson. That young man innocent of evil though he was, was heading for trouble.

But the event shows the futility of wasting time in making plans. For no sooner did Bill Judson see Beth Rogers than all bets were off. He was an extremely nice young man, Anne thought. He came from Detroit, or Minneapolis, or some such place, and he was a fast worker, as men from out of town must be in New York. Anne exchanged about a dozen words with him all evening, and he danced with her, dutifully, once, when Sam, growing desperate, had gone off with Beth.

Sam came around a day or two later, looking sheepish.

"Well, bunches go wrong for the best of us!" he said. "You've got to hand it to Bill! He and Beth are engaged! What do you know about that?"

"Poor Sam!" said Anne. "Are you heart broken?"

"Oh, nothing like that!" said Sam, cheerfully. "I was looking her over, but that's all right. Lots of good fish in the sea. Don't you fret about me. I got a raise, I did. I can get along fine. No reason why I should worry about settling down for a year or two yet."

"Splendid," said Anne. "But there's me, of course—"

"Yes, I know," said Sam. "You leave it to me, though. I'm looking up some prospects. I'll have something to show you pretty soon."

He did, too. And he showed more discrimination, after that, in selecting the second girl for the parties he threw in Anne's behalf. He had a pretty taste in eligible bachelors, Anne had to admit. One or two were distinctly nice, and more than one of them rose to the bait Sam dangled so temptingly before them. Anne could have married a seat on the Exchange, a controlling interest in an airplane factory, a distinctly promising group of cotton mills in North Carolina. But she wouldn't, perversely enough. Sam was distinctly out of patience with her after two or three months.

IT WAS Anne, herself, however, who found the most promising prospect of them all. She met Morgan Blair at a party Sam hadn't been asked to. She'd known Morgan for ages, but he'd been abroad for some years. He had just come home to attend to the settlement of the estate of some member of the family whose death had added nine or ten millions to his already considerable wealth.

She liked Morgan, with his English accent, and his Continental manner, and his rather bored attitude toward so much that New York took seriously. And there was no doubt at all about his feeling toward Anne.

She didn't see much of Sam for a while, or of any one else, for that matter. Morgan kept her too busy. He was quite marvelous when it came to showing a girl a good time.

Anne wasn't in love with Morgan at all, but she liked him enormously and he never bored her. The idea of marrying him didn't trouble her too much, either, when she let her mind dwell upon it, as she had to. Mrs. Morgan Blair would have everything. No doubt about that! A house in London, a place in Scotland, another in the Midlands, a villa near Cannes—to say nothing of the old Blair house in New York, and scattered domiciles elsewhere in America.

Then, one evening, when she was going out with Morgan, when she felt he was going to corner her with the proposal she'd been

heading off for two weeks, he called up to say, wretchedly, that he simply had to break their date. Something he couldn't get out of had come up, at the last minute. She was rather glad, really; she wanted more time to think.

Sam, calling up five mintues later, caught her unprepared. She hadn't wanted to see Sam lately, but she agreed to dine with him.

"Well!" he said, after he'd ordered dinner. "No stalling, Anne. I know all about it. What's the idea?"

"What do you mean?"

"This lad Blair. He's out, Anne. He won't do."

"Why not?"

"He won't. I know what I'm talking about, Anne. There are a few things a man can't get away with, and he's pulled about all of them. Oh, I suppose he may be all right by European standards, but you're not a European!"

"He's got ten times the money of any of the men you've wanted me to marry!"

"Money! Money's not everything. He's a worm. Haven't you heard about the Cowdin divorce? He ought to have married her and he didn't. That's just one thing."

"More fool she, if she counted on him!" Anne laughed—rather a hard laugh.

"Don't!" said Sam, sharply. And, for a while, said nothing more. They finished dinner.

"Want to go to a show?" asked Sam,

"No, thanks. I'm tired. I'd like to get to bed early for once."

HE TOOK her home, and, going in with her, took off his coat, resolutely.

"Anne, it won't do," he said.

"Oh, why not?" she said, crossly. "Do you think I expect any man to have a blameless past?"

"Maybe not, but you ought to want an even chance that he'll go straight in the future. And this bird won't—he isn't built that way."

"What's become of all your ideas about Continental marriages, Sam? I thought you said the French understood that sort of thing so much better?"

"Going to remember all the hooey I've ever spilled?" he said, gloomily. "All right, go ahead. It's coming to me."

She wished he didn't have that beastly ability always to disarm her, no matter how completely in the right she might be.

"Look here, Anne," he said, when she was silent. "Are you in love with this chap? If you are—well, I'll shut up, and clear out, and wish you luck."

She looked at him—

"I—I—You—you haven't any right—" she said.

"Anne—you're not—you'd tell me if you were! Oh, Anne, my dear, you can't marry him if you're not! You—you might better marry me—"

"You!" she said. She really was surprised. You may not believe it, but she was. "But—but—I'm poorer than ever—"

"I make plenty, don't I? I mean—I can run to a place in the country, and a car, and a dump of some kind in town, winters. And—"

He looked at her, confused. And she looked at him. She was as shy and scared as a girl in her first season.

"But—Sam—I—you don't even like me! And—I—I went to Agatha Deane ages ago, and she wouldn't touch my hair—she absolutely refused—"

"Your hair? I should hope she wouldn't!" said Sam. "Like you? No, I think you're awful! But I love you! I always have—"

"You—you said you liked blondes—"

"Blondes? Oh, sure, every man prefers blondes when he's a kid! Anne, Anne darling—"

It was, perhaps, all things considered, a little hard on Morgan Blair. But much Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Prescott cared!

It's the money you spend wisely that counts

SOMEONE has said that a rich man has more fun keeping a budget than a man of moderate means. Because the money he saves is tangible, he can see it and invest it, and put it to work. However, a budget is an invaluable help to anyone.

A budget helps you keep the right proportions between expenses, prevents you from spending more than is best for food and rent, or crimping more than you should on entertainment and luxury. *But a budget is not a reason for getting cheap things, things in which you forfeit quality by attempting to save on price.* A budget says to you: "Here is the amount of money you should spend for this. Spend all of it, but don't spend more." And it is up to you to get the best that can be got for that amount.

The person who spends his money wisely, who likes to get the utmost for it, always finds out from advertisements how he can spend it to the best advantage.

It is surprising how much more wisely you can buy if you make it a habit to read advertising. A little more value here . . . a little better workmanship there . . . in this thing slightly more durability . . . that product perhaps a bit finer. And every cent of money you spend for advertised merchandise will bring you greater comfort, a higher quality of goods, and a standard of excellence that is nationally recognized.

• • •

*It certainly pays to read the
advertisements*



Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair...easy to manage...and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush...and brush it through your hair...when you dress it.

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Glostora



Don Diego

The Hat on the Girl on the Cover



FEBRUARY'S pretty formal—ful of high tea dates for the popular girl and dinners in gay restaurants. Then's the time one needs a hat that's soft and flattering and smart.

Here is such a hat. Of richest brown velvet, it frames the face with pale, beige galyak brought into a dashing flare at the left. Even the nicest man probably won't recognize galyak as the newest, smartest fur or realize that the subtle arch, exactly center forehead, is what gives you that piquant expression. But how other girls will know—and envy you!

Hat by Tappé; painting by Guy Hoff; piquant look by Lillian Crane.

Don Diego

Untold Tales of Hollywood

[Continued from page 33]

recalled it to my mind.

"Sure," I shouted. "Now I remember you; you were the Mexican boy who killed himself in a duel."

"Yes," Ramon said reproachfully. "And you laughed and Lillian Gish nudged you in the ribs and made you stop."

Oddly enough, both these Latin boys whom Griffith allowed to slip through his fingers were picked up and made into stars by Rex Ingram.

ALL was not harmony between Rex and Rudolph while they were making "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." It was to spite Rudolph that Rex picked up this little Mexican boy and made him into a star—to eclipse Rudy.

I remember the time that Rex asked me to come to a little supper and meet Ramon. Rex is an artist and sculptor. He was always to be found in queer little cafés where crooks and gunmen were imbibing their sustenance. This café was no exception. While Ramon and I talked, Rex sketched the tough waiters and the tougher patrons.

His wife, Alice Terry, could sketch a little too. My memories of that first talk with Ramon are a little vague because Alice was always interrupting to ask, "Rex for goodness sake how do you make a nose?"

Rex was one of the most extraordinary, and one of the most charming characters in Hollywood. He had come here for his health, having been cracked up in a war airplane. He went into the movies because it seemed to be the thing that was being done. He always seemed to regard actors as an affliction liable to happen to any one—like boils.

He fell in love with Alice Terry and married her. Alice told me that Rex told her she was the only perfect screen type he had ever met. Then these were the alterations he made in that perfection: Made her hang sand bags around her ankles to reduce them, had her teeth made over, changed her from a brunette to a blond, and finally gave her a new stage name.

"I never could figure out," she said in her slow indifferent way, "just in what the perfection lay. He must have regarded me as good sculptor's clay."

Rex was sophisticated. Not the Freshman pessimism that Hollywood actors affect, but the real thing. He was a philosopher of indifference. Nothing mattered. Not even death and taxes. When money was pouring in upon him like a golden avalanche, he did not own an automobile. Alice owned a decrepit Buick which she bought second hand. Sometimes she gave Rex a ride home. Sometimes he stood in front of the studio like a hitch hiker, hopefully signalling to the electricians as they sailed by on their way home.

Rex gave both Valentino and Novarro to the screen; but I don't think he ever liked either one personally. He was always picking on them. There was too much cultured Irish in Rex; too much Latin in them.

ONE night, after Valentino had become the greatest matinee idol the screen has ever known, he invited me to dinner. It was a sort of family affair and the only other guests were Gloria Swanson and her new husband, the marquis.

Rudolph had lately been married to Natacha Rambova and she built the house for them from her designs. Gosh! The living room was all black marble with scarlet cushions flung around. It was lovely sure enough—but it looked like a Cecil B. De Mille set! She was years ahead of the

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Dear Madame Rubinstein—Yesterday I went ice skating. Today my lips are chapped, my hands are rough and my face is dry enough to crack. Can you help me?—Jane R., Boston. P. S. I only want to buy one preparation.

Dear Jane R.—If you want but one preparation, then by all means choose my Valaze Pasteurized Cream! This unusual cream is wonderful for the face, the throat, the hands, the arms, the elbows. Then, if you wish, you can protect your lips with my exquisite Valaze lipstick which never dries the lips and will remain on for hours.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—The stage is certainly a strain on my complexion. I have noticed "whiteheads" as well as blackheads under my skin lately—and my face, away from the footlights, looks sallow and coarse. What shall I do?—M. B., N. Y.

Dear M. B.—Your complexion need not suffer, my dear! If you will wash every day with my Valaze Beauty Grains, all the hard skin substances and hidden impurities will be quickly removed. Then at night, apply my Valaze Acne Cream to purify your pores and magically clear your skin.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—I have three charming daughters who are fairly clamoring for "mother to step out". They laughingly accuse me of being old fashioned... So I have made up my mind to surprise them. Have you anything to aid a sadly drooping chin?—Mrs. J. H. L., Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Dear Mrs. J. H. L.—One with so much spirit could scarcely be called old-fashioned! Start tonight by cleansing your face deeply with Water Lily

Cleansing Cream, my amazing rejuvenating cream. Then apply Valaze Contour Jelly, patting it well into the skin, pressing up on your eyes, lifting your chin. This will tighten the facial muscles... and will firmly round your contour. Write me of your progress, do!

Dear Madame Rubinstein—Trying to look presentable for business is such a nuisance. I powder my nose twenty times a day and still it is shiny! Have you a remedy? And oh, yes!—have you a rouge that "sticks"?—D. B., Pa.

Dear D. B.—First of all, try my Valaze Snow Lotion. This adheres marvelously and makes the loveliest of foundations for my Water Lily Powder. Keep a Water Lily compact in your desk drawer. The powder comes in enchanting colors, as clinging as you please. And the rouge is ever so flattering to your skin. Or if you want a rouge that will stay all day long, there's Valaze rouge en creme. Smooth it over your cheeks! Then add the same enchanting hue to your lips. You will be amazed at the transformation!

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times. As she and I sat talking together, we both began watching Rudolph. He was talking to Gloria. He was so finished, cultured, elegant and charming!

"And yet," said Rambova in her curious, slow, mocking voice, "that isn't the real Rudy. In his heart this means nothing to him—all this beauty and luxury. At heart he is a simple, primitive Italian peasant."

Ramon was primitive in another way.

Ramon seemed to me to be always of the air; Rudolph of the earth. There was something about Valentino that was crude and warm and real and vital—like the glebe of an upturned furrow. Women felt that in him—a universal fatherhood. That was what really gave him "IT." In a certain sense, Valentino married every woman in the theater.

Ramon is crude and primitive as a tree squirrel. He has the bright, quick ways, the beauty and illusive charm of a squirrel. Herbert Howe, the writer, always insists that Ramon is a soul returned to earth; that, in a lost age, he was one of the beautiful boys selected for human sacrifice in some old forgotten city and thrown into the sacred well of Chichen Itza.

Valentino was literal, forceful and material. Ramon is a mystic. In his veins runs the blood of a very old Indian race that once was proud and regal, but fell before the greed of the Spanish Conquistadors.

BUT to go back to the Griffith studio where other stars were being made.

"Broken Blossoms" left Dorothy without a leading man. After that picture, Griffith used Dick in "Scarlet Days," where he first created the part of Alvarez, the California bandit.

Dorothy found a new leading man in Ralph Graves who had appeared in one or two pictures under the direction of Maurice Tourneur. The best known of these was "Sporting Life."

His first picture with Dorothy was his last with her. Griffith drafted him too. His first picture with Griffith came very near to being the end of his life. He had the closest shave I have ever seen in a studio.

It was a picture in which the spirit of a boy, killed in the war, came back to warn his parents that they were in the hands of villains. It was a very bad picture.

Mr. Graves was supposed to have lost his life by being swept off the deck of a war submarine. When they made the scene, something went hay wire with the signals. The submarine started to dive, leaving Ralph clinging frantically to the periscope. If he had not been an athlete of enormous physical strength, he would have been killed. Two more feet of dive would have swept him back on to the propellers which would have cut him to pieces.

One day I came to the studio all warm and fussed with excitement. "Dorothy," I said, "I have found your new leading man."

"That's funny," she said, "because I found one also."

He is a fellow I saw in Ruth Chatterton's "Moonlight and Honeysuckle" last night. I have forgotten his name."

"That's the one I mean too," she said. "His name is James Rennie."

The sequel of this story is that Dorothy is now Mrs. James Rennie.

Another boy who came to the screen at this time, and I believe in one of her comedies was Douglas MacLean. He had been an automobile salesman. I remember that I had to go down on a hurry call to the newspaper office and he took me down. He was a magnificent driver. And on the way he told me of his tremulous ambitions. That was in 1919. In the ten years that have followed, he has become one of the best known comedy stars on the screen and has slipped back into oblivion. To tell the truth, I never thought there was a single funny thing about him. He could have gone

far as a dramatic actor. He had brains and determination.

Bobby Harron was the one reliable old stand-by of the Griffith lot at that time.

Bob, in a quiet, slow way, was an investor in stocks. He was always trying to persuade the Gish girls to dally with Wall street. Lillian was very cautious with money. She invested all hers in life insurance annuities. Finally, after much prayerful consideration and endless examination, she and Bobby picked out one safe and reliable oil stock upon which she was to begin her career as a money doubler. It turned out to be the worst lemon on the exchange and she lost all her money.

IN THE war play which brought Clarine Seymour to the screen, Griffith engineered the screen debut of another star who was to cause endless debate throughout the screen world. This was Carol Dempster.

Griffith has one very peculiar characteristic—a sort of perverse loyalty to any one "knocked." We all thought that Miss Dempster was not a good bet. I never could see her at all as an actress. She was a girl of good education, great personal charm and somewhat remarkable intellectual power. She had been trained as a dancer, and a dancer she should have remained.

But when we all tried to get him to take her out of the cast and give Miss Seymour the lead instead of the second part, that was enough for Griffith. He spent ten years trying to make an actress of Miss Dempster. At length he succeeded, but he never could make her a popular star. The reason was fundamental. She had too much proud reserve ever really to let herself go.

One of the most singular experiences of my film career happened in the Griffith studio.

A black-eyed Southern girl came asking for a test. She had fire, personality—everything. They were about to rehearse a scene for one of the pictures in which Lillian Gish was playing the lead. They permitted this girl to come in and do her stuff. It was a cruel test. In the nature of things we could not reveal the story to her. All she was told was to get out in the middle of the floor and pretend she was barefoot and splashing water in a river. The child was wonderful. She invented business that was used with great success throughout that picture. She was piquant, pointed and ingenious. The thought smashed into my mind: "There is Griffith's next great star."

One of D. W.'s peculiar characteristics is a great caution. He is about as committal as a clam. He said nothing to the girl; neither of praise or blame. Her face fell as she left the studio.

The next day he said to me: "Send for that girl. I am going to give her a part in this picture."

"I didn't know you were interested in her; you let her go without a word. I don't know who she is."

Two years afterward when I had been to New York with Griffith and had come back to the coast to resume my newspaper work, a young girl came in trying to sell a story. I recognized her at once. "For heaven's sake where have you been?" I fairily shrieked.

She told me that she waited a day or two in the hope that Griffith would summon her. Then—broken hearted—she threw her make-up box into the garbage can and said good-bye to pictures.

"If I wasn't good enough for Griffith I didn't want to play in the bush leagues," she said.

"Give me your name; I'm going to telegraph to Griffith right now," I said. "You are going to be one of the great stars of pictures."

"No I'm not," she said with a little sad smile. "I broke my heart once; that's enough."

This girl who waved aside a great screen

career was Katherine Albert, now a writer for Photoplay Magazine and Smart Set. She is likely to go as far in literature as she would have in pictures—which was pretty far.

It is just such whims of Fate that make motion pictures the cruellest business in the world. It is a good deal like the Klondike. It doesn't matter how hard or how faithfully you work. It is the accident of finding a chance. I have no doubt in the world that somewhere in a Hollywood restaurant lugging ham and eggs for the cash customers is the greatest actress who has ever been known to stage or screen. And she will keep right on with the ham and eggs.

St. Valentine's Whoopee

[Continued from page 70]

naming the person described, or by inferring it in the writing and having the crowd guess who is meant when the time comes. The hostess passes a hat and these pretty Valentine sentiments are dropped in.

One by one the hostess draws them out and reads them aloud. She reads first the name of the person addressed if they are playing the game that way. The person to whom the Valentine is addressed is given one guess as to who wrote it. If the guess is correct, the receiver is given the choice of giving the sender a kiss or a good brisk poke in the pan, depending on the sentiments involved.

Frankly, such a game is a bit dangerous and must be played by a crowd of good sports, unless you want to tone it down and tell the crowd they are limited only to compliments. You can easily imagine for yourself that there is every bit as much fun in a wrong guess as there is in a right guess, and more yelling and jeering and laughing than a kit full.

THIS is just the occasion for the game called "Proposals," but perhaps you know that one already. It mixes the couples up in a very charming way and fits into the spirit of a Valentine Party to perfection.



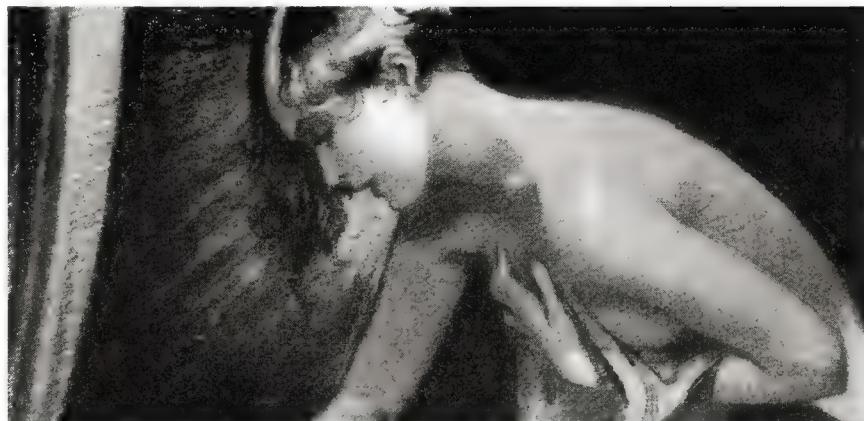
Don't send her a comic valentine unless you're sure she has a sense of humor

If you don't know it we'll describe it next month.

By this time it is almost Washington's Birthday and there will certainly be a few parties on that holiday. Red is the color, the decorations based on cherries, hatchets and tree stumps. It was our own George who made the first stump speech.

Which brings us by leaps and bounds to the game called "Stump."

Unfortunately, we have no space left for this game, but if you need it, write and ask for it and don't forget to send a return envelope with your address and a stamp on it.



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TRY the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin smooth and soft and to give it an invisibly light "coating" of Linit powder so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary.

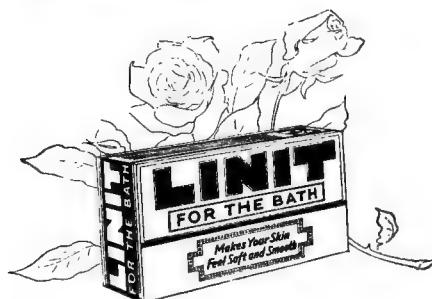
After the Linit Beauty Bath, the thin "coating" of Linit that is spread evenly and without excess, is so light that it cannot possibly stop the normal functioning of the pores.

To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath — bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

White is the natural color of Linit and there is no needless coloring or odor. Pure starch from corn is its main ingredient and being a vegetable product contains none of the mineral properties found in many cosmetics today.

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Voyage's End

[Continued from page 43]

closet, Celestine," she said. "And then if you and François wish to go out, I shall not need either of you again tonight." Celestine looked pleased, then studied her mistress.

"You are not feeling well, Madame?" she inquired.

"Perfectly well," replied Connie. "But I am a little—a little tired, I think. I shall go to bed at once, after Mr. Wheaton leaves." Celestine put the coral frock away, put the silver slippers away, put a dream away, with them, but she did not know it.

"If Madame would like the tiniest soupçon of coffee," said Celestine at last, "François has prepared it afresh—Madame has only to turn on the current and warm it."

"Thank you," said Connie. And a minute later, she heard the two servants, delighted with an unexpected holiday, close the service door behind them.

She stood thinking for a space—thinking of Jimmy Wheaton's unknown wife—who was trying to hold Jimmy Wheaton against a memory. She thought of Jimmy himself.

"You fool!" she said, with a sort of fierceness. "You're—you're not worth it!" And she began to dress. Her loveliness was at the moment a tragic and gigantic problem. She dressed deliberately to conceal it.

But she was so inexpert at it that it was a long process. Once or twice her beauty, not to be subdued, suddenly emerged and confronted her with a positively malicious triumph. But at last, she felt she had arrived at some degree of what she had been striving for.

SHE went into the living room to wait. The clock struck nine—and there was a ring at the door. But it was merely orchids, from Ames.

"In case you should decide to go to China," the card said. She laid them down on the hall table as the bell rang once more. It was the short sharp ring that had always been Jimmy's. It took her a moment to put from her the old foolish days when that ring had been to her the most important thing in life. When she was quite sure of herself, she turned the knob.

"Come in, Jimmy," she said. "I had almost decided you were not going to come."

He came in, and they stood looking at one another. His hair was gray at the temples, and there were little lines at his eyes. But Jimmy, the little boy Jimmy, was still there. Connie smiled.

"It's so nice of you to come all this way to see me, Jimmy," she said. "It's—well, it's like a bit of the old days coming back—my youth, you know." He had sat down and was staring at her with a sort of resentment in his glance. He tried to infuse a light gallantry into his voice.

"Your youth?" he repeated. "Why, you—you—talk as if it were far in the past, Connie." She sighed.

"I shall be forty years old my next birthday, Jimmy," she told him.

"I thought it was—was—somewhere about thirty-seven or eight," he said. She smiled.

"It was—at one time," she said. He moved over to the Normandy fireplace.

"I should have had a fire," murmured Connie, in a voice like satin. "Shall we have one, Jimmy?"

"No, no," he said. "I'm not in the least cold." He sat down again, and she was delighted to see that he shivered. There was an appreciable pause, during which Connie sat with a sweet, vague look on her face, determined to make him break the silence. He did at last, with a lie, since he didn't know what else to break it with.

"It's—it's most awfully good to see you again, Connie," he said.

"I was afraid you'd see changes in me, really I was, Jimmy," she confessed.

"You mean because you're wearing glasses?" he asked.

"No, not that," she replied. "I've worn the glasses for a couple of years now. I'm used to them. But other things—my—my hair, for one." She put up a hand, but didn't touch her head.

"Oh, that," said Jimmy. "But I—I—like gray hair, on some women. It—it isn't every one can stand it, Connie—but on you, now, it's—it's—" She smiled.

"You do say the most comforting things," she observed. "How old is Lois?" For some reason, the question caused Jimmy to brighten suddenly.

"She's only twenty-four," he said. "A lot younger than me, Connie." He was, she perceived, begging her to contradict him.

"Just a nice difference, Jimmy," she replied. "You and I were too close of an age. But you and Lois should be very, very happy."

"I think we will, Connie," said Jimmy, and indeed, he did appear more optimistic with each passing moment.

"And you must bring Lois to see me, when you come back from China."

"But that won't be for a long time, Connie," said Jimmy. "Because I'm going back for a long time—ten years at least. You know, I was always pretty much sold on China, Connie."

Yes, she reflected, he had always been pretty much sold on China. Whereas she had been, in a month, tired to death of the endless teas, the silent, slant-eyed servants, and the petty squabbles of an American colony in the Orient.

"And Lois, she's pretty sold on it, too," Jimmy continued. "You see, she was born there. Her father was an engineer, like me. That's how we happened to get interested in each other. You know how those things are, Connie." Yes, Connie knew.

"You must take good care of your Lois, Jimmy," she said. "And now, if you're sailing at midnight—" He rose, with alacrity. She went out into the foyer with him, where the orchids were still lying in their square cardboard box.

"Well, Connie—this is good-by for a long time, isn't it?" Standing in the dimmest corner of the foyer, she nodded.

"Forever, maybe," she said.

"Oh, not forever, Connie," he protested. "Don't say that. I won't allow you to say that!" But she saw that he wouldn't care much. She held out a hand.

"I'll send you a wedding gift—to the American Legation in Pekin," she told him.

"Make it a—a tea service, Connie," he said. "We didn't get a great many things. I—I—married a—poor girl—this time."

AND with a last pressure of her fingers, he was gone. She stood for a long time looking at Ames' orchids. "In case you should decide to go to China." And then she heard a knock at the door. For a fleeting second, she thought it must be Jimmy back again. But then she knew that nothing would ever bring Jimmy back. She opened the door, and saw a girl standing there.

"I—would like to see—Mrs. Wheaton," said the girl. Connie held the door wider, and the girl stepped into the foyer.

"I am Mrs. Wheaton," she replied. The effect on the visitor was tremendous. She looked at Connie with something almost beyond incredulity.

"That—that is—" she began. She was going to say impossible but stopped herself in time.

"And you are Lois, are you not?" asked Connie. This time, there was a different kind of surprise in the girl's eyes.

"You see, Jimmy described you to me," went on Connie. "He told me you were

young—and also very, very pretty."

The girl seemed to brush the lie aside. "I—I—had meant to come here with Jimmy, when he came," the girl went on. "But when the time came, I—I—couldn't." Connie felt sorry for her, dreadfully sorry.

"Jimmy told me you were ill," she said. "There was nothing the matter with me," she said. "Except that I was a coward! I didn't come because I—was afraid."

"Of me?" asked Connie.

"Of you," replied the girl. "I had heard nothing else but Connie for so long—and then I used to read about you in the papers—how there was a French count in love with you—and an Italian Prince—"

THREE was a little silence, "I never pretended I had all of Jimmy," went on the girl. "I was never fool enough to think it. But I thought I had—a little part of him. I should have refused to marry him—because his asking me was only one of those things that—that—men do, when they're careless!" She seemed determined to spare herself nothing, but went on, "But I thought I'd take a chance—and I took it. And I hadn't been married a day, before I realized—there would never be for Jimmy, any one else but you! So I was—afraid to come!"

Connie would have spoken, but the girl went on. "But after Jimmy had left—I got to thinking of something my father used to say—that was, it is better to be defeated and have it all over with than to run away and never know! So I decided to come—to see you for myself—to hear you speak—to see if I could understand what it was that that had held Jimmy for ten years."

"And now that you have seen me?" asked Connie.

"I could never be afraid of you again," Lois said.

"That," returned Connie, "is precisely as it should be, my dear." But she had never known that words could hurt so much.

"There is some coffee in the pantry," she said. "Let us have it together. It will do us both good, I think."

"I am—am hungry now, I think," said Lois. But in the midst of drinking, she looked about her, looked at Connie.

"I'm not—not—really sitting here, at your table, am I?" she asked, bewilderedly.

Connie put down her cup. "Life is strange, isn't it?" she smiled. "You know, I've learned only one thing, in the forty years I've been traveling through it. And that is, that men can survive anything but the destroying of their illusions." The girl was regarding her attentively.

"You see," continued Connie, "they so love to put their illusions in nice, safe, dark places—and then look them over, every once in so often—look them over quite privately, of course . . . for they all insist, rather savagely, that they haven't any. Whereas, the truth is, they're just little children, believing pathetically in Santa Claus. And if, perchance, one of these illusions is broken—" Lois leaned forward.

"They never put the pieces together again," said Connie. "Nor do they ever quite—forgive—the person who destroyed it."

"You mean?" whispered the girl.

"That when you sail for China tonight," said Connie, "you will be going with—all of Jimmy Wheaton! He took back the little corner of his heart that had been mine!"

She rose. "And now, you will have to hurry, I think." They went out into the foyer, where the orchids were lying. Constance lifted the cover of the box.

"Orchids are for a—a bride, my dear," she said. "Let me pin them on you." And she put them on the fur at the girl's neck,

"I am sending you a wedding gift," said Connie. "A tea-service—unless there is something you would rather have." Again the girl looked at her intently.

"You have already given me my wedding gift," she said. "I—I—couldn't go without

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telling you. You see, I—I—had already seen you before." She saw Connie's movement of surprise. "I was waiting downstairs as you came in this afternoon—and the doorman pointed you out to me.

"You were so beautiful, that I—went away," she said. "And I—came back, tonight because I wanted to see from you if I—had lost—Jimmy Wheaton altogether!" She stopped, then leaned swiftly forward.

"May Jimmy Wheaton's wife—kiss Jimmy Wheaton's wife?" she asked. Connie felt the girl's lips on her cheek and then she was gone. Connie heard the elevator door close, heard it open after a moment, and some one came along the carpeted corridor—some one who stopped short at sight of her.

"Don't look so astonished, Ames," said Connie. "I have merely been trying to be an—an actress—for an hour or two."

Ames, however, seemed to be disturbed about something. "Connie," he said, closing the door behind him, "I've just found out something—I had to come and tell you. Jimmy Wheaton is—married again!"

"I have already seen them both, Ames," she told him. "But his wife did not come with him—he was afraid. You see, Jimmy had never quite got over the—the old Connie. And she knew it. So I let him see this Connie!"

"These glasses are Francois's," she said, "and this is powder in my hair to make it gray—but some day—" her eyes were searching his, "some day, I shall really look like this, Ames!"

He smiled. "Shall you?" he asked. "I hope so. You look like such a comfortable person with which to spend one's declining

years, Connie." There were tears in her eyes.

"If I lost my—my looks tomorrow, it would make no—difference?" she asked.

"Oh, I would grieve," said Ames. "I would grieve dreadfully, Connie. For we all have to live in a shell—and you live in such a beautiful shell. But more than the shell, I love you, Connie. I have loved you for so long that I'm afraid it's too late for you to ask me to stop now."

"I'm not asking you to stop," said Connie. "Ames, they are sailing at midnight, Jimmy and Lois—for the open sea."

"And—you, Connie?" he whispered.

"I'm never going to sea again, Ames," she faltered. "I've been traveling to the far corners of the earth, looking for something—and now I've come home, all beaten by waves—to ask for the dear security of—the harbor!" But she was in his arms before she finished, and Ames, at last, was kissing the mouth he had kissed only in his thoughts. Suddenly, Connie held herself off.

"I have a new coral frock, Ames," she said. "May I put it on and go somewhere with you, to dance? After all, I am not as old as Francois yet!"

"You may put it on," replied Ames. "And my flowers, also, if you please."

"I am so sorry," she told him. "But I gave them to Lois." Ames put her from him and picked up his hat and gloves.

"Where—where are you going?" asked Connie.

"I am rather tired of furnishing flowers for the wives of Jimmy Wheaton," he replied. "So, while you get into your coral frock, I shall go out—and buy orchids for the future wife of Ames Winthrop!"

Questions I Have Been Asked About Bridge

[Continued from page 61]

have no right to pass after my informative double," she announced. "You must bid."

The adversaries meekly suggested that the gentleman could pass if he wished to, but the aggressive female assured them *he could not*, that an informative double forced a bid from the partner. The expert demurred, but this was countered with the statement that "the radio last Tuesday announced a new law just adopted by The Whist Club of New York, which contained this provision."

The adversaries yielded when they heard this, and the doubler, who now was convinced that her partner had a poor hand, produced another new law, viz., that any misunderstanding required a new deal. To this all agreed, the expert appreciating that by so doing he could mete out retributive justice. Then he showed his hand containing two Aces, two Kings and a Queen, explaining that his was a Business Pass which would have produced a penalty of 400 or 500. The "make the punishment fit my hand" rule-maker looked at him with a glance of complete contempt. "Why didn't you say you were strong?" she demanded.

Another emergency rule sprung recently is that when playing Contract a slam premium can be counted only when the bidder uses the word "slam;" that a bid of six or seven does not carry a slam premium unless the bidder expressly states that a slam is bid.

How any one could be persuaded that there is any such childish law is a mystery,

but reports assure me that frequently the trick has worked to rob players who have successfully completed a slam contract.

It is not always by such bald devices that unfair advantages are obtained. A player hesitates unduly and then passes, expecting the partner to use the improper information. I have letters asking whether the partner of the writer should not have bid with such-and-such a holding "after I had hesitated over my bid to show I was strong." Of course there is nothing more unethical than the "informative hesitation," unless it be using the information it conveys.

I cannot conclude, however, without explaining that these subterfuges will not be



The vaudeville headliner goes to a bridge party

encountered in any club of standing, nor in any coterie in which the game is played scientifically. In those circles a player who tried any of the devices I have described would meet the fate of an intentional revoker—ostracism from the Bridge table.

You'll Get Your Man

[Continued from page 88]

dice. Slice a bottle of maraschino cherries. Drain all of the fruit well. For the dressing blend 1 cream cheese with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of mayonnaise dressing. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cream whipped. Put together just before serving. Serve in nests of crisp chilled lettuce.

FROZEN TOMATO SALAD

Bury a can of tomato soup in equal parts of salt and ice for 3 hours. Remove the top of the can just below the rim so that the salad can be unmoulded whole. Slice and serve on crisp chilled lettuce. Decorate with mayonnaise. Serve with toasted saltines spread with East Indian Chutney.

SWEETBREAD AND CUCUMBER SALAD

Pour boiling water over 2 sweetbreads. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt, 1 spray of celery leaves, 1 sprig of parsley and 1 whole clove. Cook 15 minutes. Drain and cover with cold water and drain again. Remove the skin and gristle from the sweetbreads, cut into dice and chill in the refrigerator. Measure $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of the sweetbread dice. Chop 1 cup of cucumber fine. Chop $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of celery fine. Shred $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of salted almonds. Blend the ingredients and dress with 1 cup of mayonnaise mixed with $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of cream whipped. Serve in chilled tomato shells on a bed of lettuce. Dust the tops with paprika and minced parsley.

STUFFED PEPPER SALAD

Mince 1 tablespoon of parsley fine. Chop $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of pistachio nuts fine. Mix with 1 cup of cottage cheese. Remove the tops and seeds from crisp green peppers. Pack the cheese mixture into them. Chill and slice crosswise with a sharp knife. Dress with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons of lemon juice and 1 tablespoon of cherry juice from a can of red pitted cherries. Beat the dressing until stiff. Serve the pepper slices in an overlapping ring on lettuce. Fill the center with the dressing and decorate with cherries.

ALLIGATOR PEAR SALAD

Cut an alligator pear in half. Remove the hard shell. Slice the pear in thin crescents. Arrange in circles on salad plates on lettuce; fill the center with cooked diced carrots. Dress with 5 tablespoons of olive oil, 2 tablespoons of vinegar, 1 tablespoon of capers, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, 1 slice of onion, beaten until creamy.

ANCHOVY SALAD

Mince 2 cooked beets, add 1 cup of tiny lima beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ minced cucumber, and 1 cup of cooked cauliflower cut into pieces. Arrange the vegetables on lettuce and dress with the following: 5 tablespoons of olive oil, 2 tablespoons of tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoon of anchovy paste, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, 1 hard boiled egg chopped. Rub a bowl with a cut piece of garlic, beat the dressing in it with a piece of ice. When creamy pour over the vegetables. Decorate with rolled anchovies and stuffed olives.

STUFFED RED PEPPERS

Remove the seeds from sweet red peppers leaving them whole. Parboil for five minutes in 1 pint of water, 1 cup of vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar and 4 whole cloves. Drain and chill. Stuff with the following mixture: Two red unpeeled apples chopped fine, 2 cups of cabbage chopped fine, 1 sweet red pepper chopped fine, and 1 tablespoonful of bran, if desired. Dress with 1 cup of cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, 4 teaspoons of sugar, 2 tablespoons of orange juice, 4 tablespoons of lemon juice. Beat thoroughly until stiff. Mix with the chopped ingredients and stuff the peppers with it.

The Letters of a Young Bride

Cynthia dear:

You probably won't believe it but I'm horribly—desperately—blue. When your letter came, an hour ago, I was sitting in the middle of the kitchen floor and crying—sobbing, Cynthia. I couldn't even bear to face the postman. I just let him ring and ring.

The happy bride! It's such a change from those glorious honeymoon days. Oh, don't think Ted is to blame. He's wonderful. That's just the trouble.

Cynthia, I'm a failure. I just simply can't cook. For weeks Ted has come home hopefully every night, and sat down to the worst meal you ever saw. I did my best, too—worked hours over that cook-stove—burned my hands—tasted the messes till I was sick—and such results! Ted was a peach, of course. He ate what he could and joked about it. But last night he called up and said he thought he'd dine down-town. "Pressure of work at the office" was his excuse.

This morning at breakfast he barely tasted my awful coffee and picked up his hat. And after he'd kissed me, he suggested—oh, ever so gently—that we ought to have a maid. That was the last straw. With business coming so hard at the office and with little prospect for any increases in salary, of course we can't afford a maid.

Well, Cynthia, now that I've wept on your shoulder I'll be able to face that stove again and try to make something edible for Ted's supper.

You know before we were married I had the silly idea that every intelligent woman was born with a sort of cooking instinct—that when the time came she could go into her kitchen and concoct captivating custards and delicious doughnuts with no preparation at all. Why a girl who studied three years to become a capable secretary should reason that way is beyond me. But I did, and thousands of other girls are probably just as foolish. Good-by dear, the saucers are calling.

Yours in gloom, Margery.

Darling Cynthia:

You're a lamb! When I opened your letter I was just at the point of doing something desperate—starting for the river or calling up an employment agency. My cooking efforts had been going from bad to worse. Ted's patience was getting near the end. The skies were dark.

And then I read your sensible suggestion and saw a ray of hope. It seemed incredible that one could learn to cook scientifically right at home, but I made up my mind to try, Cynthia dear, and I wrote to that wonderful school you told me about. Now I'm a full-fledged student, if you please! Ted doesn't know—it's to be a secret from him—but I just have to tell some one all about it.



Really, Cynthia, I wouldn't have believed that it could be so easy. But with these illustrated, step-by-step lessons one just can't resist learning. I made a cake yesterday that was as light as a feather, and had delicious orange icing. (Ted thinks it came from some marvelous new bake-shop.) I have heaps of fun practicing and the lunches I get while Ted's away at noon are perfectly yummy. You ought to taste them. And just think! I've begun to save money, for I'm learning just how to buy the most wholesome foods with the greatest economy.

Our mealtimes are happier now. Sometimes I think Ted suspects something, but I just smile when he praises anything, for I do want to keep my secret a little longer.

Cynthia, I've thought up a thrilling plan! Next month Mr. Graham, Ted's most important customer, will be in town—a man who may buy thousands of dollars' worth of goods if Ted succeeds in selling him. He's bringing his wife with him. Now don't breathe it to a soul, but I'm going to invite them for dinner! How's that for a girl who couldn't broil chops decently two months ago?

I'll let you know how it turns out. And, meanwhile, please accept my undying gratitude for helping me out of my dilemma.

Lovingly yours, Margery.

Cynthia dearest:

I'm so happy I may not be able to write coherently, but anyway I've got to tell you all the news!

Remember my mentioning the Grahams? The day they arrived in town, I casually said to Ted, "Let's have them out here to dinner tomorrow night."



"Here?", he said. "How could you do it? Could you get someone in to help you?"

Then I told him what I'd been doing, and you should have seen his face. I'm perfectly certain he was worried about that dinner but he didn't want to hurt my feelings. He's such a good sport. "Fine!" he said. "I'll ask them."

It wasn't an elaborate menu, Cynthia. Just such a satisfying, delicious dinner as my mother or yours would have served for "company," with a few modern ideas added. Piping-hot tomato bisque, then spicy baked ham with candied sweets and pineapple slices, spinach soufflé, and hot tea biscuits, light as a feather. A crisp salad with cheese straws, then real lemon pie with thick meringue, and coffee in my best china.

The table was so pretty, too—some lovely pansies in a low green bowl, and crisped celery, radish roses, and olives for relishes.

Mr. Graham beamed and helped himself again and again to my biscuits. The pie was a riot. And blessed old Ted was all smiles.

Next day he came home early—radiating joy.

"I've sold him, honey," he said, "and I believe two-thirds of it was that wonderful dinner of yours. Graham's still talking about it. His business will almost double my sales for the year."

So you see, Cynthia, this little family of ours owes you a big debt of gratitude. If it hadn't been for you and the Woman's Institute, I'd still be struggling with cast-iron biscuits. And who knows where the Graham business would have gone? You are hereby invited to pay us a visit soon, and taste for yourself the results of my study.

Gratefully yours, Margery.

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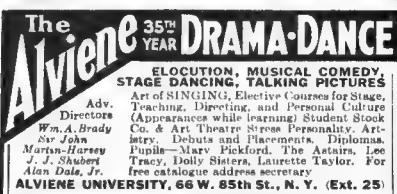
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Buying a Dream

[Continued from page 75]

"Emporia." It had been eight years since he had seen an Emporia paper, and although he felt that it could hold no immediately important news for him, it was sign and symbol of the country back of it.

Eager to read about the land of promise, he walked toward the crowded benches under the two long lines of electric lights strung diagonally across Pershing Square.

For a little while the thrill of recapturing a sense of home held him oblivious to place and people around him. Names long-forgotten rose from the white of the page, opening closed doors of remembrance until he was no longer Kent of the tankers and the seven seas, but that little boy Kerry who had waited at the railway station six days a week for the bundle of Emporia papers it had been his job to sell through the town.

"It'll be great to get back," he thought exultantly. Then, as swiftly as it had lost him to his memories, the square brought him back to its own realities.

The chimes from the tower of an office building to the westward were ringing out eight o'clock. Sounds within the square grew suddenly clear to Kerry, and he heard with startling distinctness the plea of the old evangelist who stood on a wooden box beside the fountain. He heard, too, the sound of a half-smothered sob, and for the first time, saw the girl on the bench beside him.

SLIM, and fair, and young, she was looking out on Pershing Square with brooding detachment. Her slender hands clutched a shabby red purse. The heels of her worn satin slippers were thrust deep into the gravel of the walk. Her eyes never wavered from the shadows of the dark palm trees. For all her remote indifference there was a quality of racial kinship which struck flint on the steel of Kerry's gladness to be back in his own land. He moved closer to her.

"Lots of sky pilots out here, aren't there?" he smiled at her.

The girl did not answer him. Her eyes still searched the shadows. Only the quiver of her nostril and the twitching of her lips betokened emotion beneath her utter immovability.

An honest desire for friendliness from a girl who looked as if she might be of his own people spurred him to hazard another query. "Kinda hard to be alone in a strange town, isn't it?"

She turned then and looked at him, at his shrewd young eyes, at his wind-tanned face, at his kindly smile. "It's not strange," she said.

"Live here long?"

"Long enough."

"Where are you from?"

"East."

"Kansas?"

"No."

"I kind o' hoped you came from there." Her disinterest stung him into self-explanatory statement. "I'm from Kansas, myself. I left there eight years ago. I shipped on a tanker. Gosh, it was tough! Now I'm through. I'm through with fishes, and oil, and tattooed men, and blonde women for the rest of my life. I ain't been a saint, but whaddya expect from a kid of seventeen when he's on his own?"

Her answer came so quietly that he had to lean closer to catch the words. "Life's always easier for a man, though," she said bitterly.

Quick sympathy made him touch the quiet hand that lay on the shabby red purse. "Didn't you get the breaks?" he asked her.

"Oh, I suppose I got all the breaks that

were coming to me." She drew her hand from his clasp, and moved a little away from him. "It's all in a lifetime."

"What's your name?"

"Why?"

"I don't know. You kind o' remind me of some one. I keep thinkin' that I've known you somewhere."

She gave him a cool look of scrutiny. "No," she said, "you never knew me."

Under the almost intangible contempt of her tone he shrugged uneasily. "Well, it doesn't matter. I don't suppose I'll ever see you again. I'm going back to Kansas tonight. Only—"

"What'll you do there?"

"Farm."

"Alone?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Nothing."

The evangelist had come down from his soap box, and over the narrow path, his scraggly white beard blowing in the wind from the ocean as he peered into the faces of men and women on the benches of the square. A few frowned. Others leaned forward in seeming oblivion of his presence.

Before Kerry and the girl the old man halted, gazing at them with deep-set eyes in which burned the zeal of the missionary.

"Are you saved?" he demanded of the girl. "Are you saved, sister?"

"Sure, she is," Kerry told him, seeing how she trembled.

The old man nodded courteously, and strode across the square to begin his exhortations anew.

Kerry tapped his forehead, but the girl sighed. "I don't know," she said. "He may be right. Perhaps that's all that counts."

"You don't look like a tambourine twirler."

"I wish I were," she cried. "I wish I were anything but what I am."

"You can change that, can't you?"

"No."

"Everybody can," he jeered. "Haven't I got off the tankers?"

"You're a man."

"Well, I notice the railroads carry women."

"Another place wouldn't change me unless—"

"It'd help a lot."

"There's no use thinking about it." Her hand opened and shut on her purse. "It takes money to go anywhere."

Impulsively his hand went toward the pocket where nestled the reward of his sweating days under the smudge of the tankers, of his lonely nights in harbor cities where other men had found searcease of misery in gay companionship, but the gesture itself halted his impulse. Too often had he seen sailors in port diving down into full pockets to toss away their earnings on tales of woe. Kerry's shrewd eyes narrowed. "What'd you do with it?" he asked her.

"Why talk about it?" She shrugged listlessly. "I had my chance. It's gone. I'm through."

"You talk," he said, in sudden exasperation at her listlessness, "as if life were all over."

"It is for me."

"What've you done? Killed a man?"

"No," she said. "I've done what most people do. Killed something in myself." Then, as if to herself, she tumbled out justification. "I've tried. God knows I've tried!"

He stared at her in canny calculation of her purpose in the outburst, plumbing her by his knowledge of girls who had sobbed out stories to him on other fiddler's greens during hectic nights of shore leave. There had been the girl on the Vie Corniche who had told him of her husband, a prisoner on

Devil's Island. There'd been the girl in Sydney who'd wanted to go back to England, and the girl in Singapore who'd begged him to bring her home to die in the States.

This girl on the bench beside him, for all her difference in manner, all her seeming lack of interest in him, was of the same sisterhood. She'd get none of his money.

He rose resentfully as the evangelist, returning on his soul-seeking trail, stood again before them.

"Are you surely saved?" the old man demanded once more of the girl.

"Oh, go away," she flung at him. "Let me alone! I can't stand it. Send him away," she begged Kerry.

"Let her alone," Kerry said, and sank back on the bench beside her. "Can't you see what you're doing to her?"

"I am praying for her," the old man said. He crossed to the other side of the walk, and continued to pray for her audibly, with a certain sorrowful tenseness.

SUDDENLY she sprang up from the bench, flinging her purse to the ground.

"Don't," she shrieked. "Stop it! I can't stand it. I won't stand it. I won't listen to you. Why can't you let me alone, both of you?" Her wild eyes blazed from the evangelist to Kerry. "I was doing nothing to you. I came here to be alone. What's it to you what I've done? What's it to you what I'm going to do? Let me alone!"

"I'll let you alone," Kerry said. "You needn't call the cops for me." He turned away angrily, kicking the worn red purse. The impact of his foot opened its slender catch, and a narrow vial slid out. He bent to look at what he had done. "Well, for the love o' Mike!" he cried as he saw the inscription of the label. He reached for the bottle as the girl sprang to reclaim it.

"It's mine," she told him furiously. "I can do what I please, can't I?"

"You can't do that." He twisted her wrist till she winced in pain. "What's the big idea? What's the matter with you?"

He held her wrist tightly as he drew her back to the bench. "Now tell me the whole racket," he ordered her sternly.

"I can't. I won't. It's nothing to you."

"If you don't," he threatened, "I'll turn you over to the police."

"You won't do it?" From defiance she sank into entreaty. "Why should you do anything to me? What am I to you? It's my own life, isn't it? I can't live." Suddenly she began to cry in terrible, heartbroken abandon to grief. "Oh, let me die," she begged, "let me die!"

"I won't let you die," he told her. "You're a fool and a quitter, but you're going to live. I don't know what you've had behind you, but you've got a lot ahead of you."

"I've nothing ahead of me. I've tried everything. I've tramped this town looking for a job—any job. I've got just eighty-six cents left."

"What's your line?"
"Line?" Her mouth twisted. "Waitress. Nursemaid. Clerk. Anything now."

"Never been trained for anything special?"

"I was trained all right. You wouldn't believe it, I suppose, but it wasn't so awfully long ago that I was a star in Hollywood."

"You were!"
"Hard to swallow, isn't it? Well, I was!" She turned to him a little defiantly, and he caught his breath in sudden realization of the reason for the familiarity of her profile. She looked like Amy Alden! It wasn't possible, it couldn't be possible, and yet—"

"You aren't Amy Alden, are you?" He marveled at the husky eagerness of his voice.

She laughed hysterically. "What makes you think I am?"

"You look like her."
"How do you know?"
"There isn't a picture of Amy Alden I haven't seen." He was fighting against the awe of belief that this girl beside him could



"What has changed him?"

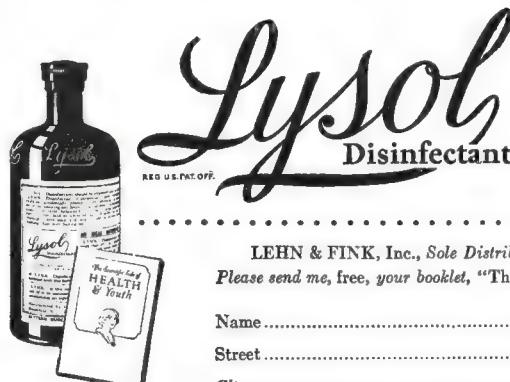
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be the divinity of his dark nights of exile. "I ought to look like her," the girl said, "seeing that—"

"You're not—really?"

"Why not? Because I'm down and out? I wouldn't be the first one to fall from the sky in Hollywood."

"No, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, I don't know." He was swimming against the tide of disillusion which surged toward him. "I suppose I've just been a darned fool, thinkin' any girl in the pictures was what she looked. I knew better all the time, really, but I just kept on dreamin' that she—that you—had something the others hadn't. I ran away from home after my mother died. I never had any sisters. I didn't know girls very well back in Kansas. The only girls I knew out in the ports were—well, they were what they were. I just had to think about another sort of girl, and she—you—was that kind of girl."

"I know."

"You don't know. Nobody knows who hasn't seen those places. I'm no preacher. I've had my fling. It was just that I didn't want to go all the way down. That's why I held on to watching—for you. I was a darned fool."

"I'm not Amy Alden." She looked him squarely in the eyes.

"You said—"

"I know what I said. I didn't realize then what she meant to you."

"But—" He stared at her, puzzling over her shifting statements, over her puzzling resemblance to the girl of the pictures.

"I look like her. I even—even used to double for her sometimes."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know. No one knows what happens to people when they drop out. No one cares." The old bitterness had crept back into her voice. She stood up wearily, and sighed. He arose with her, but she held out her hand. He reached to grasp it, and remembered the vial in his own. With a jerk he flung it to the pavement, where it broke. "Good-by," she said with trembling lips, but he shook his head. "I'm going to see you home," he said.

"You're not."

"Yes, I am." He took her arm, and found it quivering. "I'm not going to hurt you," he said. "No one's going to hurt you. I'm just doing for you what I'd have done—for her."

Once more she looked straight into his eyes. "All right," she said.

PAST the crowds on the benches, past the watching evangelist, beyond the palm trees of the square, and out of range of the golden lights of hotel and theaters she led him, turning sharply into Main Street, and passing the darkened cathedral where the Mexican exiles still knelt. Down near the Plaza, thronged with dark-skinned, sombreroed men she swung round, guiding Kerry beside the tiny brick houses of that infamous Calle de los Negros where so many sailors had squandered the gold of their months at sea, and through the lantern-lighted lanes of an edge of Asia.

Finally at the door of a dilapidated brick house she faced him. "Well, I'm home now," she said, "if any one would call this place home."

"I want to see how you live."

Without protest she opened the door, and led him down a dim hall to a narrow room. "Here's my palace," she answered.

Beyond her he could see, however, the humped bed, the rickety chair, the dismal dresser of her abode, the only humanizing touch within it a man's photograph, elaborately framed in silver and flanked by a powder box and an empty perfume bottle.

"Now that you've been good enough to save my life and escort me here," she told

him rather defiantly, "you can leave me."

"Not yet," he said, and, pushing past her, closed the door. "I wanted to see if you'd told me the truth about being alone. That was all I wanted to know before I asked you—to marry me."

"Marry you?" She threw back her head, and began to laugh. "Marry you? Oh, Lord!" She sat down on the side of the bed, holding its end for support as she shook with hysterical mirth. "Marry you?"

"I don't see anything funny in it," he said angrily. "I'm not down and out, anyhow. I can take care of a wife."

"That isn't it." Her laugh ceased before his hurt. "You've known me a couple of hours. All you know about me is that I tried to kill myself because I'm all through, I—I look like Amy Alden, and you ask me to marry you because you've been in love with her pictures."

"That's not all of it. I like you. I'm sorry for you. I know what life is—for men and for girls. I'm willing to take a gamble on you. Won't you take a chance on me?"

For a moment she studied him, her eyes never wavering in their search of his soul. Then slowly, miserably, she began to cry.

"Oh, don't, don't," Kerry implored, and went down on his knees beside her.

After a little while she stopped, and looked at him with tear-wet eyes. "I can't marry you," she said.

"You've got to do something. Haven't you a home back East?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go back?"

"I've no money."

"But if you had it?"

"No. They think I've plenty. If I go back without it, it'll be telling them I've failed. I can't go."

"But if you had some—"

"Don't talk about it, sailor boy." She put her thin hand on his hair. "It'd take more money than either of us'll ever see."

"How much?"

"Oh, a couple o' thousand," she said wearily. "Just about what I used to spend in a week, on the boulevard. Now it's bigger than the Sierras."

"If I gave it to you," he asked her, "would you go back?"

"Even if you had it, why'd you want to give it to me?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's because I've loved Amy Alden. Maybe it's because I love—you."

"I wish I'd known you before—" Her glance went to the photograph on the dresser.

"Before what?"

"Life's queer, isn't it?"

"Not very." He reached down into his pocket, and brought up the roll of bills which meant so much more than money—time, and toil, and sacrifice, and dreams, days in tropic heat, nights on storm-tossed seas, a farm in Kansas. "Take it, kid, and good luck!" He thrust it into her hand. "No, no," she cried—but in her eyes leaped a flame of hope.

"You must." His voice was earnest. "You don't know what Amy Alden's meant to me. I'll never see her, but meetin' you has been somethin' like havin' a dream come true. I used to think, when I watched her pictures, that some day maybe I'd be a hero to her, helpin' her like"—his glance fell on the photograph, and found recollection of its identity—"like Edson Carter there. He always saved her."

"Yes." The girl twisted to follow his gaze. "He always saved her—in pictures." She thrust out the roll to Kerry. "You must keep it."

"No," he refused. "It's yours. Payment," he told her, "for a dream."

He stood up, and crossed to the dresser to pick up the photograph. From its corner an inscription, boldly written, leaped

at him. "For Amy, the dearest of all." He scanned it frowningly. "Is that your name?"

"No," she said. "It belonged to Amy Alden. She gave it to me."

"It'd have brought you more than eighty-six cents in any pawnshop."

"I know," she said, "but it was the only thing I have left of—yesterday."

"You've got tomorrow now."

"Yes," she said, "tomorrow."

Somewhere near them a clock struck eleven. From the tower beyond Chinatown, beyond the Plaza, beyond the square the chimes rang softly. He moved toward the door. She stood up. "You're going back to Kansas?"

"Farther than that, kid," he said.

"Adios." She lifted her white face to him.

"Adios," he said, and kissed her.

BEYOND the street of the honkytonks, blaring into midnight wildness, past the Plaza and the dark cathedral Kerry found Main Street as luridly bright for his return as it had been for his welcoming. Sailors from all the ports of the world still sauntered under its flashing signs.

"Oh, well," he cried, "I've only done what they all do. Gone to fiddler's green! I'm a fool, a crazy, blasted, blithering fool!"

With the ruefulness of youth he stared down the street. Then, with the buoyancy of youth, he rebounded to the Kerry Kent of the tankers and the seven seas.

"Oh, well, I'd have been wanting the ocean again if I'd gone back to Kansas," he told himself. "Tankers ain't so bad, anyhow, and I can save again. What are three thousand bucks?"

He puckered up a whistle, almost gay, as he swung onward to the station of the electric line.

AT THE gateway to the track a crowd of blue-uniformed men of the Navy, coxswains, gunners, wipers, crews of yawls and brigs, clustered in a circle, swaying as they sang in close harmony, "She was just a sailor's sweetheart."

The boy from the United States Steamship West Virginia, teetering on the edge of the choristers, sighted Kerry.

"Hello, big boy," he shouted, and came over to him. "Thought you were the fellow who was going to Kansas."

"Changed my mind."

"Where are the three thousand berries?"
"Put'em in a bank."

"Yes, you did. Say, I'd a believed that story if I hadn't met you again."

"Would you?"

"Almost. I just about saw that farm in Kansas. Say, didn't you really have the coin?"

"I had it."

"Meet a jane?"

"Guess you'd call her that."

"You don't mean she lifted it all?"

"Every red cent of it, son."

"Say, what are you? Rockefeller?"

"No. God's gift to women."

"I'll say you are. Next time you go ashore, I'll loan you a leatherneck to chaperon you."

"There won't be any next time, kid."

"Why not?"

"Eight years is a long time, sailor."

"You've said it, big boy."

"All aboard," the man at the gate shouted. "Last train for Wilmington, San Pedro."

The boy from the fleet swung back to his brethren in blue. Frenchmen from the Prado, Norwegians from the Naze, Italians from Taranto, Englishmen from Liverpool, sailors from everywhere straggled in, bound for the berths where lay liners, and tankers, and merchantmen, waiting for the dawn tide to take them out to Auckland and Guaymas, Singapore and Bombay.

Kerry Kent stepped up to the ticket window. "San Pedro," he said. "One way."

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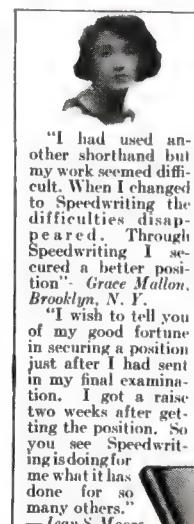
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Hair Raising Secrets

[Continued from page 69]

flakes of soap on the scalp that you might miss in the rinsing.

Dry your hair carefully with warm towels and in the sun, if possible. Never dry it under an intense heat, such as some unscrupulous beauty parlors use. If you prefer to go to a beauty parlor for your shampoos—and for business girls, it is often more convenient—do be careful about the soap, and if necessary, pay an extra quarter to get your hair hand-dried. It's a splendid beauty investment.

I haven't this month sufficient space to tell just the right type of hair dressing for different types of faces—though I intend to write on just this subject in a few months—but I can give you a few general rules.

If you have been reading my friend Miss Mason's department, right next to mine, you know that there has been a revolution in styles in the last few months. Naturally, there can not be a great change in fashion without its affecting our coiffures, for the head always tops the mode and a severe, boyish bob with a lovely, romantic lacey evening gown is just as bad as an elaborate head-dress of curls and combs would be on the golf links.

ONE of the smarter New York shops brings over from Paris every winter one of the greatest of modern hairdressers, Antoine, by name. The little drawings illustrating this article are by Antoine, himself, as he drew them for me one evening when I visited him in his Fifth Avenue apartment and asked him what to tell you girls about the new hair styles.

Antoine's first contention was that while many of us are tired of the bob, and while the bob itself is changing, the small sleek head to which we have become accustomed must remain. Above all things the natural contour of the head must be shown and the hair must never look "dressed" but appear, for all the delicate ministrations it may have had at the beauty shop, casual and natural.

The tight marcel is completely démodé. Hair with a natural wave should, obviously, be left untouched. No artificial factor can make it more beautiful. If it is kept short, it is simply a matter of getting it correctly

cut. Then its flattering ends will adjust themselves to the best lines of your beauty.

Some practically straight hair will hold water waves. Wherever this is possible, adopt this wave. It is soft and flattering, and it is also possible to learn to set the waves at home, thus allowing for all the brushing and massaging you can wish and yet permitting a perfect appearance.

Permanents are yearly becoming more perfected but there are some don'ts.

Don't get a permanent if you have just been ill. It may harm your hair.

Don't get a permanent if you have subjected your hair to years of neglect. Give it some cultivation first. Get it in good health, and then get your wave.

Don't get a cheap permanent. Good shops can not afford to give them for five dollars or so. Except under exceptional circumstances, where you know the shop and its work, or know some reason why the waves should be offered at bargain rates, it is better to pay a bit more and get real attention from an expert operator.

Don't get a permanent in hair that has been repeatedly bleached or dyed. It may make all your hair crack and split. Also be careful about very dry hair.

Finally, don't get a wave in a bob that is too short. For it will only make your hair appear startled and abrupt.

I do not mean to infer that permanents are ordinarily dangerous or risky. Many of them are perfectly lovely. But since they can't just be washed out if the results aren't satisfactory, and since they do cost quite a bit, I'm just inserting these words of caution.

THE principles of the care of the hair I've pointed out here are those followed by the best dermatologists and by girls who really care for an exquisite appearance. Any girl can follow them and every girl can get benefit from them if she invests just a little time and effort.

When it comes to hair dressing the chief thing to remember is that beauty is harmony and fitness. Remember your hair is the frame of your face. You will feel repaid for the care you give it.

Give Women A Chance

[Continued from page 26]

working for large firms or corporations.

The same thing we know was true in the field of novel writing. George Eliot found it necessary to write under a masculine sounding pseudonym. Fortunately that is no longer so necessary in the field of letters, and the fact that women now frequently carry off the big prizes in literary fields is an encouraging prophecy that in time they will be regarded without the handicap of skepticism in other lines.

A woman in business and professional life must make real chances out of very little openings. She has to gather up the

crumbs from the table and surprise everybody by making them into a real repast!

The ambitious girl, who will cheerfully accept that fact, will be able to make opportunities out of things her complaining sisters are leaving untouched.

Some women, while working under a man, develop a fear of losing their job. If they would spend the same amount of concern in assuming responsibility and enlarging their jobs by stepping quietly into little chance openings—and there are many in every office each day—they would find the climb upward much easier and fears useless.

It disturbs me to see a young woman with a clear, agile mind and good education dodge decisions. I have listened to many of them say, "Well, of course, I can't decide that until I can ask Mr. so and so"—or, "I will take down what you have to say but Mr. Blank will decide that and write you."

Every time she meets a situation that way she is developing an "under-man" psychology. It is small wonder then that her men associates fall into the same error of believing that her mind can only work "under some man's direction."

How much more refreshing it is to hear her say "My decision will be so and so but I will confirm that judgment by consulting with Mr. X." That gives her the opportunity of showing her executive powers.

A sparkling eye and wholesome enthusiasm for work brought to the office every morning will best carry toward success. Lipstick, stylish clothes and harmony of color should not be neglected. But they need to be wisely used so as to fall just short of ever being actually conspicuous.

WOMEN must, in all occupations largely filled by men, maintain a discriminating balance between womanly charm and professional strength and aggressiveness.

They must develop and maintain the latter at all hazards, although they cannot show it in the same way men do. They can't talk loudly, swear nor smoke big cigars and thump their chests! Nor can they display womanly charm in the office by the methods successfully used at the dance.

Coquettishness must be supplanted by a subtle attitude of confidence and resourcefulness, revealed through quiet, restrained and womanly dignity.

Most stubborn prejudice disappears gradually as its holder recognizes a few "exceptions." Men are coming to realize that there are more and more "exceptional" business women. In time, the so-called exceptional members of our sex will become the rule and the old-fashioned, helpless, incompetent, woman will be called the "exception!"

At present there is not so much peace for a woman as perplexity. If she's married with a small family, she has unused energies and yearns for a broader life.

If she's not yet successful she's smarting under the prejudices that abort her efforts, and even when she reaches a place of measurable success the curiosity she causes makes her feel like a circus performer walking a tight-rope at the top of the tent.

If I were asked to write a formula for woman's success today, I should certainly include in it:

Handle money, control its investment, as well as its expenditure.

Be charming but impersonal in office conduct.

Take when desired, both marriage and business life, and dispel criticism by making both successful.

Live at all times up to the high plane of being the "exceptional woman."

Refrain from argument on the woman question.

Keep a sense of humor.

Love people, especially the men, in spite of their foibles.

I am sure women ultimately will have an even break. But it is a long, hard pull.

Most of the women in public life today will find in this generation that their ideal is only a mirage of happiness.

The woman who succeeds is bound to look back with yearning and perhaps with regret at dead hopes—the boy she loved but rejected because in his masculine egotism he demanded without understanding her free spirit's sacrifice—the children she might have had—the companionship she missed.

The next generation will have a more normal relationship in business pursuits because of the "exceptional" women of today who brave ridicule, and because of the men who stand by them in braving it too.



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Money! Money! Money!

[Continued from page 23]

on the yacht while we're here. It's getting infernally hot in the town. And I have promised, of course, that you will be on board. I expect it, Flora. I insist on it."

"Cecil," said Flora not looking at him, "please be a dear good boy for once, and don't make a fool of yourself. Some day, Cecil, one of your adventures will be too much for you. And you're not taking the rest your doctors told you to. You're racketting about and falling in love just the same as ever. You never let me take care of you."

"Do you think I'm a child or a lunatic?"

"One or both," Flora answered lightly, but with anxious eyes on him.

"You're impossible! Impossible!" he cried angrily. His face flushed; the veins on his thin temples stood out. "Selfishness!" he said breathing hard. "Selfishness—you're just compounded of it, you little devil! I promised Annette that you would stay. You're hostess, aren't you?"

"Not if I can't veto a guest."

"Veto! Veto! Keep your vetoes, my girl," said Cecil. "Very well, then. As you like." With that he left her.

For some while Flora sat on the *patio* looking down the vista of the beautiful gardens, rich with flowers, with palms and blossoming trees.

Her mind followed Cecil, whose life was crammed with romances most of which died painful, disappointing deaths. Cecil had been a warning to her; it was watching Cecil that kept her so incredulous; made her wise when other girls of her age lost their hearts and their heads.

A voice at her shoulder roused her. "You are thinking very deeply," said Haagen. "I came to fetch you in case you should be too lazy to come up to my house if left to yourself."

ANNETTE was vivid with delight, with gratitude for so alluring an invitation, with sheer vitality. It was her vitality that seized upon Cecil's imagination most; that seemed to tone up all his jaded nerves, and that profoundly flattered his sensibilities.

He didn't tell her directly about his daughter's most tiresome refusal to stay on the yacht for the halcyon days and nights that he hoped to induce Annette to spend there.

At luncheon, with the steward—who knew his job perfectly—appearing only when necessity demanded his discreet service, Cecil broke the news of the situation to Annette.

"Dear little girl, you may think I ought to have told you but it is not only a case of no hostess for luncheon. Flora is staying on at the St. George."

He gazed anxiously and ardently into Annette's brilliant face.

"I ought not to stay, really," said Annette promptly.

"I assure you, dear, the stewardess is the most capable and discreet woman, and will look after you perfectly. Though I had hoped, of course, that you would have had Flora's maid."

"I'd like to have had Flora's maid!" Annette thought, keeping the wide smile off her lips with difficulty. However, shooting little glances—distressed, almost shy—at Cecil's face for her cues, she withdrew her hand from beneath his.

"It's dreadfully difficult for me!" she cried.

"My dear," said Cecil, leaning nearer. "I've got the most ill-tempered, ungrateful little beast for a daughter that ever a man was cursed with. I must ask you to forgive me for her behaviour. Annette, dear—is it too much to ask you to forgive me for Flora's behaviour?"

"You mustn't think I don't understand

you, Cecil," said Annette, looking soulful. "I do, and my heart just aches over you. It ached for you last night. Don't you think I could see you were unhappy? Lonely? I know I seemed flippant. But I'm lonely, too, and a lonely girl learns to put on armour."

"You darling child, I understand, too."

"It's too wonderful here with you," Annette murmured.

"Do I make you happy?"

"You made me happy the first moment I ever saw you, Cecil."

"Annette!"

"What was it" she breathed. "What was it that brought us together so closely?"

He sighed heavily, "Fate, my dear."

"I was afraid William Haagen noticed. And afraid that Flora noticed too."

Cecil's face screwed into a mask of quite disproportionate anger. "My daughter does not control my actions."

"My poor man!" she said again. "You're too, too all alone. Did your wife die long ago, dear?"

"Years and years, Annette. I wasn't happy with her," Cecil protested. "I need a woman who sympathizes and understands."

"Yes, yes, dear. You're not a man who ought to be by himself."

"That's true," Cecil owned. "But it takes you to see it. If you knew how everything I do is misunderstood by the world—"

THE steward glided in with coffee, and glided out again. In the lounge beyond they heard a very slow, very dreamy waltz beginning.

"Potts has started the gramophone," said Cecil.

"After coffee, let's dance, Cecil. We can at least have a happy afternoon."

"You're not going ashore again."

"Oh, Cecil, yes! I haven't unpacked."

He struck the bell on the table and the steward slipped in.

"Potts, tell your wife to unpack for Miss Percy."

The steward went out, with no gleam of expression on his pale obliging face.

"I can pack again," said Annette, with a sweet reproving smile.

He said helplessly, "How can I make you stay? I love you, I tell you."

"If you love me, Cecil, I can't stay."

"But if . . . won't you marry me, Annette?"

It took quite a long while before Cecil could persuade her to promise to marry him, just as soon as he succeeded in getting a special license.

"People can't get special licenses so easily," said Annette, her voice low, her brain working like forked lightning.

Cecil answered turbulently that people could, if they could pull wires. And then he told her of the wonderful provision he should make for her. Money! Money! Money! She should be protected and guarded as well as he and money could protect and guard her, for the rest of her life.

She introduced the objection of Flora again at precisely the right psychological moment.

Flora? After the way Flora had behaved, Flora didn't count. Flora had her own money from her mother. All he had was going, eventually, to be Annette's. He would get an English lawyer aboard, show her just how he was prepared to protect and provide for her.

"Now that we're going to be married it's different, isn't it, little girl?" said Cecil. "You don't feel unhappy about staying now?"

Annette answered, "Now that we're going to be married it is so different."

Flora gave much thought to what she wore that night. There was no reason for meticulous choice, except the one good reason that, if a woman is sharply unhappy—to make herself beautiful is a balm. She knew that to the passing observer she must have seemed luckier than any queen. Annette Percy would have been radiantly, voraciously pleased with the life of a Flora.

"She's storming Cecil and the yacht tonight," Flora thought.

Very judicially, she thought over her father and Annette. She had been sharply uneasy last night, at Haagen's house, with that new uneasiness, that new premonition that caution was necessary this time. But, hadn't that been mostly on account of the swift hostility, the virulent dislike, that had instantly flamed between them?

Haagen had wanted to fetch Flora again, that evening, to dine again with him. It was quite cruel, Haagen said, to leave her here alone, in Algiers.

"It's your fault, you know," she told him carelessly. And she asked him, just as carelessly, "Why on earth should you ask that creature to meet me?"

He answered her suavely, "I delight in contrasts. I have a connoisseur's delight."

"That doesn't excuse you."

"Pardon me. I contradict you. I am sure that you have the good habit of pleasing yourself?"

"Always."

"Two people, with the habit of pleasing themselves have met. What will happen?"

"Does it matter?"

THE young man who had arrived that afternoon dined alone too, in the restaurant downstairs. As he had driven in a hired car up from the quay, with his one big battered suitcase he had been full of an expectant exultation. He had driven, with his luggage to several of the best hotels and made inquiry before he learned that Flora was staying at the St. George.

Having registered, this young man had gone walking about the town. There was no knowing when one might meet a person for whom one sought with such divine passion.

"Only I must remember," he said to himself as he strode along, "that all this is nothing to her. To me—yes. I am in Wonderland; I'm a poor fool. The earth is her playground, and I must not forget it."

But at last he knew that it was foolish to look for her in public places. She was, more likely, being entertained in one or another of those white palaces amid their groves of trees. So, back to the St. George, and a sorrowful dinner, for she was not dining.

And he went out sadly into the gardens, over which the moon would soon rise. When he reached the extremity of the gardens, alongside a high rose hedge, he came face to face with Flora.

"You!" she said in her cool voice that he heard every night in dreams.

"You!" he answered.

"How strange," she said, "after Lugano!"

"It isn't really."

"What do you mean—it isn't strange?"

"Why, I followed you."

"Followed me!"

They went on side by side, to find a kind of natural arbour formed by an arched bower of some flowering trees.

Sitting beside her, he studied passionately the fairness of her, hair and frock, and profile down to little jewelled shoes.

"What did you think of us after you got back to your hotel that night?" he asked in rather a troubled voice.

"I thought I'd behaved like a sentimental tourist—"

"You weren't sorry?"

"I was sorry that was all," said Flora.

"You were sorry—! How marvellous of you to say so."

"Let's tell the truth to each other to-

night," she said. "Let's tell each other everything."

"First, then, my name. Please, you must know it. Anderson Court. Andy for short, of course."

"You said, 'Good night, Flora.' How did you know?"

"I knew it before I followed you to Lugano."

"You followed me to Lugano!"

"I had seen you in London several times and I wanted to know you. And the chance came." He paused. "I'd always imagined meeting you at night." She turned her face to him, askance. He said hesitatingly, "A real, everyday, daylight acquaintance with Flora Towers—that always seemed to me impossible. But—I have thought—at some time like that night—and tonight—it might happen. Lamplight—and you. Lamplight and dreams, you know. Daylight—and reality. I'm talking rot. How can you understand?"

He fell silent—an eager, communicative silence, that somehow asked a reply.

"I'm glad I didn't go to the yacht," she said after a moment.

"Flora, how long will you be here?"

"I don't know. It doesn't matter. Some days." She turned her head and looked at him. "Does time matter to you?"

"Yes, time has to matter very much to me," he said.

"You must go back to London?"

After another long pause he said, "I don't know. But don't let's talk of me. I wanted to know you, to talk to you. You've always seemed the most perfect thing in the world to me, ever since—"

"Tell me."

"Flora. There is such a thing as spoiling wonderful moments. This is a wonderful moment to me, finding you, talking with you here, touching you—" He took her hand and there was so much reverence in his touch that tears welled in her eyes. Andy saw them, saw too, her ecstatic smile, took her in his arms, and kissed her.

"What were you going to tell me?" she said dreamily. "This?"

He released her almost violently.

"A thousand times no! No! I only—"

"But this is what I love to hear. That I'm wonderful. That you want me. That you love me." Where and why was prudence? He swept her into his arms again.

ANDY went up to his room at midnight desperately delighted and desperately dismayed. He hadn't even so much as dreamed that Flora might care for him. To sun himself within her orbit for a humble while until he was obliged for that most banal of all reasons—money—to fade from her sight, was as much as he had ever promised himself. But now—she had been in his arms; they had kissed; they had continued the Lugano adventure gloriously.

He had crossed Europe to the southern shore of the Mediterranean in various ways—expense worked out to a centime. By motor coach, and third-class rail, and, even, quite long distances walking—short cuts studied by map for the sake of saving money. The idea had been—single-minded as a boy's—to husband all resources until he should arrive within Flora's orbit, win somehow to her acquaintance, and still have in his pockets a little money to burn.

"A fellow can always pick up a living," he had thought, and started across Europe after Flora. All he had known of her movements were that she and Cecil would stop at Florence, at Lugano, and pick up the yacht at Naples. The head of his firm—the law firm of Dobs and Payhune—had given him those details to note, and he had noted them; and then came the sinister crash of Dobs and Payhune which had not yet reverberated—but which must reverberate any moment now—through London, and to various parts of the world in which trustful clients were scattered.

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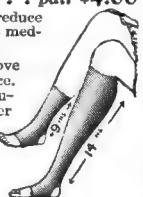
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But Andy Court would not think back. Why think back, when such a tomorrow lay so few hours ahead?

The maid Bettine knew, when she came to dress Flora in the morning, that there were changes. Often she had thought, with violent Latin surprise, about the calm and coolness of her mistress. She had thought, "Quelle folie! She misses life. Life slips by." And she had glimpsed, and approved, Haagen when he visited the yacht. Here, the maid had thought, is at last a gentleman who could teach mademoiselle! Was it Haagen, Bettine wondered, who had kept mademoiselle so late last night? So late that she had undressed herself, put herself to bed?

Bettine had brought something with her too; something that questioned the idea of Haagen with which her brain was busy. Red roses, not very many. A dozen red roses—Haagen would have sent a sheaf of them.

Besides, there had been red roses—and no Haagen—at Lugano.

FLORA went out, and stood on the *patio*, looking down the gardens. She felt Andy's approach before she saw him. He came walking under the trees, right up to her before he spoke. Then he said, "What shall we do today?"

She might have said, "Get your car, let's drive"—when he had no car; but somehow he knew that she would not. Nor would she suggest any kind of extravaganza for their mutual entertainment. She wanted what he wanted—nothing save to be together. He knew, of course, sharply, and without subterfuge, that he must go no further with her along the divine ways in which they had wandered last night.

But—to be together!

It was a strange thing—the way that day passed, and suddenly the sun burned no more; it set in waves of lurid greens and yellow-reds, and it was evening. They had just sat and talked in the gardens of the hotel; had lunched together; had sat out again over their coffee, and still talked.

All that day there had been no sign from Haagen, but it was only towards the end of dinner that Flora considered this.

She had six of Andy's red roses pinned to the shoulder of a white dinner gown, recklessly spoiling the fragile fabric with the heavy headed flowers. Her mouth was unrouged, and yet it was no less crimson than the roses. Her beautiful natural-crimson mouth was the first miracle about her that William Haagen noted when, at nine o'clock he came observantly upon the pair of them.

Through the brief ceremony of introduction the men looked swiftly and hard at each other; neither mistook the quality of the other's stare. "Intruder!" said Andy Court's look. "Thief!" said Haagen's. And he thought, "I am a fool to have left her alone today. She isn't one of those women you can leave alone for a moment." He sat down between them with an air that gave intention to the gesture.

During the light interchange of banalities which followed he sensed the atmosphere. Beautiful young girl and beautiful young man—he did not understand this fellow who had sprung suddenly from nowhere.

"And what have you been doing today?"

"Walking and talking," said Andy.

Flora did not answer. She merely looked indolent and wonderful.

"It has been a wonderful day," said Haagen suavely.

"De-vine," Flora answered on a little scathing laugh.

She had not thought of Annette all day; but Haagen's appearance had reminded her.

Haagen laughed too.

He turned to Andy and explained politely, "Miss Towers is giving an imitation of a lady whom we know."

"Indeed?" Andy muttered, swinging his foot.

"I hope Miss Percy finds it cool and pleasant out in the bay," said Flora. "I assume she is still with my silly little father."

For just a moment Haagen paused. Then he said, "They were in the town this morning."

"Did you meet them?" Flora asked.

"They drove up to my house."

It was Flora who dismissed the subject of Cecil and Annette. Afterwards, when she accused him, Haagen told her so.

For a long while he sat with the two younger people out in the scented gardens, smoking and talking.

At midnight Flora arose, and pulled up over her shoulders her ermine cloak. "Good night," she said. "Good night." She was tranced with happiness and anticipation, and felt the world could wait for her. And she was glad, a little, that Haagen had come, intruding; glad of the lovely rhythmic pause that this brought between her and Andy, the pause in which they could think and dream and anticipate before they went on further.

Andy Court and Haagen were alone, lighting fresh cigarettes, looking with fresh interest at each other's hostility. At least Andy, being young, looked with hostility. He was so young and so poor that his heart was bitter as he looked at Haagen. You could not mistake Haagen for anything but what he was; a rich man, a wise man, a swift man; a strong and pleasing hunter of desired women. But at Andy, Haagen looked with tolerance. The young man was excellently groomed, not too badly tailored to pass; but, just the same, William Haagen knew a very poor man when he saw one.

"I've been dining on the yacht," said Haagen, "and I have my car. Can I give you a lift wherever you are going?"

"I'm staying here."

They were still measuring each other with guarded glances.

"Well, there are worse places to stay," said Haagen, smiling faintly. "You remain, then. That being so, good night."

Andy remained still for a half minute, staring after Haagen. "I wonder how early he'll be back tomorrow," he thought, choked with a thick anger, "now he knows I'm here!"

But Haagen did not disturb their idyll on the morrow. All the day they were together. They saw the horrible entrances to the horrible dens of the Arab quarter, and the great Mosque, and shopped in the town—where he bought—with what agony of timidity, she was too blind in her careless security to guess—a little Berber trinket for Flora—just to remember.

He recalled now and again during the day that he knew something about the waning fortunes of Flora that she herself did not yet know. But even then she remained Cecil Towers' heiress.

He tried desperately to put from him the thought of Flora and her money. He wouldn't make love to her again as he had done on the first evening, but he did want the little time left to him to be happy.

But again it was a ravishing night; the gardens were almost deserted save for the two of them. She would not let him explain to her what he would have explained if temptation and opportunity had not gone cunningly hand in hand.

When he began, she put her fingers over his mouth and whispered, like one dreaming, "Don't let's talk about—just things. What are things?"

After all, there was tomorrow for explanations—for things.

BETTINE was in the room when Flora woke. As soon as she saw Flora's eyes open, she laid upon the bed half a dozen red roses.

Strange, the Frenchwoman thought, to see the rich girl exalted to the seventh heaven by her six roses!

"Bettine, I'm going out to the yacht this morning," Flora said. "I shall lunch there." She would have to put aside her dislike of Annette for a short while.

It was about noon when she hired a boat and was rowed out to the yacht. As she went leisurely down the companion to the little rose-colored lounge, adjoining the dining saloon, Annette's impudent deep-toned laugh floated up to her, mingled with the voices of Cecil and Haagen.

Annette's laugh ceased, as Flora appeared. She rose from the long cushioned seat against the wall, advanced, and extended a hand. From the crown of her head to the tips of her toes she was hostess. "Come along, my dear. Nice to see you. I love surprises. Good morning. Potts, another cover for Miss Flora."

Flora touched Annette's hand, staring icily, "May I join your party, Cecil?"

"My wife has ordered another cover laid, Flora," Cecil answered. There was silence.

"What did you say, Cecil?" Flora asked.

Annette replied for him, "We were married this morning at the English church. We've only just got aboard again. You must have followed the launch across. A shame! We could have brought you if we'd known." She flicked ash from her cigarette. "But you're in time for our wedding luncheon, anyway."

Flora looked from her to her father.

"You've done this, Cecil?"

"You hear what we've done, Flora."

"You fool!"

"If you've come here to insult my wife—" Cecil shouted, regardless of the steward, who slipped out.

"That's between Flora and me," said Annette. "Come along to my stateroom, Flora, we'll have this out together."

Haagen watched the two girls walk away, Annette taking precedence, without further speech. He heard the click of the door.

Flora faced the bride in the attractive stateroom that was Cecil's.

They talked at each other, unbridling their anger, unbridling the dislike that had risen in them three nights ago at Haagen's dinner table.

"We stole a march on you, didn't we?"

"If I'd known—if I'd had the faintest inkling—I'd have stopped it somehow."

"You couldn't."

"He's ill. Do you know that?"

"Why do you come along and make a scene then?"

"How could I know it was too late to save him?"

"Save him? Save him from me, eh?" Annette burst out laughing. Her coarse-toned voice curiously lowered, as she said, "You fool, you! What do you know about life? What do you know about men? What do you know about fighting and scheming for your roof and your clothes and your dinner? Scheming for your very life itself! You! I'd like to see you thrown out to the wolves and see where you'd land. You wouldn't be proud long! You wouldn't be fastidious long! You'd not be criticising my methods—I bet they'd compare with yours all right if you were in a tight corner. But you'll never be in a tight corner, damn you! No! The silk cushions and the cream for you always, eh? Well—why do I talk to you? I'm here! I'm mistress. I'm hostess! Either you play guest nicely, or you'll get out."

FLORA was near the door. She opened it, and moved through. Annette's voice ceased as the door opened; she stood back against the dressing table, palms down upon it, shaking with rage, her mouth writhing; and two tears fell down her cheeks. She struggled for a cool disdain equal to Flora's and could not achieve it. Then she saw that Cecil stood outside and thanked her stars for her lowered voice and for the tears that fell down her cheeks.

The first thing that struck Cecil, looking in, was Annette's tears.

"Flora." He clutched at her arm, grabbing hard. "Flora. What have you been saying to my wife?"

Annette answered for her, shrilly and sobbingly, "Saying? She's said everything that could be said!"

"Get off the yacht, Flora," Cecil stammered.

Flora stared him in the face as clearly as she had looked at Annette. "I'll get off.



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"Learn to play the piano, bah.
A lot of good it's done me"

superbly filled with the royal insolence of a lover's fury.

The keen, unkind amusement that emanated from Haagen was like an icy breeze on the warm rapture that thrilled Flora at sight of Andy.

She answered Andy almost coldly. "To take me back? That's very thoughtful of you."

He replied definitely, standing very close to her, thrilling to her, through his rage, as she thrilled to him: "We had a dinner engagement."

"Had we?" she said.

"I understood it to be so."

Haagen interposed then, "You know, Court, Miss Towers has had rather a disturbing day. While you have been out exploring, Miss Towers has had something of a shock."

Andy turned to Flora.

"I've come to take you back, Flora," he repeated.

She roused from her stillness, and moved to his side. They turned and walked together back towards the house.

IT WAS an amusingly expeditious departure —had Haagen been exactly in the mood to be amused. How she obeyed that fellow! In the entrance hall he held out her ermine coat, and she was into it in a moment. Her shoulder leaned a little towards Andy Court's shoulder as she stood beside him, offering that hand of charming fragility.

"Good night, Mr. Haagen."

"Good night." He held the hand. "Have I helped?"

"There is no help," she shrugged.

"Good night, Haagen," said Andy brusquely, and taking Flora's arm, he led her out of the house, down the short drive to the high gates of wrought iron before he spoke.

"Flora, why did you?"

"Why did I—what?"

"Go to that man's house."

"Andy, why did you follow me? Make a fool of me. My dear. It—it isn't done."

There was no one very near them on the white tree-shadowed road. He seized her in his arms and kissed her.

The wild kiss cured the ache in her throat and her heart, and she was full of a strange happiness again. "Oh, Andy, let's get it all straight. Now at once. You mustn't track me as if you were—jealous."

"I am jealous."

"Yes. Yes. But men don't—"

"Men like me do. I do."

She exulted all over. All the feminine in her rejoiced at its escape—if only momentary—from her cynical tired effervescent world, into this new world of ardent simplicity, of natural emotions unashamed. He would not finesse? He was glorious.

"Listen, Andy," she said, in a voice that surprised herself by being humble and contrite. Never before had she felt humility or contrition before any man. "Listen. Do you know I was troubled?"

"Troubled!" He gripped her arm. "Troubled? Then—you had me!"

"You didn't know. You see, my father married this morning—a horrid woman. Of course Cecil's a perfect idiot."

She hurried to tell him before her voice could break contemptibly. "Some woman he's only known a few days, he and I met her first at William Haagen's house. Cecil fell for her at once, but I thought it was just one of his little silly infatuations. At least I tried to think so, but there was something in me, Andy, warning me that it was more than that. Well, they're married. I won't know her. I just won't! I'm through! When I went out to the yacht this morning I dropped right into their wedding luncheon. Haagen brought me ashore."

"Haagen was there?"

"He'd been a witness. Why not? It's none of his business, what a lunatic like

Cecil does."

They came to the hotel, and entered the gardens as Flora finished her explanation. "William Haagen was telling me all about it this evening. As much as he knew, that is. That's why I went to dinner with him—though why I should explain to you—"

He began to say hotly and swiftly, "Because you and I belong!" But he stopped. They did not belong; never would belong.

"Flora," he said very gently, "say good night here, now." He kissed the tips of her fingers as gently as he had spoken. "Good night, my dearest dear."

"But tomorrow?" she said.

"We'll talk a great deal tomorrow." Then he said with an effort so great as to be painfully obvious, "You're quite safe, Flora. All safe. This has shaken you a lot, of course. But you are—a—very guarded lady. You are quite safe, Flora darling. Sleep well."

She waited. Couldn't he cry, "You have me! We belong!" She waited. He did not say it. The fire seemed to dim between them. His hand dropped from its protective and masterful caress upon her nervous fingers. There was a silence with a hint of desolation in it. Then he reiterated only, "Sleep well, Flora. There's tomorrow."

She turned and went in, her lips smiling. She carried her head high. He watched her go but she did not look back. He drew a long breath, and felt life very heavy upon his square young shoulders. She was alone? Alone—but what was her problem compared with his? His breath came and went heavily. He thought, "I've been the darndest fool!"

He had started out on this deliriously beautiful quest with the zealous will of idealistic youth to control Nature, and Nature had had him by the throat in an instant. And not only him—but Flora.

He determined quite clearly and definitely this time that he would not fall again to any moment of temptation; and turning, he went in a sort of blind, plunging way, back up the slope to Haagen's house.

ALL the lights were still shining in the big white villa. The French butler opened the entrance door to him, and probably would have suavely declined to admit him but that Haagen himself came out into the wide hall where the fountain played coolly.

"Hullo, my friend," Haagen said.

The butler stood aside, and Andy Court walked in. With no further word Haagen turned and led the way into the library.

"Have you an important errand, Court?" said Haagen.

Andy plunged, "It's just this. Miss Towers—Flora—she's alone here. She ought not to be so alone. She has no one to take care of her—you know all about that—left her to look after herself. She should not have been here—"

Now he stopped short because he was conscious, even in his young and prejudiced impetuosity, that one just didn't make good on this kind of argument. He knew with a deep fury that he must attribute it to Haagen's quite sensitive good manners that he did not laugh. He merely said.

"Miss Towers and I, Court, may have a somewhat more cosmopolitan idea of life as it is lived than you have yourself. You were going to say—?"

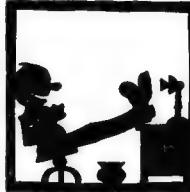
"Nothing much, I suppose. I just wanted to tell you that she isn't friendless here—"

"But of course not. I, like you, am at her service—to say nothing of the various strings she could pull if she were incommoded in any way, as, of course, she will not be."

"She has told me all about her father's sudden marriage," said Andy.

"Ah, yes? I'm afraid that was a little upsetting for her." And when Haagen said that, he took the cigar from his mouth, looked down leisurely at the ash upon it.

"I want to know something about it."



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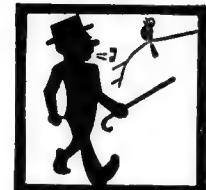
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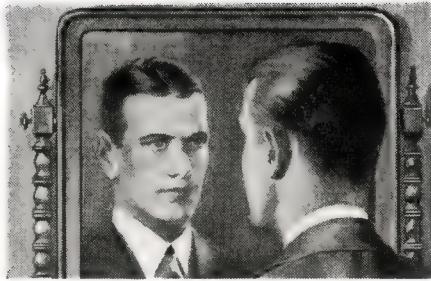


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Haagen, so that I'll know what to do for her." At that moment the fact of the awful leanness of his pockets, the fact of his total inability to do anything for Flora, sank somewhere below the surface of his teeming, insurgent mind. "Who is this woman that old Towers has married?"

Haagen put the cigar back between his teeth. "I could tell you. However, let's say, an adventuress. Towers is a silly fool. He was caught."

"An adventuress. Yes? But—but exactly how?"

Haagen laughed his mellow laugh. "Oh, you want to know a lot. Well, she saw to it that financial affairs were fixed before she married him, for one thing. I was asked to witness that as well as the wedding."

"That?"

Haagen deliberated briefly but thoroughly before he replied to the young man's demanding voice. And as he replied, he watched narrowly the young man's face. "His will. Towers' will. He's settled everything on his bride."

"My God!"

Haagen did not move in his chair. He looked up at the young man with an intent scrutiny, his brown eyes opaque as stones. "The daughter is provided for from her mother's estate. There seems no secret about it; although I do not know why I should pass it on to you."

"It's iniquitous. It can't be! This has got—to-be changed—again!"

Still Haagen kept his intent scrutiny upon

the young man's grim face. "This touches you," he thought. "This question of money gets you where you live." And he said calmly, "I don't see why—if the daughter is provided for from her late mother's estate."

"Because—"

For a long while Andy Court looked back at Haagen, and he, too, thought deeply. He thought, "No, I don't tell you. I wouldn't let you know—" They stared into each other's eyes, inimically.

"Because?" Haagen suggested blandly.

"Because—" Andy stammered again. And his lips set, grimly. "That wouldn't be any of your business, Haagen."

"Is it yours?" Haagen asked smiling.

"Her father is—is in bad health?" Andy said, brusque again.

"I believe so," Haagen replied. And he went on: "You are interested in Miss Towers' financial situation? I repeat, I believe her to have a quite sufficient income from her late mother."

"What are you suggesting, Haagen?" Andy demanded.

"Suggesting?" Haagen said. "Nothing. Good night to you—if I have told you all that you came to ask."

Andy Court turned and walked out without a "good night" at all.

But Haagen, left behind in his library, said to himself: "Young fortune hunter. That hit him where he lived, all right."

He sat on there, thinking sharply and enjoyably, of Flora.

[To Be CONTINUED]

That First Day on a New Job

[Continued from page 71]

here and sit down in my chair and I'll act the way you do." Thereupon he went out and closed the door. Directly he pulled the door open with a swift motion, rushed up to the desk, with long, hurried steps, took up some papers and in a flash was out of the door again.

In a moment he was back, smiling a little, and said, "Now that's the way you do and it's wrong. Don't be in such a hurry. Be calm."

The nicest kind of a new job to get is where you begin with a new business; where your first work is to pick out furniture for the office. But usually you are dumped into a great big crowded place, with everybody busy about their own affairs and nobody to tell you anything. As I said, remember that the inefficiency is theirs and not yours, and just wait calmly until things come along. You will be busy enough after a while.

There are girls who like a new job—who detest permanence and regularity and who do best by changing positions all the time. Rolling stones may not gather any moss, but who wants moss now-a-days? Such girls usually have an interesting time and gain a lot of experience. If they're fortunate enough to find a job which has great variety in it, they give up their rolling and usually do very well.

I have a letter from a girl who tells me that she is seventeen years old, makes \$27.00 a week and keeps changing her job—that she can't bear to stay in one more than a few weeks at a time. She is a stenographer and dislikes stenography. I think she must be remarkably intelligent and capable to make that much money at her age, with all her moving about. But I think she ought to give up shorthand just as soon as she possibly can and do something else.

Restlessness is not a fault. It is often merely a sign that you are not doing the kind of work you ought to do. If you can afford to obey the desire to change your work, by all means do so until you

find the work you like so well that you want to continue doing it.

It's a pity that all girls who like change cannot be traveling secretaries or work their way about Europe, or something like that. But such jobs are rare and as a rule they pay very little because there is so much competition for them. The offices of American firms in Europe are filled with clerks and stenographers working for almost nothing so that they can live abroad for a while.

If this is your disposition, you will enjoy the first day on a new job immensely and you will begin to get tired of it in about a month.

If, however, you like regularity and stability the first day of a new job will be a sort of torture to you. Each new face will seem a threat and the work will seem terrifying. Try to be philosophic about it.

Realize that these are not enemies about you and the work is probably not very difficult. The trouble lies in yourself and is just something you have to stand since you have that kind of disposition.

If your fear of the work continues after you have been on a job for some time, then you ought to be doing something else. Either you ought to be in a different office or you ought to be doing a totally different kind of work. And if you continue to be afraid of all the people about you, you may be suffering from some nervous condition.

No sensible employer judges a new girl by her first day's work. I have had many good stenographers and good copywriters who made a mess of everything for the first two or three days.

I have had cooks whose food for a day or two was so poor that it seemed impossible to continue with them and who turned out to be exceptionally good after they got over their first nervous fear.

What I am trying to tell you is, that if you have that sort of nervous fear, try to realize that a lot of other people have it too and that it really does not amount to anything.

The Stolen Gown

[Continued from page 37]

ping his camera from his shoulder.

"Sure, I've got a new dress. The house-keeper and little Goggle-Eyes are pretty much worked up over it, aren't they? Snoops, both of them. Just because I happen to go and buy myself a new brown velvet dress out of my own hard-earned money they have to throw fits. Little Fish-Face is studying to be a dick, and the house-keeper is mad because I bawled her out once for listening at my keyhole."

"You lacerate me, honey," grieved Wales. "Could you show me the dress?"

The girl strolled over to her closet and came back with the offending gown. It was brown velvet. It had three ruffles and some gold lace and a hint of bangles.

"I paid twenty dollars for it at Rosenbaum's," announced the girl defiantly.

Wales took the velvet between his deft fingers and felt it.

"Honey," he murmured sadly, "they cheated you."

HIS next visit was to a tiny back cubicle, four flights up.

"Come in," a thick voice answered his knock.

He entered and saw a small, rather fat girl, not more than eighteen years old, with tumbled, reddish hair and a flushed face, glazed with tears. Her nose was puffed grotesquely, her eyes swollen almost shut.

The girl let out a stifled sort of squeak when she saw him.

"I—I thought it was the housekeeper!" she gasped. "I—what do you want, Mister?" There was a frantic question in her eyes, terror, and after an instant, hope.

"I'm just a poor newspaper man looking for work," he said cozily and sat down beside her.

"Newspaper!" she cried and shrank back, a huddled, furtive thing. "Why—why do you come to see me? What you got that camera with you for?"

"Always carry it with me," he explained lightly. "Never can tell when I might see a good picture. Some of my best shots I've taken when I least expected to. Now, kid, it's none of my darned business but I heard you crying when I went past, and you sounded like you needed a nice, comfortable, all-wool shoulder to spill your troubles on. You can sock me in the jaw if you want to, or call the clerk." Out of the tail of his eye he saw her shudder. "You can hand me over to the police for annoying you. But, Honey, I've had the blues, myself. I've been down-and-out and lonesome and I've seen the day when I'd have sold my soul for some one to talk to."

Her eyes—odd, yellowish-brown eyes—crept up to his face and rested. He smiled at her and she melted, as so many, many other women had done before her, at the tender, haunted sweetness of that smile. Suddenly her tousled head was on the proffered shoulder, her damp little face pressed against his scented coat.

"I'm so tired!" she said, and broke into sobs.

His arm came around her. "And home-sick?" he prompted gently.

The red head nodded.

"But I can't ever go back home!" she cried.

"Why not, Honey?"

"Because," she whispered slowly, "I think I'm going to jail!"

"Why, kid," he reproved, "you're getting morbid. What would they send you to jail for?"

A gleam of light flickered across her dreary features. "Maybe you could tell me what to do," she suggested.

"Maybe I could," he agreed. "Try me,

Honey. I know all there is to know about every kind of trouble. I've been in most of it."

She hesitated for just one second, her yellow-brown eyes fixed in desperate hope on his sallow, sad face. What she saw seemed to reassure her.

"I'm a thief," she said.

"Honey!" he protested.

Her face twisted, but she kept on grimly. "I'm so ashamed I could die. I wish I could. And I'm so scared and tired I'm nearly crazy. I want to give back what I stole and I don't know how. If I go back to 'em and tell all about it, like I want to, they'd arrest me. They could send me up for this, Mister. They could just about put me in prison forever! I could stand the prison, but I couldn't stand the disgrace. I couldn't stand having people know. I couldn't stand having people—ashamed of me."

She caught his hand and fought once more against the tears that threatened to swamp her.

"Mister," she whispered, "was you—was you ever in love?"

"Yes," he said softly.

"Well, then," she gulped, "you know, maybe, how it is. I—I'm just crazy about a man. He's a truck driver and he's been awful good to me. He's big and grand and he has the prettiest teeth and the nicest hair. He says he gets a kick outa me. And I ain't always this homely, Mister."

"You're just worn out," said Wales gently.

"Well, I was going around some with Harry, and we went to a dance out at the Pleasure Isle pavilion. I wore my best dress that mother made me two years ago. It's pink organdie. And the other girls weren't wearing organdie. They were wearing shiny silk dresses and clingy velvets. Harry acted kinda queer. He could see I didn't fit in with the others—they were all slick and slim and smart, like Lola Dukes who stays here. There was one little blonde he seemed to take quite a shine to. He danced with her three times, and he treated me sort of distant and polite on the way home. I thought I'd lost him sure, and I nearly died, Mister."

She stopped and swallowed. "I cried all that night," she continued simply. "Somehow I just couldn't bear to lose him. He's all that's bright and gay I've ever had. I used to watch for his truck to come 'round to the hotel with deliveries. But when he came he didn't stop and kid me like he used to. And one night when I went to the movies with another girl I saw him come in with the little blonde he had rushed out at the pavilion. She had on a velvet dress."

THROUGH her tears the chubby little chambermaid blushed, a dark, painful blush. "You've seen in the movies how girls just fascinate men?" she asked shyly.

Wales nodded. "I've seen 'em," he admitted.

"Well, that's what I wanted to do. I knew I couldn't wear the pink organdie again. But I'd sent all my month's savings, six dollars, home to mother, and I didn't have a cent."

"And you had to have a new dress?" prompted Wales.

The girl's jaw set and her head lifted a little. "Yes," she said, "I had to have a new dress for the next dance. So I just went downtown and stole one."

"Well," mused Wales, "that's more than Hamlet ever did."

"I just wanted to steal a cheap dress," she went on pleadingly. "Honest, Mister, I didn't want to steal anything expensive."

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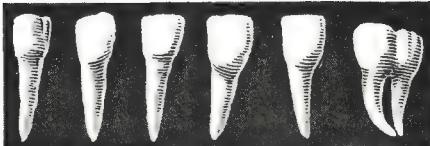
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I didn't think that was right. I didn't want to put the store out much, and, besides, I wanted to pay it all back some time. But I wanted a velvet dress. So I went down and I looked everywhere. Somehow the dresses all scared me—they looked so stylish and so expensive."

"They were all trimmed with lace and buckles and beads," she continued, "and lots of them had diamonds. I knew I couldn't afford any of them. But at last I found just the one I wanted. It was real simple and lovely and long. It was velvet and it was just the right shade of brown for a red-haired girl. It didn't have any lace or diamonds on it, so I thought it must be cheap.

"A lady had been trying it on, and the sales girl hung it over the back of a chair while she went to get something else. There were two sort of sharp-eyed men standing around, but they were watching a tall blonde girl in a mink coat—they didn't pay any attention to me. So I just picked the dress off the chair, stuffed it in the bag I was carrying and walked out."

"And did you have a good time at the dance?" asked Wales.

"Oh, swell!" she breathed. "Mister, I had the most wonderful time of my life. The dress made me look grand, and Harry got quite—quite—"

"Fascinated?" supplied Wales.

She blushed and nodded. "He kissed me," she said softly, "and said he was crazy about me!" The swollen topaz eyes were starry for a moment, remembering that one night of loveliness. Then fear flooded back.

"But the next day I got ashamed," she said, "and besides, the police began looking for me. I was scared to death they'd catch me and Harry would find out how I got the dress. He just despises thieves. He's awfully honest, Harry is. I'd meant to take the dress right back, but with the police sniffing around I didn't dare. So I've still got it. I'll show it to you if you'll lock the door. Sometimes the housekeeper comes snooping around."

SHE came back from the closet with what might have been the dusky, silken softness of pansy petals over her arm. Wales looked—and swore softly to himself. There in this drab little chambermaid's grubby hands, was the fabulous dress from Sterlings!

Wales was all newspaper man then. Gone was the gentle wayfarer who had listened to a story of human hunger. In his place was the news hound—the man who had never lost a story—the man who had never failed his paper. Mechanically his hands slipped to the camera straps.

"My God, what a story!" he breathed.

Here in a second rate hotel was an awkward child who had outwitted the police and detectives of a great city. Very simply she had walked out of Sterlings with an imported, thousand-dollar dress over her arm—a dress guarded by two detectives and a burglar alarm. And she had chosen the dress because it looked cheap!

How could she know its soft simplicity had been the despair of Paris? How could she know a master had worked months designing that simplicity? How could she know that the tawny velvet had been woven on special looms or that the single jewels on shoulder and hip were real? And how could she know that the lace-trimmed frocks she had rejected may not have been more than fifty dollars each?

And the police were seeking the Bobbed-haired Bandit—that debonair pirate—that blithe buccaneer. Here was the story newspaper men prayed for! Here was his big chance!

The girl grew apprehensive.

"You won't take my picture!" she pleaded. "Don't take it, please! Don't put it in the paper! Oh, Mister, I'd just die!"

I couldn't bear to have Harry find it out."

Nervously Wales' fingers caressed the camera—the ugly, battered black box that had helped him tell a thousand pitiless stories.

"Honey," he said, "why don't you give Harry something to remember?"

"But what," asked the girl eagerly, shyly, "what could I give him?"

Wales had never smiled so wistfully at any woman. "Your picture," he said, "your picture in that dress—before you send it back."

She gulped and a sort of terror came to her eyes. "Not now!" she pleaded, "Oh, Mister, I look awful. I'm just a wreck. I been cryin', and my nose is all shiny. Oh, I wouldn't have Harry see me lookin' this way! Besides—it'd be kind of an insult to the dress to put it on when I'm not feelin' my best."

"I'll fix you up," Wales promised. "I can make you look pretty as a rosebud."

"Do you have any vanishing cream?" he asked. "Of course you do. Girls these days have so many fixings, it's a wonder they don't all look like Billie Burke."

"Now where's your powder? See, you look different already! Try to think of the other night and what Harry said to you—makes your eyes sparkle. That's the stuff!"

"My Lord, girl, but you're lucky—naturally curly hair! Now I'll go out in the hall, while you change your dress. Tap on the door when you're ready."

IT TOOK her nearly twenty minutes to adjust the dress. Perhaps some of the time she was merely screwing up her nerve. Perhaps some of the time she was doubting Wales a little. But at last her frightened tap sounded on the door.

"Gosh!" he muttered as he entered and saw her standing in the room, radiant and a little pitiful, her chubby person swathed in tawny, shining magic.

She was still a chambermaid, a plump, good-natured little girl from out-of-town. A famous man in Paris whose name was Paul, had not been able to make a queen of her. But she was a glorified chambermaid, a person to shake the heart of a truck-driver unutterably.

"Jiminy Christmas!" he whispered and wet his lips. Here was a picture that would put his name on every tongue that wagged in a newspaper office.

Hastily, as if afraid the apparition would fade, he lifted the camera and sighted evenly along the lens. His long, clever finger flicked a trigger. He had caught her, caught the cleverest girl crook of the year! He had caught her with her quaint, shy face illuminated as she thought of her lover.

But there was a bitter line about his crooked mouth. "Crime!" he whispered. "And I slugged a man once for killing a deer!"

The girl smiled at him when the powder of the flashlight had burned away, and came timidly to him, holding out the great rich dress between her fingers.

"Help me send this back to Sterlings!" she pleaded. "It's not hurt a bit. I took awful good care of it, honest, and if they get it back, what's the difference? Why should it matter that I wore it once and had a good time? The papers say it's worth a thousand dollars—I can't ever pay that back, Mister. I won't ever have a thousand dollars, probably, in all my life. It makes me feel kinda weak to just think of a thousand dollars—it's so awful much money."

He looked back at Cora Davis, with her snubbed nose, her drowned topaz eyes, her trusting face.

"Aw, gee!" he muttered, "the poor little mutt!" With a gesture of repulsion he shoved the camera back in its case.

"Sure, Honey, I'll help you," he said. "Have you got a box, just any kind of box—how's that cardboard one over there? Now

some wrapping paper—cheap, brown wrapping paper's best. Fine! Now some heavy twine. That's a good little girl. Now get me a piece of writing paper—that piece of blue stationery'll be swell. I'm going to wrap this up and send it through the mail—arouse less suspicion that way."

Hastily he scribbled an impudent message and signed it "Jessica James."

"Well, good-by, kid," he said. "Watch your step and hang on to Harry." She looked as if she might kiss him and he left abruptly.

Excitement ran high in the city that afternoon. For the famous dress had come back to Sterlings. Shimmering, fragile, unutterably lovely, it had come back in a shabby suit box, clumsily tied with twine. And with it had come a swaggering note from the Bobbed-haired Bandit.

"Thanks for the dress," it read. "Honestly I had to laugh at that burglar alarm! I had a lovely time and vamped five policemen.

But tell them not to cry. I'll be back. Love and kisses, Jessica James."

Wales was sent out to take a picture of the returned dress. He also photographed the letter and the box it came in, and took a panorama of the crowd which gathered in front of Sterling's window.

When he got back to the office he went into the dark room and began wearily developing his prints. Suddenly the shirt-sleeved form of the city editor appeared in his doorway. "How did you come out with those pictures at the Regis?" he demanded.

Laconically Wales held out a portrait of Lola Dukes, standing slim and alluring in her doorway. "Here's the guest," he said.

Jimmy glanced at it indifferently. "And what about the chambermaid?" he probed.

Wales was all contrition. "Oh, she was a simple little nut. But the darndest thing happened, boss! I broke that plate."

Your Own Room

[Continued from page 72]

as anything you can possibly imagine.

There are not many rooms where sheer bedspreads like these can be used, but in this room they are perfect. A heavy spread would be a false note. Some rooms can be made cooler for the summer months by substituting organdy spreads and curtains, but it is seldom that such fragile things can be used the year round.

Chintz spreads might have been used in such a room were they not three groups of windows hung with the chintz. However, there are rooms where a chintz spread is just the best thing imaginable. That point is brought out in the photograph at the top of the page. In that room, which is an attic one by the way, the chintz has been used only for valances, and therefore there is not much of it besides the spread.

SOMETIMES in a small room, or a room with only one window, it is quite possible to use the same material for draperies and bedspread and even for a small draped dressing table, provided there is a nice balance of color and pattern throughout the room.

If your bedroom has ivory walls and green and ivory painted furniture with window curtains of flowered chintz, you do not have to use a green spread or a chintz one. Select another color from the chintz, possibly solid peach or apricot, and make your spread of that. Use a soft cotton taffeta or a rayon taffeta (one of the new dull luster kind) and ruffle and trim it as much as you like or leave it plain and simple. This is also the type of room where you can use a ready-made spread, provided the color is right.

While hunting about in the bedspread department you will find one other type of spread that is very popular—that is the candlewick—modern copies of a style evolved through our great grandmothers' ingenuity. They put a pattern of knots made of wicking (ready for making candles) on to unbleached muslin sheets and used them for bedspreads.

Following this same principle and sometimes the same designs we now have a spread that is easily laundered and so inexpensive that it deserves its popularity. Now they make them with color in pattern or background, but all the original ones were the deep cream tone of unbleached muslin. Though they are meant primarily for Colonial rooms, there are many other types of beds for which they are quite suitable.

Speaking of Colonial rooms brings me to other spreads that can be used in rooms

of this character. In the lower photograph you will see an old blue and white hand-woven coverlet that makes a colorful and decorative spread. If you are not lucky enough to have inherited one of these from your grandmother you can buy one of the more modern adaptations.

Old quilts also make excellent spreads for the simple types of early American furniture, pine or maple. Some of these old quilts are made of odd pieces patched together, while others are appliquéd and have unusual and carefully blended patterns.

BEFORE we leave this fascinating topic of what the beds are wearing this season, we must speak a bit of sheets and pillow slips, of blankets and comforters. Today we use not only white on our beds, but any of the pastel colors. There are linen sheets, fine cambric sheets, or heavier cotton sheets, in solid colors, in white with colored hems or with fine French appliquéd designs. Even though you have plenty of white ones for your bed, do try just one pair of the colored ones to see how lovely they are.

Blankets that are light as the proverbial feather always seem luxurious. There are light-weight ones for summer and thicker and warmer ones for winter. Some are of cotton, some of mixtures, and some of the purest wool—all of them warm. The colors are all delightful and will blend with almost any color scheme you could fancy.

There are also the two-toned ones that are so beguiling—orchid on one side and green on the other, peach on one side and yellow on the other, and so on, in any number of combinations. There are fancy weaves that show two tones carefully blended together and there are the soft luxurious chaise longue throws or top blankets that are fluffy on only one side with a flat woven rayon pattern on the other. Such blankets can be used at the foot of the bed for the extra coverlet as can the down puffs that come in such lovely colors and are so wonderfully warm that it is no wonder we can scarcely pass them by.

There are less fluffy comforters that provide a great deal of warmth and yet can be tucked in flat with the other bedding—for down puffs are only top covers, as you know. These comforters come in all the usual bedroom colors or sometimes they are covered with a gaily patterned fabric that blends with your color scheme. You see the bed and its coverings have definitely become a part of the color scheme of the room and must therefore be carefully planned.



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Secrets of a Social Secretary

[Continued from page 55]

the other twenty. Even with these extensive accommodations, it was sometimes necessary to house visitors in what was known as the tent colony. To live in these tents was certainly no hardship. They were beautiful in design, thoroughly weather proof and equipped with every modern comfort, including hot and cold running water. Many of the guests preferred to occupy them. Located in a rarely picturesque spot of the great canyon which ran through the ranch, the tents were ideal places of abode for these pampered people of fortune who demanded the usual comforts of home when they communed with nature.

THE Clivedales were of the horsey, hunt club set, and the ranch was a symbol of their mutual fondness for blooded animals. In the huge polo pony stable were seventy or so carefully selected mounts, each of which had cost from one thousand dollars upward to eight thousand dollars. There was also a stable for thoroughbreds in which were housed the Clivedale racing string of thirty or so horses, two blooded stallions, twenty-two brood mares and foals. A private, half mile race-track was the training ground for the thoroughbreds. This provided great amusement for guests and later the horses raced under Mr. Clivedale's colors.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Clivedale were expert handlers of split second watches. When they caught one of the horses performing in particularly fast time, the word would go out that all of us would soon have the chance to win bets. Within the next week the horse would be shipped to Tia Juana and the entire house party would journey to the track to watch the Clivedale colors carried home in front.

These betting coups seldom went wrong. Mr. Clivedale was as keen a judge of equine conditions as was his own trainer, and when he expected one of his string to win, the horse itself seemed to feel the force of his dominant will and performed according to expectations. I was always thankful when these killings were under way. They added considerably to my own resources and made it slightly easier for me to keep up with the dreadful expense of dressing properly to mingle with these people.

Designed essentially for the pleasure of the Clivedales and their friends, this semi-tropical fairyland was in reality a superbly appointed Western ranch which performed all the functions characteristic of ranches. On the vast ranges reaching for miles in every direction were thousands of head of fine cattle, watched over by a staff of some thirty-five cowboys, who supervised the customary duties of rounding up, branding and preparing for the market. This idea of running the place as a bona fide ranch is a sidelight on Mr. Clivedale's cleverness as a business man. Since the presence of the cattle, cowboys, etc., made it strictly a business undertaking, it enabled the owner to charge off on his income tax return the heavy expense incidental to the maintenance of the estate.

Everything about the establishment harmonized with the Clivedale genius for organization and administration. For instance, a general store was operated near the quarters occupied by the cowboys. Tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, candies, food and small articles of wearing apparel were on sale at the store. Theoretically, the store was supposed to be operated without profit for the convenience of the employees, but as the general auditor of accounts, I knew we actually made money on the enterprise—not much, of course, but

sufficient to help out a little on the monthly payroll.

The round of gaiety was continuous from the moment the season started until it ended. The custom was for Mrs. Clivedale and me to close up the Eastern home in the late fall and proceed Westward with the servants. As soon as the two houses on the ranch had been put in order, invitations would be sent out to the friends who had already been selected by the Clivedales. Invitations were eagerly sought, even by those who normally moved in a higher stratum of society than their hosts. The parties at the ranch had become famous. It was known that life there was free and easy and that the whims of visitors were not subjected to excessive scrutiny. Anybody could do pretty much as he wanted to, and unless he transgressed certain inviolable conventions there was no effort to interfere with him.

Despite all this liberty, the atmosphere of the ranch was entirely wholesome. Outdoor life was the motivating spirit in the program of diversion. Polo was the outstanding recreation for the men. Mr. Clivedale was himself an expert player and his circle of friends included many of the men who have won national and international distinction in the sport. On one occasion I counted six men among our guests who were famous here and in European countries for their skill on the polo field. Mr. Clivedale saw to it that there were always on hand eight or ten good players in addition to himself—enough to make up two teams of four members each. All necessary paraphernalia, from mallets to riding ponies, was available for the players.

LIFE moved at a swift pace. There were roundups in which the guests took part, wild boar hunts, clay pigeon shooting, hunting, long treks through the wilderness, horseback trips along the canyon trails, bull fights in the corral, boxing matches, tennis and other sports. Motion pictures were made of all these activities and a few nights later, between acts by colored entertainers, they would be thrown on the screen for the amusement of the house party.

In none of my other experiences as a social secretary have I ever seen the pleasure pursued so vigorously.

Men and women who traverse the normal paths of life have no idea of what real extravagance is until they have seen such people as these in action. Money was simply not taken into consideration at all. Poor little Mrs. Clivedale, in an environment which would ever be new to her, had no more conception of the value of a dollar than did her husband.

Her standing instructions to me were that I should do everything possible for the comfort and happiness of the guests without respect to cost. Frequently that put me in a fearful plight. The household exchequer would oftentimes be reduced to a few dollars, and when I attempted to explain that I must have more money if things were to go on, she would become terror stricken and throw right back on my shoulders the problem of solving our difficulties. Somehow or other we always managed to squeak through.

To illustrate the utter disregard for money, let us take the telephone item alone. Each month it ran into hundreds and hundreds of dollars. Long distance calls were made without the slightest thought of the enormous tolls being run up. If Mr. Clivedale happened to be in New York, Mrs. Clivedale would oftentimes call him two and three times a day. A guest who wanted to

get some distant point on the telephone would go ahead and do it without thinking to ask permission.

The story of a shattered romance was once written between the lines of our huge telephone bill. Two weeks was the average length of time a guest remained on the ranch, but occasionally one of the favorites would be with us for the entire season.

A good looking young polo player, member of an enormously wealthy American family, was among the few who came early and stayed late. I noticed one season that he and an attractive young woman from Hollywood, some four or five hundred miles away, were carrying on a desperate affair.

Because of this favored guest's infatuation for the girl, she was asked to remain longer than the customary two weeks. At the end of a month she returned to Hollywood where she had a beautiful home. The young polo player seemed forlorn after she had gone. Four and five times a day he would call her on the telephone and say all the endearing things which lovelorn young men are prone to say.

When the telephone statement for the month arrived, I checked up on these particular calls and found that it had cost the Clivedales \$234 for their young friend to carry on his lovemaking from afar. In the hustle and bustle of life on the ranch, however, I forgot all about him and his affair of the heart until the next month's telephone bill put in an appearance. Then I searched through the various items to see how much the romance was going to stand us that time. The whole expense had dwindled to a puny \$67. I asked Mrs. Clivedale if she could explain it.

"Oh, yes," she said, "they broke that off nearly three weeks ago. Both of them have new interests."

SUPPLEMENTING the almost continuous round of outdoor diversion were the parties which took place indoors. Most of them were unconventional in the extreme and a few were wild and woolly. The Clivedales were noted for their liberal views. It didn't make any difference to them what their guests did as long as they didn't overstep the bounds of decency. Some of the visitors, taking advantage of this tolerance, were inclined to approach within mere inches of the borderline.

For some reason or other costume parties seemed to be the signal for heavy drinking. Some of the costume affairs were organized on the spur of the moment. One that I recall vividly came about as the result of a spontaneous suggestion made by a distinguished polo player who had been imbibing all through the afternoon and evening. In a bantering conversation across table, at the close of dinner, he wagered that he could disappear from the room and return within five minutes in fancy dress. The idea struck Mr. Clivedale as containing bizarre features and he suggested that if this guest could do it, all of them would.

"The one condition is," he went on, "that we must not go to our wardrobe for clothes. Everything will have to be improvised."

It was a great lark, and the polo player responsible for it more than carried out his part. Leaving his place at the dining table, he hurried to one of lounging rooms nearby, gathered up some fancy table scarves and bird plumage, draped himself in them and returned before the time limit.

Immediately there was a scramble by the other guests to duplicate his stunt. Some of the men rushed to the kitchen and stripped the chef and his assistants of their starched white aprons and caps. The butler and footmen were required to trade their livery for the conventional dress coats of the guests. Every piece of drapery that could be readily detached from its fastenings was converted into a garment for either man or woman. Cushions became hats and Persian

rugs were used for mantles. It was a weird and nondescript group of young men and women that reappeared in the dining room within the given five minutes.

Most of the persons constituting the Clivedale circle of friends were men and women between the ages of thirty and forty-five. The old conservatives were never welcome. If a man was past the fifty mark, he had to compensate for his age by having a spirit entirely in harmony with that of the younger guests.

Curiously enough, it was one of these older guests—a man whose age I should fancy to be in the neighborhood of fifty-five—who was the great beau gallant with the ladies. It was really amazing the fascination he seemed to have for them.

Like every one else on the ranch, I was entirely familiar with his history, which was colorful. In his youth he had come to this country from France, obtained a menial position in a hotel, saved his money and then, chancing everything on one throw of the dice, assumed the pose of an aristocratic young foreigner of wealth and leisure. The ruse was successful. Within a short time he had married a woman many years older than himself. When she died she left him an immense fortune. Subsequently he married another enormously wealthy widow and upon her death inherited another fortune.

"I suppose," he said to me one day, "you have heard all about the wealthy women who left me their money. It used to be quite a newspaper scandal—"

"Yes," I confessed frankly, "I have heard something about it."

He sat for a few moments in deep thought, "Let me tell you something about it you have not heard. I was truly fond of both of my wives. If I did marry the first for her money, I at least made up for that sin by falling in love with her. I did everything I could to make her happy. It seemed to them that I was the rightful heir. And considering how happy I made their lives, I am inclined to agree with that view of it."

His frankness in discussing the subject with me—or with any one else—was something I could never understand.

TH E most unpleasant duty that comes within the scope of a social secretary's work is that of inviting an unwelcome guest to leave. In every position I have held I have been called upon at some time or other to perform this difficult task. But the circumstances have never been quite as distressing as they were on one occasion when the Clivedales ordered me to ask a certain visitor to leave. It happened that he was my favorite of all the people they knew.

This man, like the one I have just described, was of the older division. His distinction as a celebrated author, particularly as the creator of several famous motion pictures, had gained the invitation for him to visit the ranch. Mr. Clivedale seemed to be especially fond of him. Mr. Clivedale personally urged him to stay as long as he liked, for he intended writing a book.

"We're going back east in a few days to spend several weeks, but I want you to remain here and feel perfectly at home," Mr. Clivedale said.

I was instructed to do everything I could to make the one remaining guest comfortable and to see that he had the full run of the place. I told him what they had said and suggested that if he wanted to have any dinner parties he was at liberty to do so.

He invited some of his friends to the ranch. A day or two after they had arrived Mr. Clivedale called me on the telephone and said that he had just received a telegram from a friend saying that the celebrity was being criticised. I denied it vehemently.

"You'll have to get him off the premises at once, Miss Roberts," my employer directed. Then he hung up the telephone.

As the people Mr. H— had invited to the



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ranch had been such charming guests, so far ahead of any Mr. and Mrs. Clivedale invited, I simply could not muster up courage to do this thing, especially as Mr. H—had already decided to return to his own place in a short time. I felt it best to let the matter adjust itself that way.

Upon the return of Mrs. Clivedale I was asked if I had carried out their instructions with regard to Mr. H—and how he had taken them. I told them I had not asked him to leave. I was told that as I had not carried out their instructions my contract was broken, for I was being paid to do

their bidding. Since Mr. H—had been a personal friend of Mr. Clivedale's for over seven years I thought I had handled the situation as tactfully as possible.

It was such exasperating episodes as this that made me disgusted with the work I was performing. I gave up being a social secretary, determined never to reenter the field. Whether I shall stick to this resolution I don't know. Although the hours are long, the work hard and the expense of "keeping up with the Joneses" terrific, the life has its alluring side. Some day I may return.

This Side of the Footlights

[Continued from page 73]

Her whole attitude is one of sole possession and utter disregard for those about her. It never occurs to her that she has only rented the privilege of occupying a seat in that theater and that everything she says or does more or less affects each member of the group.

Of all the annoying pestiferous creatures at the theater the woman who talks incessantly before, after, between and during acts, is the worst. Her constant stream of comments on the actors, the leading lady's gowns, the scenery and the probable outcome of the play are too exasperating. As if any one cared what she thought! Too bad we haven't a theater bouncer to put her out.

FEW people realize that the acoustics of a theater amplify every sound we utter so it is well not only to keep our voices low but to censor what we say. At the matinee the other afternoon, there sat in front of me a funny little woman, who, the moment she sat down, began to tell her friend, in a tone that could be heard for rows about how she had hurried through her lunch dishes, how her ten quarts of peaches had spoiled because of defective can tops, how she was cutting over her husband's last year's coat for her youngest boy, how she always used castile soap to bathe the baby. She naively went on entirely oblivious to the fact that some fifty or more utter strangers were taking in every word. All this, thank goodness, was between acts.

Consideration for the rights and pleasures of others is the secret of good manners at the theater. But some of us who are anxious to be considerate are puzzled about certain trivial forms of theater etiquette. For instance, it is the woman who follows the usher down the aisle; her escort follows in the rear. The usher, like a head-waiter in a restaurant, acts as guide. If there is no usher, the man sometimes goes ahead to find the places.

When there are two women and one man in the party, the man sits between them

unless their seats are on the aisle, in which case he takes the aisle seat. In a theater party the guests should go down the aisle and enter the row in the order in which they are to be seated even though this necessitates the men preceding some of the women.

Not long ago I sat near a gay happy-go-lucky theater party. The women came tripping down the aisle ahead of the men and seated themselves leaving every other place vacant. This made it rather awkward for the men, for to get to their places they had to pass in front of the women already seated. Then of course one or two of the party insisted upon exchanging seats. Some always do. It was not until the curtain had gone up that they finally grew quiet.

By the way, it is not necessary in a theater for a woman already seated to rise in order to let others pass. A man, however, should always get to his feet when any woman wishes to get by.

Strange as it may seem, I have frequently been asked if it is good manners to applaud in the theater. Oh mercy, yes! If you have enjoyed the performance applaud and do it enthusiastically and generously. Applause is our only way of showing our appreciation to the actors and to let them go thankless is rather mannerless on our part.

Just as it was once fashionable to arrive at the theater about the middle or end of the first act, so was it the custom to start putting on wraps during the finale. When the curtain went down practically the whole audience used to be on their feet ready to rush out. But in these days we are not so badly mannered. We stay in our seats, and we don't even touch our wraps until

the curtain is down and down for the last time. When it is we stay at our places to put on our wraps.

Then we walk, we do not rush to the nearest exit. To fall into line and to wait our turn, both when we arrive and depart, seems the just and last rule of the well-bred theater-goer.

The Houseparty Murder

[Continued from page 49]

compliments between us now. Why did you change your name?"

"I was advised to by some friends I made abroad after you left. My past life stuck too closely to me. I thought I could get by with it and I have—until now."

He was a little sheepish in this confession as if he realized the absurdity of his notion.

"What would you lose by not telling on me?" he pleaded further. "I, on the other hand, if you do betray me, stand to lose everything."

"Everything?" His dejection worried me. "Joseph, are you in love with my sister?"

"I didn't mean that." He looked up quickly and directly at me. "I meant you would destroy all these friendships, everything I've tried to establish in the past half dozen years. I had no idea, you see, how valuable human relationships would come to be. I'm a lonely person at best. I'm too old—to face exile. I think I'd rather die."

"Joseph," I said, "at best it is a story I wouldn't enjoy telling. I won't tell it if you give me your word that you are not making love to Mary Lou, that you will not make love to her."

"Edith, I swear to you," he said, "that nothing is farther from my mind. Your sister is adorable, but she and James Forbes opened their home to me when I was a stranger. I think the world of both of them. Their friendship has given me my happiest hours in the past few years. I'd be a fool and an utter cad—"

SHORTLY after Harry Croft had gone back to the card table, I became aware of another presence in the room. Turning my head, I beheld Richard Burley reclining in the reader's chair under the big electric lamp. His feet were comfortably propped up on an antique stool.

"Do you like music?" I asked nervously.

"I like you," he said.

"Mercy!" I rose from the bench, horribly, delightfully confused and started to go back to the others. He followed me. We found Mary Lou with Croft and Bob Fiske, a neighbor who had strolled in, sitting idly before the fire.

The boy, Bob Fiske, turned out to be quite a violinist and he, Henry Croft and I fell into a discussion of music old and new. Richard Burley contributed by sitting with emphasis at my left side and saying nothing most eloquently. This rather left Mary Lou out. I noticed a baffled and uncertain expression on her face. It had never happened before that I held the attention of three men while she was present.

She took up a magazine—and laid it down. Presently she went to a window and strummed on a pane. I asked her what she was watching for.

"Something you've all forgotten," she said in a tone of reproach. "That is, Jamie may be on the road somewhere, travelling here all by himself. No telling what may be happening to him!"

The group before the fire dissolved instantly.

"My dear girl," said Harry Croft, "I do beg your pardon. Shall we take the car and try to find him?"

"Oh, never mind," said Mary Lou crushingly. "He can take care of himself, I guess. That's why people do forget him. But I've been thinking of him all evening ever since Edith frightened us all by seeing things!"

I must have showed my astonishment at Mary Lou's sudden solicitude because I caught Richard Burley smiling at me with an inquiring lift to his eyebrows. He was about to say something when from the road sounded the uneven rhythm of a motor.

"There's Jamie now!" I cried and Mary Lou ran to the door.

Certainly no fault could be found with her greeting. She dashed out into the night and brought Jamie in. They entered with arms entwined, Mary Lou carrying a fat brown briefcase.

Jamie's greetings to the rest of us were rather absent-minded.

He seemed nervous and tired. Of course, he had had a long drive. A headlight had gone out and he had been stopped by the road patrol this side of Wynford. Then he'd had a time getting his engine started again and had come the rest of the way limping.

"Lot of police around, Burley," he said. "Spreading a net for some one?"

"It gives an impression of activity," Burley said.

"Well, never mind, darling," said Mary Lou. "You sit down now and rest yourself and I'll get you something to eat. Hungry, dearest?"

"Am I hungry?" snorted James. And everybody laughed. For a lean man he had a ditch digger's appetite, and he had missed dinner.

Henry Croft gallantly escorted Mary Lou to the kitchen, holding the light before her as they went.

WHEN we could hear them clattering at the far end of the house, I took my first keen view of my brother-in-law. He wasn't fat. He'd never be, but he had solidified with the years, grown definitely older. He had been a bounding, excitable young man. He was now merely restless.

He looked up to find me watching him and smiled at me affectionately—bless him!

"Well, sis," he said, "it's good to see you again!"

In me flared a passion of loyalty and defense. Henry Croft had better keep his pledge; I sternly scrutinized him and Mary Lou when they returned from the kitchen. Mary Lou bore a platter of sandwiches and the candlestick. I did not like the way her eyes shone behind the candle light. I didn't like her general radiance, the skip to her step; but almost instantly she slipped down beside Jamie and was holding hands with him like a school girl.

IT WAS half past one before we started to go to bed. We stood in a ring about the table discussing the distribution of lights.

"We'll leave the lamp for the landing," said Mary Lou, "and—"

She had hardly begun her sentence when something struck the floor of the back porch with a soft, dull thud.

Mr. Croft and Mr. Burley were out of the door like a streak. The wind, at their exit, blew out two of the candle flames.

Mary Lou's eyes glittered with terror and she wouldn't let James join in the search until one of the other men had returned.

In different pairs the three men went all over the grounds and the porches. The examination must have been thorough when James took part, but they found nothing.

"I can't explain it," said Mr. Croft when we all stood once more in a circle about the flaring candles, "unless it was Mrs. Yawley's black cat. It's as dark as pitch outside and you couldn't tell him from the night."

"A black cat was just what we needed to cheer us up!" said Mary Lou, her voice edgy with nervous excitement.

But, with various gasps of relief they all concluded that of course the noise had been that of a cat leaping from window sill or porch rail. It might have been. Still, the face at the door earlier in the evening



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had been human of that I was sure.

"Tomorrow," whispered a burry voice at my ear, "I'd like to talk to you—about different things. Tonight, please don't be afraid. We won't let anything happen to you, not a thing in this world."

Under the pretense of keeping me from being lonesome, Mary Lou undressed in my room, but I knew that some definite purpose lay behind her chatter. She rattled on about the social life in Chestnut Hills. She talked about some antique shops she was going to show me in Philadelphia. Finally she wanted to know what I thought of Henry Croft. What had we talked about at the piano? Was I vamping him?

"Goose," I evaded, "he was just being polite!"

She looked so disappointed that I half regretted my promise not to tell what I knew of him, but I had given my word. Anyhow, the story to be effective would have had to include the carnelian beads. With a start I remembered that I had left them in the pocket of the gray percale apron. Of course I wouldn't go downstairs after them. Meantime, to Mary Lou's question, I repeated what I had said before—that Henry Croft was a charming person.

"Oh, he is!" agreed Mary Lou. "It would be nice to have him permanently connected. Don't you think you could manage it, Deedie?"

My only reply was, "Go to bed, Mary Lou. You're beginning to dream."

"I'll go, soon as I've finished this cigarette. My word, I've burned the bedsprad! I suppose, however, you're just contrary enough to like the other one better."

"Other what?"

"Man, stupid!" Dick Burley took one look at you and fell with a bump. We all noticed it. I could never hit it off with him. He's got a sort of Mussolini idea that women are useless, pretty trinkets, and he has no time for trinkets."

"That kind of man," I said, thoughtfully "usually conceals a perfect devotion to one woman, real or ideal."

It was an ideal time for confidence and as I looked at Mary Lou I was again sharply regretful of the pledge that kept me silent. I didn't know then how much she might have to tell.

I only knew that I felt an irresistible desire to be affectionate to her. We hadn't been brought up to kiss each other good night. It took a conscious effort for me to do it.

Mary Lou was pleased and startled.

"Why, Deedie!" she said. "You never did that before!"

"I think it was a mistake that I haven't. Don't you?" I asked.

"I think—you are in love," surmised Mary Lou and slipped away across the dark hall.

I WASN'T sleepy when I first went to bed. The wind was noisy and I considered getting up to close the single window that I had left open for ventilation, but the air had grown chilly and the blankets over me were so soft and warm. I went off into a long, dreamless sleep, which carried me over into the middle of a gray, still, wind-harried morning.

When I wakened it was past nine o'clock and I smelled wood burning. Somebody was up, perhaps everybody. I was glad, glad of daylight. People and things would look so different!

"Mary Lou!" I sang out as I passed closed doors in the hall. "There's nice hot water waiting for you!"

"Uh-huh!" came a sleep-fogged response.

That settled Mary Lou. She wasn't down in the kitchen. Certainly Jane wouldn't be there. The benevolent person who had built an early fire to give us hot water, must be Jamie or Harry Croft or the interesting and still brand new Richard Burley. I was off to see.

There was not a trace of ash or crumbs or bottle tops or candy wrappers in the sitting room. The carpet looked newly swept. Behind a brushed hearth burned a neat, crackling, well-ordered fire. I went on into the kitchen humming cheerfully.

MY SONG was hushed by the dignified rebuke of two pointed shoulder blades jutting out between the straps of a gray calico apron. I never saw a narrower back than that of the woman who was setting a coffee pot to the back of the range.

"Good morning," I said. "Are you Mrs. Yawley?"

The creature turned, and while she took complete stock of me, I finished looking at her. She was narrow all the way around. Even her features were narrow.

"Yes'm," she said finally in answer to my question and turned her back. A huge black cat—almost a leopard in size—took this moment to add himself to the picture.

"You handsome thing!" I said in startled greeting.

He looked at me out of enormous green eyes and acknowledged my tribute—or the warmth of the kitchen—by slow curling swoops of his long silky tail. Mrs. Yawley stirred her porridge. Was I routed? Not much!

"I am Miss Rockford, Mrs. Forbes' sister," I explained.

"I figured you out that way." There was no pause in the stirring.

"It was very good of you to come and take care of us," I insisted.

"I work for Mr. Croft regular," Mrs. Yawley said.

"But under the circumstances—"

"What circumstances?" She turned abruptly and faced me.

"I was so sorry to hear of your nephew's—" I paused, wanting a gentle word.

Mrs. Yawley folded her long hands over what would have been her bosom if she had had cubic dimensions.

"Man that is born of a woman," she pronounced, "is of few days, and full of trouble."

Careless familiarity with the scriptures has always embarrassed me. I looked around the kitchen for something else to discuss.

"Kitty, kitty," I coaxed.

"Name's Black. Despises to be called Kitty!" Mrs. Yawley went out to the pantry and brought back a pan of potatoes. "Want your breakfast?"

"I'll wait for the others," I told her.

"You'll wait a time!" snorted this rather terrible woman. "I give Mr. Croft and that wide-mouthed pest, Dick Burley, theirs at seven o'clock. They hiked out for Indian Point. The rest may be up for dinner and may be not." She took a vegetable brush from a hook and began to scrub potatoes.

"I'm going to fix you folks a hearty dinner," she announced, "and then I'll be obliged to leave again."

"We'll manage," I said cheerfully, taking it for granted that she would be returning to her sister's home. "I suppose we'll have gas and lights today."

"Not likely. The wind took down a lot of wires last night. They'll probably come and turn things on but I don't know how much good that will do. We ain't even a telephone here this morning."

She turned and favored me with another abrupt scrutiny.

"You don't favor your younger sister none, do ye?" she asked.

"I've been told I don't—"

"She caterwauls proper when there's a gale or somewhat. Obliged to have somebody to hold her hand!"

"Her husband was with her last night," I said with dignity.

"Good thing!"

Almost, I fancied, a gleam of human

sympathy warmed that sourish but not uncomely face.

"How long have you worked for Mr. Croft?" I asked her.

"He bought this house often me," she said, "and my services along with it."

She stood, the vegetable brush and a large potato motionless in her hands. Her eyes were fixed on a narrow shelf above the sink.

"My pa built this house," she said to the shelf, not to me. "We lived in the best style long before these highfalutin' city folks come to clutter things up and spoil the scenery. Pa had a fishin' fleet. He made good money—a while. In his late years he didn't do so good. Got kinda despairing and went out one night and jumped off the rocks and get himself drowned. Mr. Croft come along, looking for a place, just in time to keep the mortgages from being foreclosed. And I just stayed on—working. I was a lone, widow woman—" The story drifted to a close.

"Oh!" I said, sorry for this gaunt person. "No wonder you feel that the place belongs to you! I hope you aren't too unhappy in your position here."

"I ain't a fool. I had to go on living."

I murmured something then about leaving, about not getting in her way.

"Set on," she said. "You're welcome." And the cat accepted her endorsement by curling up at my feet.

But I couldn't sit dumb.

"Have you—has anybody any idea who might have killed your nephew, Mrs. Yawley?" I asked. There was nothing impersonal than we two could have spoken about.

"I don't know as it matters," she answered. "Twouldn't bring him to life to know!"

"But don't you think murderers should be caught and punished?"

SHE clung stubbornly to her argument that all that mattered would be resurrecting her dead nephew. Then suddenly she made one of her startling turns of body and speech.

"What I would like to know is—what's that Dick Burley pestering around here for? What's he doing—sleeping here and all. Who give him leave?"

"Mr. Burley passed the house last evening and dropped in. Mr. Croft invited him to rest here over night."

"What's he snooping around here for?" she demanded. "What's it his business if Mr. Croft does go off to Indian Point to arrange about the funeral? Why does he have to tag after him closer'n a hull on a nut?"

"He isn't tagging," I told her. "He's investigating this case."

"Is he?" She sniffed. "Well, if ever I see a smart alec—"

"But Mr. Burley is a state's attorney," I said.

"Why wouldn't he be a state's attorney? If he wouldn't make a good shyster lawyer, who would? He's got the longest nose in seventeen townships and he pokes it into everybody's business, will you or won't you. He can give you my history complete, the history of anybody on this coast, without looking it up in his books and they tell me he sometimes sets up all night just a writing down the goings-on of folks as innocent of evil intent as—as you!"

She pointed her vegetable brush straight at me. I jumped from my chair. As I did so, she thrust a hand into the pocket of her apron and held out my string of carnelians.

"These yours?" she asked.

I explained that I had taken them off the night before while we were getting supper.

"They're pretty," she said. "I should think they'd be too valuable to leave hanging around."

"They are," I said putting them back

around my neck. "Thank you so much."

Jamie came down just then and we had breakfast alone together, barring interruptions. Jane was making up arrears of sleep. Mary Lou didn't want anything she said, but while we were eating she came swishing down the steps. She had a large bittersweet chocolate in her hand and she took a banana from a dish of fruit on the table.

"Did I," she said, "hear you gossiping with the Yawley demon?"

And the demon stood in the kitchen door with a dish of hot toast and a plate of butter. One quick glance passed between them and Mary Lou dashed up the staircase.

Mrs. Yawley put down her toast and butter and removed our porridge bowls in silence. Tempted to laughter, I glanced at Jamie. He was gazing adoringly at the hall door through which Mary Lou had just disappeared.

Harry Croft returned alone soon after breakfast and he and Jamie went out for golf. Jake Hopper brought the missing trunk a half hour later and Mary Lou set out with me for a long walk.

The air was chill and evidences of the heavy sea were everywhere. The tide was going out, leaving on what had been yesterday a pretty beach a litter of pebbles, shells and trash. Glenhaven stood higher than any other bit of land thereabouts. Moreover, the jutting mass of rocks below it served as a sort of breakwater, saving its grounds from attack. But the lawns of the other cottages had suffered horribly. A rime lay over them for twenty or thirty feet beyond the sea wall, a rime like that of hoar frost, except that this was bitter salt.

At the end of the arc we came to a white cottage built close to the sea. A thin, middle-aged woman with faded blonde hair trying to wash the brine off the grass with a garden hose. Mary Lou introduced me to her as Miss Fordyce. She welcomed us cordially and suggested that our whole party might enjoy coming up there for bridge that evening. Willie was expected in the afternoon.

"I can picture Harry accepting the invitation," chuckled Mary Lou, as we turned in from the coast towards what she said was a village. Willie, she explained, was a husband of one of the three sisters who owned the cottage, a mild enough gentleman, but one for whom Croft had great contempt as being under petticoat rule.

We couldn't talk much after that because the wind was in our teeth.

As we came back towards Glenhaven over the littered beach by the Fordyce cottage, we saw Richard Burley poking, small-boy fashion, at a stranded jelly-fish. He had changed from a business suit to brown corduroys, boots, a flannel shirt and a lumberman's jacket of red and green plaid.

"Somebody's looking for you," said Mary Lou to me, and flipped a pebble to attract his attention.

Shouting, and with his face all a-grin, he came leaping up a flight of stone steps along the wall.

"Going to be a glorious afternoon. Like to take a sail?"

I looked at him in amazement. Was he suggesting a pleasure jaunt on that water?

"Oh, anybody can sail a smooth sea," he said. "It takes a real skipper to ride storm water. Come on."

It was arranged that we should start from a place called Stony Creek early in the afternoon.

DINNER at Glenhaven was a pleasant meal. Harry Croft presided at the head of the table with both skill and grace.

We were all in the best of spirits. Jane Weber scraped the cheese sauce from her baked potato, but ate everything else on the menu straight through. She caught me looking at her.



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"You chapped your face this morning," she informed me sweetly. "You're as red as a beet."

I smiled my appreciation.

"What you'll look like this evening if you sail all afternoon, I can't imagine," she continued.

"Don't try," I said.

It would have taken more than concern over my complexion to keep me from my afternoon's engagement. It was a gorgeous experience, even including the initial embarrassment of my introduction to Richard Burley's boat.

Bob Fiske had been impressed as crew. He rowed me out to the sloop on which Richard Burley was running up sails.

The water was quite rough, even in the harbor. I thought the rowboat would never come alongside the larger craft, which bobbed and tugged at its anchor. Mr. Burley seized the stern of the dinghy while Bob grappled for a hold.

Unaided, I was expected to transfer myself from one jostling craft to the other. It wasn't possible for me to step over daintily. I crawled over a bit of rail and dropped on a leather cushion. I was so glad I had not dropped into the sea!

Bob Fiske leaped after me nimbly.

"Are you a good sailor?" Mr. Burley inquired.

"I hope so," I answered unsteadily.

To tell the truth, I was in a state of panic even while we rode at anchor. With the craft in less able hands, the party might still have ended in disaster for me, but, no matter how I rated as a passenger, Richard Burley was a skilled seaman.

IN ALL my life I have never spent an hour of such selfless bliss as the hour when that expedition was at its crest.

At the time there was almost no speech. Homeward bound, I surprised once on the pilot's hitherto immobile face a broad, pleased grin. He flicked his eyelids in my direction.

"Enjoying it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I breathed.

"Why have I never met you before?" he asked.

I was startled. The question was so exactly the echo of a cry within me.

"I don't know," I faltered.

"Well, now that I have met you, I don't mean to let you escape. Not if I have to issue a warrant for your arrest."

Dick wanted to know all about me—where I lived—what I did and so on. I suppose all this while really I had Mary Lou on my mind, for Dick Burley's comment at the close of my narrative was simply, "You're very fond of your sister, aren't you?"

"Of course I am," I said. "Isn't every one? Now, tell me about yourself. Mrs. Yawley calls you, for example, a wide-mouthed pest."

"There's a woman for you," he said.

But presently he did tell me a little of his life. He was an orphan. He had been brought up by a maternal uncle who had been a fish merchant in one of the larger coast towns. A lawsuit over the inheritance from his father had interested him in legal practice. Legal practice had interested him in people. He was a graduate of Yale. He had commanded a fleet of submarine chasers in the late war, maneuvering off this very coast. He was a state's attorney now, drafted into service because of his peculiar knowledge of people and local conditions. I say drafted, because I also inferred that his interest in people was not primarily one of prosecution. He had a public office in the courthouse at Wynford, but his private office and his home were in an old, old house in the same town, kept for him by a widowed second cousin.

The facts were few and briefly, though unreservedly spoken. He didn't intimate whether life had been a struggle for him

or not, whether he was rich or poor. I imagined that his income was at least a comfortable one.

"I've never married," he concluded, striving to keep his rough voice light, and achieving because of the effort a sort of huskiness. "A man wants something more in life than a girl—just a pretty girl. Once upon a time, when I was at my callowest I heard a line in a play that went like this: 'To love is to find the one person in the whole world with whom you want to live all your life.' I may have a word or two wrong, but there you are. I had a girl with me that night at the theater—just a girl. I took her home, tipped my hat, and for almost a year I hardly went out with anybody. You see the line went home. 'To find the one person in the whole world with whom you want to live all your life'—do you think that's absurd?"

I shook my head. A dimness was over my eyes.

"I wouldn't have you think," he continued, "that I've gone about on any Galahadish searchings or that I make tests of likely candidates and all that. I've just waited. And now, you see, I've found her."

His eyes swept mine with all their blue intensity. What I answered I can't say. I only know that suddenly, abruptly the sail was over, just when I hoped that it might go on forever.

The boat was brought alongside the wooden pier from which in the early afternoon Bob and I had climbed down steps to the rowboat. The water was infinitely calmer, and my disembarking was more graceful than my coming on board had been. I commenced a speech of gratitude only to be interrupted.

"By the way," said Richard Burley, "would you go on the witness stand and describe that face you saw looking in at you last night?"

"Why," I said in surprise, "yes, I suppose so. I saw very little, but I could tell that much. And, oh, I must tell you, that might well have been a cat we heard jump last night. Mrs. Yawley has an enormous black pet and he goes in and out through the kitchen window. I saw her let him in that way this noon."

"But it wasn't a cat you saw at the door?"

"No. That was a person's face, but so indefinite that I'm not sure I could recognize it unless I saw it again under the same conditions. Still, if it would help you any, I would do my best at a description."

"Good!" And I was basking in one of his good-natured grins. "You see, if I find it necessary to issue that warrant I mentioned it would be well to have some legal grounds."

EVERYTHING seemed quite serene as Bob Fiske and I approached Glenhaven cottage. Jamie was in the side yard, half concealed by the raised hood of his motor, which he had probably been "tuning" all afternoon. Harry Croft's car was gone and Mary Lou and Jane were entertaining guests at tea.

These were the three Fordyce sisters and a dog, a thin, yellowish animal who came up and sniffed at me and was called off by three voices at once.

The eldest of the three sisters, Miss Emily Fordyce, was a short, dumpish, over-solicitous mother person. The sister I had met in the morning was Miss Bee.

Then there was Miss Annette, who was really Mrs. William Weatherby.

They had determined on having us at their cottage that evening. Willie, it seemed, adored bridge, and of the sisters only Annette played cards.

"You come, too, Robert," said Miss Emily to Bob Fiske. "We can have two tables. I'll make some fudge!"

The Fordyces twittered and chattered

another half hour. Finally, they rose to go, repeating their invitation for the evening.

When they had gone, we discovered Harry Croft and Jamie in the kitchen, contemplating with much glee six large lobsters, which wiggled over Mrs. Yawley's linoleum.

We had a gay supper consisting of those lobsters with butter sauce, salad, hot rolls and baked apples, which Mrs. Yawley had left for us. Directly after it, we packed James into his rehabilitated motor, because he had to be back in Philadelphia in the morning.

I WENT up to my room to change my clothes and found Mary Lou in a red chiffon dinner gown, pawing over my jewel box. She was not half so startled at my discovering her as I was startled at the vision of her in that dress.

"Have you anything," she asked nonchalantly, "that I can wear around my neck? Mother forgot every single ornament."

I knew what she was hunting.

"Nothing," I said, "except my carnelian."

Mary Lou wrinkled her nose at me and pouted.

"Smarty!" she reproached me. "Where are they, then?"

"I keep them hidden," I evaded. "Mary Lou, aren't you looking unusually radiant tonight? Won't the Fordyces be overwhelmed?"

"Deedie," she said, "I'm not going to the Fordyces with you this evening."

I came on into the room and closed the door behind me.

"Mary Lou," I said, "what are you going to do this evening?"

She might have refused to tell me. I thought she would; but, in a moment, with an air of engaging frankness she answered, "Harry and I thought we'd take a little ride. That is, he was going and I didn't think it looked in the least polite to let him go off alone.

"There's a dance on over at Wynford. We may drop in there later on. Why, Deedie, would you have liked to go to the dance, too?"

I said, "You haven't the faintest idea of going to any dance, Mary Lou."

"Why, Deedie!" She sounded shocked.

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"Well, you can ask mother. She knows my plans."

"She might," I conceded. "Does Jamie?"

"Now, Deedie, don't be ridiculous. How could he know? Do you," she laughed, "think I ought to send a message to him?"

"It won't be necessary," I said. "If you go out alone with Harry Croft tonight, I'll take the message myself."

"Why, Deedie, are you crazy? I never saw you like this in all your life."

That was probably true and I was almost crazy. I felt outrage mounting in me. Outrage at Mary Lou for being so sweet to Jamie while pulling the wool over our eyes.

Outrage at Harry Croft for openly lying to me.

But outrage most of all at myself for being such a fool as to take his word for anything!

"Deedie," Mary Lou said, trying one more plea, "don't be stuffy! You know I can take care of myself."

That old boast! I waved it aside.

"I don't care what you say, Mary Lou. You are not going out alone with that man tonight, or any other night, while I'm here to prevent it."

Then Mary Lou dropped pretense. Her eyes flashed.

"Get away from the door, Deedie!" said Mary Lou in a cold, determined voice. "You might just as well let me go, Deedie. You know I'm stronger than you are. I will have my way. There will just be a scene and I'll do what I please in the end."

I must have realized that this was so, for abruptly I released the doorknob, which I had held so tightly that my fingers were cramped. I stepped swiftly to my dresser and from a top drawer took a chamois bag. I held it out to Mary Lou.

"Go then," I said, "if you're that foolish, go on! But, as a favor to me, wear these and ask him how he likes to see them on the wife of his best friend."

"Deedie," said Mary Lou, hardly above a whisper, "what are these?"

"Love tokens," I answered her bitterly.

"Deedie—yours? From him?"

"He gave them to me seven years ago in Italy."

"But, Deedie, you said you didn't know him."

"He had another name then."

"No! But why, why didn't you tell me—before this? Last night?"

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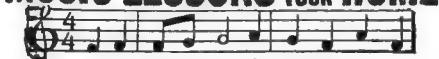
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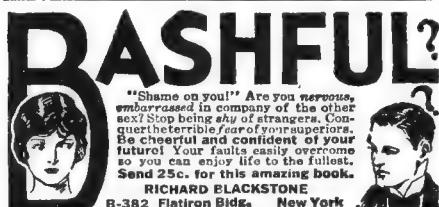
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"It isn't an easy story to tell," I explained. "I didn't want to spoil a friendship for you and Jamie or for him because he seemed to have reformed. You see, I loved him once upon a time, Sis, and I thought—well, anyhow, he gave me his word last night that there was nothing between you and him nor ever would be."

"Now, of course," I said, "I know what I've really known always, that he is an utter scoundrel. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Oh," I finished petulantly, "anyhow, don't try to make my silence excuse your deceit!"

"Deedie, did he—jilt you?"

"No!" Outrage still lifted me beyond reach of personal offense. "Worse than that. Wait, I'll tell you!"

It wasn't an easy story to tell—but I gave her all of it, and somehow a burden I had carried lifted as I talked. The telling took perhaps fifteen minutes. I was surprised, confounded at the end to see that Mary Lou was crying. She sat so still, my beads like drops of blood over her clasped hands, slow tears rolling down her cheeks.

"I'm so miserable!" she moaned, and I knew that at last Mary Lou had come to taste the heights and depths of love. Punishment had overtaken the gay heartbreaker. She loved Harry Croft and she had never loved Jamie.

I tried to take the beads from her hands but she held them as a saint might cling to a rosary.

"No," she said, "I want them. I want to wear them—just tonight."

"But, Mary Lou—" "Don't be afraid. I'll go with you to the Fordyces. But I want to wear these tonight. Please, Deedie!"

IT SEEMED Petty to refuse. She sat on my bed while I dressed. When I had finished she went to the mirror and powdered her nose carefully and massaged tear marks away from her eyes, though hers had been a quiet, if desolate, weeping. She dropped the beads over her head.

"You said there was a charm to them," she said. "Didn't you?"

I indicated the seventh bead in the pendant with its warrior carving.

"All the emblems are symbolic of something," I said, "but I found a legend about that one. If I remember the words of the charm, they are, 'A man with a sword in his hand, on a carnelian, preserves the place where it may be from lightning and tempest, and guards the wearer from vices and enchantments.'"

"From vices and enchantments," repeated Mary Lou, as if giving responses.

"Oh, darling," I said, "don't wear them. Don't look so—so—"

I couldn't find the word. Her eyes were feverish. Her head was up as if defying a death thrust. The beads were blood on her slim brown throat. But she would wear them. She gathered up her wrap from a chair. It was an all white coat which intensified the color of her dress, the beads.

We went down arm in arm. As we passed through the living room to the back stoop, Bob Fiske rose to join us. Harry Croft was standing beside the mantel smoking. He took the lamp which I carried from my hands with a word of thanks. If he was surprised at Mary Lou's leaving, he made no sign.

"Are you off?" he asked pleasantly. "Well, have a nice time. I'm going to read. A perfect night for a fire and a book."

THE Fordyces received us in a flutter. We arranged a table of bridge in the dining room, which was really the rear part of the reception and living room.

I wished Mary Lou had drawn a place in the game. She needed occupation. She was restless from the first. Once she went back

to the kitchen to talk to Emily about the fudge, stayed there a minute, then back she came to the living room to sit and smoke with Miss Bee.

Willie held a hundred aces, and was fearfully excited because Jane had twice insisted on taking him out of his no-trump bid. We played that hand and two more, and then suddenly I looked up to find that Mary Lou was no longer in the room. I thrust my newly dealt cards into Annette's hand. "Play for me," I commanded her and, a second later I demanded of the two elderly sisters in the front room, "Where is Mary Lou?" Miss Emily clicked her bright shears about a triangle of blue satin. Miss Bee looked up and smiled.

"She took the dog and went for a walk."

"Oh!" I said. "You shouldn't have let her go! Why did you?"

I rushed rudely out of the door but Bob Fiske, caught me before I had left the porch.

"I'll find her for you, Miss Edith," he said. "Thank you, Bob," I said. "But stay here, please,—as if nothing were wrong. Please. I'll find her."

"Miss Edith, I can't let you go down that walk alone."

So, he guessed where I was going!

"I'm not afraid," I assured him, and I wasn't—for myself.

I left him there on the porch and ran down the white sea walk, regardless of black shadows to either side of me. Half way to the Croft cottage I was out of breath, not from physical strain but from terror.

I came to the steps leading up the Glenhaven grounds. I had to pull my weight up by the iron railing. On the third step from the bottom lay a crumpled handkerchief. I stopped for it and thrust it into my cuff. It was a scrap of printed silk—Mary Lou's kind of handkerchief.

From the top step I saw all of the house. It was dark except for a dim light in the living room and a brighter light streaming from the library. I strained my ears to hear voices but everything was dreadfully still. Then all at once something crashed within the house. A crash! A splintering of glass! A muffled outcry! The French doors opening to the west were flung open and Mary Lou ran out into the night.

It all happened so quickly. There hadn't been time for me to take a step forward. She ran out into the night, blindly, wildly. She was coming straight towards me, but it was not a person she sought, but the rocks, the sea. You knew it—seeing her so desperate. Out of the shadows I reached for her and caught her.

She screamed. Not loudly. It was a gurgling cry of dread. And then she knew me.

"Deedie!" she gasped and sank at my feet. She flung her arms around my knees and clung to me as if I had been some post to anchor to. The grip was painful. More so were her convulsive sobs.

"Mary Lou," I urged. "Hush! Get up. Let's go away from here!"

She stumbled to her feet. She hurried down the steps. But I kept fast hold of her and turned her in the direction of the Fordyce cottage. She drew back, tugging at my hand.

"Where are we going?" she demanded. "Why, back where we came from," I said. She shuddered.

"I can't go back—there!" Her voice was husky, low in her throat, still filled with some horror. "I can't go back there!"

The light from an electric street post revealed Mary Lou in a shocking state of dishevelment. Her dress was torn. The lovely sleek hair was in wild disorder.

"Oh, let me go!" she begged, seeing my shocked eyes. "Why did you come after me? Why didn't you let me drown myself?"

I felt very weak, impotent; but I tried to make myself commanding.

"Mary Lou, tell me what happened."

"He tried—" the words would hardly come, "to make me—he tried—oh, I can't tell you." She pulled away from me.

"Mary Lou, he didn't—"

"Oh, no!" she moaned. "I got away. I got away from him but oh—" she rose and spread her arms as if her own contact was unendurable, "the vileness of it! The vileness!" I was so relieved that I was near to collapse. When I did speak my voice was glad, jubilant.

"Why, Mary Lou, then it's all right. Everything's all right!" I insisted. We'll stay in the house tonight, as if nothing had happened. We'll leave as early as possible in the morning. You'll never see him again, I promise you—"

"I can't go home," said Mary Lou hollowly. "I can't face—Jamie."

"Tell me everything," I suggested. "Talk it out, dear, if you can!"

Little by little, in broken fragments I had the story. Mary Lou had been hurt by my statements earlier in the evening but the hurt had been one peculiar to women—wounded vanity on hearing undeniable truths about some one you're going to love whether or no. She was mad about this man. Could I understand that?

Could I!

She had asked for the beads, meaning to wear them and face him with their story.

And then, as we were leaving the house, he had looked at her, just looked at her and remembering that look—suddenly, right in the midst of our bridge game she couldn't bear things any longer. She had to go back to the house and have it out with him.

She had found Harry in the library. Almost at once she was sorry she had come. He wasn't reading. She thought he had been drinking. Only, he never drank. Didn't I remember what Dick Burley had said about him being a teetotaler?

It was just that he looked so queer, had such a funny light in his eyes. He was surprised to see her. But he was sweet at first. He placed her in a chair and just sat there, holding her hand and talking to her. But when he tried to kiss her this time she was frightened really. She tried to draw away—as naturally, as unconcernedly as possible; but she couldn't free herself. There was an unnatural glitter in his eyes. He had been drinking.

Her first decisive motion of withdrawal had angered him. Before she could rise from her chair he had her in his arms.

I don't know what words Mary Lou used in the telling. But out of her hysterical jumble of fears and recriminations and more fears I obtained a picture of the struggle that had taken place in that room. If Mary Lou had not been the strong person she was physically, she would never have freed herself. The chair she had been sitting on was overturned. Other furniture toppled. Something that was of glass fell and splintered on the hearth. And then, the man must have stumbled, for there came Mary Lou's one opportunity. She wrenched out of his slightly relaxed grasp, threw open the French doors and fled.

When we got back to the Fordyce place I tried to ward off all questions by saying, "Mary Lou had a little accident. That's what kept us."

"But, darling," said Jane, peering at her daughter's haggard face. "you've been crying—and did you fall on your face? It's all scratched."

There was one long scratch on Mary Lou's right cheek that might have been made by a ring setting or a pin or a fingernail. Mary Lou herself didn't know how that had come.

"And did you just have to wait for somebody to come and pick you up?" cooed Jane, patting her. "You were gone so long!"

Mary Lou, even in an hour of crisis, was a better inventor than I.

"Well, if you must know," she said woefully, opening the scarf at her throat, "I've lost Deedie's beautiful beads and I can't find them."

The beads, to be sure, were gone; but the invention turned out not so good, after all, for everybody insisted on coming out to help us look for them.

We hunted beads the length of the promenade with a flashlight. I thought they would never stop asking questions.

"Listen," I said finally and most ungratefully, "never mind about the beads. If they were lost on land they'll be found tomorrow. If they went over the rail into the sea, they'll never be found. I'm going to bed."

WE WENT on to Glenhaven, Bob and Mary Lou in the lead. He would help her down the walk. Perhaps it was just as well. She had to control herself with him.

"Mr. Croft, seems to have retired," said Jane as we approached the house.

"Yes," said Bob, "the house is dark isn't it? Would you like me to go in with you?"

We thanked him, but said we weren't afraid, as long as we found a lamp burning in the living room.

He stepped to a reading lamp on the desk in the sitting room. To our surprise the light flashed on. The brilliance of the electricity, compared to what we had been using for light, was stupefying. We laughed a little—and Jane cried out sharply.

"Why, Mary Lou, you are hurt! There's blood on your coat collar."

"Oh, bother!" With a childish reminiscent sob, Mary Lou put her hand to the back of her neck.

"It was those wretched beads!" said Jane.

Of course it had been the beads. They must have been torn from Mary Lou's throat, torn violently, for when Jane laid back Mary Lou's coat, she moaned at the ragged welt she uncovered and kissed Mary Lou's bare shoulder. Mary Lou quivered but kept still. My eyes had so commanded her and for once she obeyed me.

Bob was all for calling a doctor.

"Bob," I said, "we're all right. What's the matter with you? Go on home, will you, like a good fellow?"

Being evicted, however, didn't prevent him from making the rounds of the house outside. He might have been a hired sleuth, poking about with his flashlight. I saw him but I hurried Jane and Mary Lou upstairs. "Go to bed, dear," I said to Mary Lou. "and try to sleep. If you hear anything, don't mind. I'm going down to the library to look for those beads. I've got to find them, you see, before any one else does."

I went down the steps in the dark, meaning to light no lamps until I was out of range of the hall. As I entered the living room, the wan fire flared up and must have revealed my presence there, for I heard almost instantly a tapping on the glass of the back porch door. And there was Bob Fiske, looking in.

I opened the door. His young face was pale, excited. The eyes were dilated.

"Miss Edith," he stammered, "I found a door wide open! One of the doors in there!" He pointed to the library. "It was dark. I didn't go in. I didn't like to, without saying something to one of you."

"That's funny," I said, a queer prickling over me. "That's very funny. Come with me."

We opened the door beside the living room fireplace. The wind came in through the open French doors of the library and clutched at my thin skirts.

"There's a switch near the door frame," I murmured. I groped for it, and found it.

A dome light in the ceiling of the room flashed on. One rapid glance into the room and my body froze to attention.

In his reading chair sprawled the master of Glenhaven, dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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Toni drove up just then in her battered little old roadster, and Chris went down the steps to meet her.

"Hello, youngster, looking for Johnny? He's around," Chris said, and Toni answered eagerly, "I was looking for you, Chris, but of course if Johnny's here—"

"He's having a twosome with Merrill," Dorothy called from the steps, and Toni's look changed—all the gaiety seemed to go out of her. But only for a moment. Then she said proudly, "Of course, he told me. Get in, will you, Chris."

They drove off together, and Toni's proud little head never turned toward the links. Chris watched her steadily. Then he said, "Toni, I promised never to talk about this again, but—are you happy?"

She said, "Why shouldn't I be?"

"I don't know why not," Chris answered. "I just wondered if you were."

Toni slowed the car down.

"I just felt like having a nice man take me to dinner and drive around afterward," she confided, and put her hand over his for a moment. She went on in a lowered tone. "I'm all right, Chris. You mustn't worry about me."

"I do worry about you," he said. "I worry about you all the time. I can't get you off my mind. I—"

"You worry—because Johnny plays around?" she said.

Chris muttered, "Yes," and watched her miserably.

She thought aloud, as though she were trying to straighten things out for herself as well as Chris.

"I've played around so long myself, Chris. I've made love and broken promises and—Chris, I think I understand Johnny's sort of man because—I'm that same sort of girl."

"You're not."

Toni went steadily on.

"Yes I am, too. We're both the restless type—the inconstant type. But that doesn't mean we can't love—really love. That doesn't mean—"

"Do you?" Chris asked. "Do you love him?" and Toni turned her beautiful reproachful glance on him.

"Here's how I feel, Chris," she said. "You know I don't believe in jealousy. I think it's low. I think if a woman really cares, she trusts—in the face of criticism—in the face of anything. She believes and trusts and is—generous, too. Why—Johnny loves me because I understand him, Chris. Oh, I've failed myself so often. I've hated myself. If—if I couldn't live up to this I'd be broken-hearted."

Her voice died away. She had said it as though it were her creed—to love generously, recklessly, not counting the cost to herself. At that moment, Chris thought he had never seen any one so beautiful.

He said suddenly, desperately, "I've been a fool! A blind fool! If Johnny hadn't come along we'd have fallen in love. And I'd have married you myself."

"Chris!" she cried. "You don't mean it!

Say you don't! Not now—not so late. Not—oh, my dear, my dearest friend, my own brother, don't! I'd be miserable."

Chris ran his shaking hand through his hair and said in a muffled voice, "I must have been crazy—"

And then to Toni, "Don't look so scared, idiot! I was ragging."

Toni actually gasped with relief.

"Heavenly day!" she said. "Don't do that again! As a matter of fact, Chris, I'm mad about Johnny and all that, but you are you, and if I thought I'd hurt you—that way—I'd simply have to keep him waiting at the church, that's all!"

Different

[Continued from page 59]

Chris didn't go to dinner with Toni that night. He remembered, half way back to town, that he had forgotten a business engagement, one that he had to keep.

Just before they parted, Toni told him that her marriage had been postponed for a month. Johnny had put it off because of some business that would prevent their going abroad till that time. And, sensing some unspoken criticism of Johnny's delayed-wedding policy in Chris's silence, she quarreled bitterly with him then and there, storming at him, daring him even to express an opinion on the subject—letting him know very definitely that she was capable of running her own affairs.

To tell the truth, she was hurt about that delay herself, and angry at herself for minding.

For the first time in all their stormy friendship they did not make up after a quarrel.

CHRIS, Toni read in the paper, had been appointed chairman of a committee to raise money for the city hospital. He had asked Merrill Parker to be his assistant and they were organizing an amateur company which would present plays during the winter for the purpose of raising funds.

And Merrill confided to Dorothy St. Evans, who of course told Toni and the world, that she was keen about Chris, and had no time for Johnny from now on.

That meant—having Merrill out of the picture—that Johnny was with Toni more devotedly than he had ever been. She would have been very happy in those days, had it not been for her estrangement from her old playfellow.

Johnny told her in a thousand different ways that he loved her.

"You should get away from this little town, with its little standards, Toni," he told her. "You've never seen Paris—you'll be beautiful in Paris. You're out of place here among these commonplace people. Oh, we'll come back—we'll have to come back some day, I suppose." He laughed, charmingly, ruefully, and kissed her.

"I'll always love this town, Johnny. I'll probably be homesick."

Johnny said, "Homesick—with me?"

It didn't seem possible!

IT WAS just ten days before her marriage that Toni began to get the letters.

She had been shopping all morning for garments flimsy and dream colored; and she had said good-by to Johnny at noon. He was driving to Philadelphia for two days to settle up some last business before he became a Benedict.

She came into her own house, cheeks whipped scarlet by autumn wind, packages in her arms. The letter was lying on the hall table; she picked it up casually enough, opened it.

"Why do you marry Johnny Stephens?" the letter said. "He may love you but he is not worth the trouble."

It was unsigned.

The second letter came next morning. It was on the same kind of paper, plain office stationery, and typewritten. Toni held it as though it were a snake. It said,

"Did you know that your beloved Johnny had been taking the cashier of the Print Shop restaurant home nights?"

The third letter said, "Why did your Johnny go to Philadelphia? Don't you wish you knew? He went over for the same reason he put off your wedding a month ago. You are making a terrible fool of yourself."

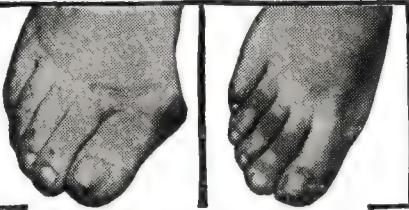
When Toni read that, she went straight out of the house, down the steps, and across

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the broad lawn to Chris Herrick's house. Because she was at home there, she did not bother to ring the bell. She had seen Chris drive up an hour before and she went directly into the living room where he sat, staring gloomily into the fire.

He jumped up when he saw her and light came into his eyes; Toni went to him, the letter in her hand.

"Do you know anything about that?" she asked. She was shaking from head to foot. Chris read it; stared at her, unbelieving.

"Toni, you think I do?"

She cried, "You're the only one knew it was Johnny put off the wedding! You might have told Merrill, Chris! I believe she's capable of this."

"Don't say it!" Chris said menacingly. "Don't say it!" and then, "My God—I don't know you! You've changed so—he's changed you! You—saying that about Merrill! Believing it—any decent person—"

He pushed her away from him; he said, "Shall I tell you why—why you let that letter drive you crazy?" His voice was cold, cold as ice; Toni stared at him, utterly white.

"It's because you believe what it says yourself!"

She turned from him then with a last look of hatred and terror; ran wildly from the room, out of the house.

THE next day Merrill told every one that she and Chris were engaged to be married; and that same night Johnny Stephens was killed in an auto smashup, on his way back from Philadelphia.

Toni—beautiful, gay, headlong Toni, so passionately alive—Toni was like a dead thing.

She would see no one in those first awful days. Her mother, eyes red with weeping, told every one who came that Toni was upstairs, that she would see no one, she didn't come down to meals.

Later, Toni came down; even walked—rather feebly as though Johnny's death were an actual physical pain to her—on the streets. She wore black and Johnny's ring was still on her finger. She was pitiful to see.

"She says she feels she is his widow," Mrs. Warburton told visitors with a sort of frightened pride. "She says she feels that life is over for her, and she's so young."

CHRIS came to see her. She shrank from him, not offering to touch his hand. She sat stiffly in a high backed chair across the room from him and spoke painfully to him of his own affairs, through twisting lips.

They might have been the most casual of acquaintances. And at last he got up to go.

"Toni," he said hesitatingly, "won't you let me take you out sometimes—driving, or something—won't you? Can't I help, dear? It's—"

She said, dry eyed. "I can't go, Chris."

"But if Johnny loved you he wouldn't want you to grieve this way. It'll kill you—it's not normal—it's foolish."

"Chris," Toni said, "I—we doubted him, you and I. And we had no reason to doubt him. He was hurrying back to me when he was killed."

Her voice broke. She added, "I'll never be disloyal to him again. Don't—don't come any more, Chris."

Chris set his lips and went; his hands were tied. Johnny, dead, stood between them more than he ever had in life. Chris could not say to her now, "You are grieving over disloyalty to a man who was never once worthy of your love."

Tall and solemn-eyed in black, she defended her dead against him. He knew that the old loving Toni would never turn to her brother-friend again. There was gossip about Johnny, but Chris would not listen to it. Even when the gossip was confirmed beyond any shadow of doubt, he stayed silent and brooding, going about very white and thin, taking Merrill to parties, wherever she

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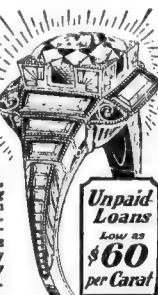
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wanted to go, not listening to half she said to him.

It was Merrill, after all, who took Johnny's wife to see Toni.

Toni stood staring at the two of them—Merrill little and pink and gold, her eyes wet with sympathetic tears—Mrs. Stephens tall as Toni was tall, rather beautiful and very tired looking.

"I felt it was only justice for me to come to you," the woman said. "Miss Parker told me about you. I thought Johnny would have wanted me to come. He never really liked to have any one feel so bad. I was here anyway from Philadelphia. I suppose you know he didn't leave a will?"

Toni said, "I hadn't thought about it," through dry lips.

"I guess you'd have got most of the property if he had," Mrs. Stephens said ruefully. "Miss Parker said you and he were going to be married right after the divorce."

Toni whispered, "The divorce—"

Merrill was absolutely silent; the woman looked at Toni shrewdly, not unkindly.

"You mustn't blame Johnny too much and you must put him out of your mind," she said in a firm tone. "You're too young to have all your life spoiled. I was divorcing him and he came over home to see me to see if everything had gone through all right. I got cold feet a month ago and put it off," she confessed. "I don't really believe in divorce. We—we had two boys. But I always said Johnny couldn't help himself."

The voice went droning on. Toni put her hands to her head as if to hold her mind steady, steady, against the madness that was on her. She heard, through thickening mists, her own voice saying, "Why—but why didn't he tell me? I'd have—tried to understand."

"I'm sure you would," Mrs. Johnny Stephens agreed with her. "But Johnny was a regular fool about women—he didn't have much judgment about what to tell and what not to tell— Any pretty face—"

After a while she murmured, "Well, I thought you ought to know. Miss Parker thought so. Her father's handling Johnny's



"What I want to know is
it the stockings he is sand-
wiching or has Joe got It?"

business. Now I hope you don't feel too bad—" She moved vaguely toward the door.

Merrill slipped back after she had seen Mrs. Stephens to the door. She put her arms round the rigid figure, still dry-eyed, still standing there.

"Toni, dearest, I'm so sorry," she whispered. "Are you all right, Toni? She was terrible, wasn't she? I thought you ought to know. I'll never tell a soul! I'm so sorry. You're all right?"

"Merrill," Toni asked, "why did you bring her here?"

Her eyes searched Merrill's. Merrill said, "So you'd be sensible—stop this. It's worrying Chris to death."

Toni turned and went up the stairs to her room. She took her mourning off with shaking hands; she gazed at herself dry-eyed, in the glass; she was very beautiful, but the look about her mouth, the reckless set of her lips, made her turn away from herself. She went to the closet and began to take down the bright soft frocks she had bought for her trousseau. She wore one of them down to dinner and if she wept, nobody knew it.

SHE went into Chris's office the next morning. He looked up to see her standing there before him, with a hard young smile on her lips.

"Chris," she said, "you're running this show for the hospital, aren't you?"

"Why, yes," he said. "I am. What is it, Toni?"

"Let me join the party," Toni said carelessly—lightly—as though they had met only an hour before. "Let me be in it, will you, Chris? I thought I was going to be too busy this winter, but—"

Her lips trembled. Chris said hastily, "Of course you can be in it. We need you."

That faint quiver of her lips was the last sign of any emotion that she gave him.

She flung herself into work, into rehearsals; and because the play was a gay French comedy and Toni was, as the professional director said, just the type, she was given the leading role at once.

"And I believe," Dorothy St. Evans said to Chris, "that she could go right from here to the professional stage in New York! Really, she's wonderful, Chris. Only—she doesn't seem to care about anything any more."

There were rehearsals every night for weeks in Dorothy's big living room, in the club house, and one or two evenings on the big barnlike stage of the Central Theater, where the play was to be given. Merrill was in it, too; and Chris and Dorothy and half a dozen others; but Toni, reading her lines with brilliance and a hard sort of glamour, kept them all outside the high and terrible barricade she chose to build about herself.

She was thin, and her eyes burned. When Chris reproached her with her thinness she told him with a bitter laugh that plenty of women were working hard to lose weight and that she didn't at all mind throwing her health to the winds.

"Don't play the heavy father with me, Chris!" she said, and laughed in his face.

They were standing in the wings during one of the rehearsals at the Central Theater. Chris was amateurish and extremely self conscious, making love to Toni in her part; he had come off, white to the lips, with Toni following coolly in his wake. He said, "You're as thin as a rail. It makes me sick to touch you."

"You can bear it until the show is over," she said.

And he cried, "Toni, you fool! Just the same fool you always were! Good Lord, will you never have sense!"

She answered, debonair and insolent, that it mattered very little to any one except herself whether or not she got thin, and she certainly didn't care.

"I care," Chris said, and Toni answered coldly, "Save your anxiety for Merrill.

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Merrill watched her, watched Chris watching her. Merrill was thin, too; she was apparently utterly crazy about Chris. She hung around him, she made love to him before every one, she was soft and sweet and charming. Chris took her home every night, punctilious in his attentions to her." No date had been set for their wedding, but it was to be sometime in the spring. It was very plain that Chris was not mad about her; but he was engaged to her and he would marry her and be kind to her the rest of his life. He was that sort.

Merrill watched him, gave him no chance to quarrel with her. She had a minor role in the play, but she was charming in it, and pretty. Only she could not touch Toni in her gay, sophisticated love-making and her thin beauty.

SHE came into Toni's dressing room in the theater the night of the opening performance.

Toni was making up. The rest of the cast were trembling, in the grip of stage fright, but Toni was cool. She sat before her dressing table touching her eyelids with grease paint, making up her wide expressive mouth.

Merrill said, "Toni!" and leaned against the door. Her eyes were blazing like a little white cat's. Toni didn't turn around. She said, "Oh, hullo, Merrill! Sit down."

"I've got something to say to you," Merrill answered, not moving. She waited a minute; she actually ground her teeth.

"You can't get him—so don't try!" she said.

Toni turned and looked curiously at her. "You're hysterical," she said calmly. "You'd better get a glass of water and then sit down."

Merrill was in her gray maid's costume; she had a handkerchief in her hands and she tore at it, twisted it.

"Don't think I don't see what you're trying to do!" she said in a shaking voice.

"What on earth are you talking about?" Toni asked. She leaned back in her chair and her eyes met Merrill's levelly.

"You got Johnny, but you won't get Chris," Merrill said sullenly. "Do you think I don't know—making him worry—driving him crazy. I came to tell you it won't do any good! Chris isn't like Johnny. He'll never throw me over—for you or any one."

Toni said pityingly, "Why, Merrill, don't feel that way. I—this sort of thing—between two women."

"What do I care what you think about me?" Merrill said between her teeth. "I'm not the good sport type—I don't pretend to be! You're not such a sport yourself! You took Johnny! Johnny and I—Johnny and I—"

Her voice broke. "He loved me first," she said. "He was seeing me right up to the last. I feel bad too, but I don't go round making a fool of myself. I always knew what he was, but I didn't care. You hadn't sense enough to know."

"I think we'd better end this," Toni said. "I'm not trying to get Chris away from you. Why should I? Please let this drop."

Her tone was a dash of icy water in Merrill's distorted face; she cried out, frenzied, raging:

"Why should you! Why should you! Do you think I'm crazy? Johnny was mine—you never really loved him! It's Chris you want—always has been! But I mean to keep him now!"

Toni went straight home that night, after the performance. There was to be a dance afterward, a big dance. Every one looked for her for a while and Merrill was loud in her denunciations of any one who would ditch a party that way.

Toni went straight home, but she didn't

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go in. She paid the taxi driver and walked up the steps, her arms full of roses that had been handed to her over the footlights. She laid the roses on the porch and tiptoed noiselessly down the steps. A light snow was falling, and she had on thin slippers; she drew her wrap closely around her.

The streets were cold and empty and a thin keen wind blew. Once she found that she was crying—had been crying for a long time. Her cheeks were wet and cold. She got a handkerchief out of her pocket, and mopped her eyes, but the wind stung them. It was hard to stop the tears. She shivered and kept on walking. She was safe enough in the quiet streets, but lonely, lonely.

Lonely for Chris!

What Merrill had said had been a stinging blow in the face of a sleeper.

Only it had come too late.

Once she struck her hands together and said, half aloud, "Oh, I've been crazy! I've been an utter, utter fool!"

Not to see it! Not to know it! To feel it and never know she was feeling it! It didn't seem possible! Why, she couldn't have been happy with Johnny—without Chris. What Chris thought of her mattered so—had always mattered so—

She went back at last, so tired that she could hardly walk. Past the rows of houses set pleasantly back from the walks, past Chris's home, his yard, the hedge. To her own steps.

Some one was waiting there for her. She said, "Chris?" and he came to meet her and put his arms around her, tight, tight,

and she leaned wearily against him. She sighed, "I'm so tired. I've been walking." "Do you love me, Toni?" he asked, and she tried to pull away.

"Merrill! Chris, you mustn't," she whispered.

He said huskily, "That's all right, dear Merrill—she'd been crying, and I asked her—She told me a lot tonight—Those letters, Toni—she did send them."

"About Johnny?" Toni asked incredulously, looking up at him, so close, so close to her. He nodded; his face troubled.

"She—when I thought you hated me, she—she said she cared. I wanted to end things between us, so—Well, I guess I thought I might as well be comforted," he said shame-facedly. He seemed bent on telling her everything, there on the porch with the winter wind blowing around them.

"She broke down tonight—she told me what she'd said to you. She told me she never did love me. The poor kid!" Chris's voice roughened a little. "She was crazy jealous of—of Johnny. She's had a rotten time—but I guess she wasn't as hard as she thought she was. She told me—"

Darkness was lifting, lifting, from Toni's heart.

"Chris, you're so good," she said contentedly, just touching her hand to his face. He held her, silent for a minute. Then went on, "She said you loved me."

Toni whispered, "Chris, how can you—believe me? I've been in love so often," she said in her old puzzled way. "And now—this—"

"This is—different," Chris Herrick said.

Persistency, Inc.

[Continued from page 44]

oblige an old college chum. She was still restless. She and the friend took a course in professional candy making just for the fun of it. Katy liked candy making and she had to do something.

Which proves the element of character there is in all success stories. If Katherine Stone had been easily satisfied, probably nobody would ever have heard of her. She would have taught school, remained a secretary, or stayed a smart deb until she made a smart marriage. But she couldn't! The drive was there—and only when she got to candy making, and saw through it some strange manifestation of her own creative urge—only then could she settle down.

Even then she still had to learn the truth of Mr. Kipling's remark about the swiftness of traveling alone toward success. Katy tried to start her candy career in partnership with her Boston girl friend. In fact she did start it—and then the friend married.

That was a stiff blow. Katy was lonesome. And she was practically broke. She thought about home. Her family said she was silly to tackle a business venture by herself. Still, they encouraged her, by advice and aid. She went back home and started making a few pounds of candy a day.

Her factory was the kitchen of a three-room cottage on a Kansas City residential street. Her organization was herself and a small colored girl. Katy did everything but the pot washing and sometimes she did that, too.

She had one pet conviction that she was determined to put over. That was that people wanted the best candy they could get, and that they would be willing to pay for it.

It took her only a few months to prove this. Kansas City began to talk of Katy and her candies and before long the little three-room cottage was painted and fitted up to be a combined factory and shop. Customers were permitted to come into the kitchen and watch the candy they had ordered being

made. Customers liked that so much they told other customers. In less than a year, this advertising made the cottage altogether too small. It became all factory and Katy opened a shop in the business section.

ANOTHER one of Katy's two-year contracts went by. At the end of that time, she began looking about her again. She saw that her directing of the purely business end of her candy trade was taking too much time from her personal supervision of the manufacturing end.

So she proceeded to prove that she was of the stuff that makes great business success. She had the courage to take a partner with brains equal to her own and to delegate to the partner all the troublesome business end, while she continued to supervise the production and selling.

Katy added to her talents the ability to act as consultant to hostesses who came in for advice on their parties. She planned meals, color schemes, favors—and of course, Katydid candies suited to the particular occasion. The almost immediate result of this was another small shop and finally the ambitious Katydid Sevillia, amusing, elaborately builided to resemble a Spanish patio.

Six years' hard work—and at the end, success, an established position in her own home town, achievement. Still, Katherine Stone doesn't think she is at all remarkable.

"I wouldn't advise any woman to tackle a business of her own unless she has a lot of persistence and doesn't mind hard work," she says. "But granted those factors, I think any girl with health, courage and energy could have done what I have done."

"Candy making has been fun to me ever since I was a little girl. It still is fun now that my kitchens turn out thousands of pounds a week. And that, I think, is one of the reasons Katydid candies have been so successful. When work becomes fun to you, every thing else comes easy."

You Can Get Away With Anything

[Continued from page 79]

for luck on top of what I pay the wholesalers, but the auditors tell me we made a loss last year and what with all this income tax I don't know which way to turn. The guv'nor's buttoned up his pockets and says I can do or die and he won't advance another penny. Still we've just turned the corner, I believe."

"Well, what about the terms? Do I get salary and commission or what?"

"You put in two thousand pounds capital, old girl, the same as I did, or rather as the guv'nor did for me, bless his heart, and you take a half share of the profits or losses as the case may be. You also get all your own hats cost price, thus saving an appreciable amount."

"But, darling, I haven't got two thousand pounds. After all, I shouldn't cost you anything and I'd introduce a lot of custom, and I can put up three hundred if you insist."

"Afraid you've wasted the price of my lunch," said The Lady Eleanor frankly. "You wouldn't be a partner at that rate. If you want to be an apprentice I'll take you for a hundred and fifty spot cash."

Ann sighed rather sadly and went off into a daydream. Certain words of Greville's heard or half-heard during the previous few months recurred to her; phrases about raising capital, loans from banks, interest on loans, reducing expenditure to pay off borrowings, and so on and so forth, floated through her mind. Were all businesses contingent on money that one didn't always have? Perhaps even Greville deserved some kind of pity.

DRIFTING at a bare twenty miles an hour along Maida Vale, Ann reflected how small is the necessity for hurry when one has nowhere worth hurrying to. In the course of time she drew up outside Lorne Mansions, her despised dwelling. She had acquiesced in it by now, pushed the furniture about, added her personal belongings and ceased to complain. On the other hand she neither forgot nor forgave.

The sitting room struck her as more than usually banal.

"I 'spose," she thought, "it's the hang over from Pamela's farewell luncheon, where every one except me was on the point of leaving London for somewhere amusing. How I'm to endure London in August because we've got to wait for this beastly Grand Prix, I don't know."

A knock fell on the door, and the housekeeper entered.

"Mitchell," Ann exclaimed in desperation, "for the love of heaven don't knock before you come in. I've told you about seventy thousand times only to knock on bedroom doors."

"I'm sorry, madam. A Mr. Dennis rang up from Brooklands to say Mr. Chard has had an accident while driving a racing car. They're bringing him home by road. Mr. Dennis said Mr. Chard's doctor ought to see him at once."

"Thank you, Mitchell."

"I doubt," Mrs. Mitchell told herself in the corridor outside, "if she 'as any feelings at all. I might 'ave been telling 'er the washing 'ad come 'ome, for all the difference it made."

"I wonder," Ann thought, "if he's disfigured in any way? I don't think I could bear that. They didn't say if he'd broken an arm or a leg. People have fearful crashes at high speeds."

She shivered faintly, and went to the telephone.

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"Is that Sir Henry Crewdson's house? That Sir Henry? Mrs. Chard speaking. My husband's crashed in a racing car at Brooklands. I haven't heard any details. They're bringing him back and he'll be here at any moment. Lorne Mansions, Cricklewood. Yes, we've let Seamore Place. Can you come over at once? Splendid. Good-by."

She opened the door of Greville's bedroom, gave a quick glance round it, and went out.

"I s'pose I'll have to be good to him for a bit, anyway. I don't know anything technical about nursing, but in the case of a man one has to think of the psychological side—look pretty and seem cheerful. If he's cut out of the race he'll be frantic."

THE hall door bell rang and Mrs. Mitchell answered it. Ann followed her along the corridor.

She saw between Dennis and Greville's mechanic a very pale, tottering Greville, his head swathed in bandages, his left arm in a sling. When he recognized her he smiled rather grimly.

"Sorry to be a nuisance, Ann. It's nothing very dreadful. I look a bit messy, but that's a detail. These two chaps will help me into my room if you'll show them the way. Third door on the left, Dennis."

"Rotten luck," Ann answered. "This way, please, Mr. Dennis."

She went ahead of them, opened the bedroom door and stood in the corridor watching. Speech had evidently exhausted Greville. His bandaged head began to droop and his body to sag. Two tall men had their work cut out to support him. They handled him with supreme gentleness and spoke encouragingly.

To her astonishment Ann felt sudden tears in her eyes. Her mind pictured the gay, tireless Greville who had married her not much more than a year ago, good-looking, without a care in the world. Beside that picture this bandaged figure, almost collapsed in the arms of his companions, seemed infinitely pathetic. They were half carrying him through the doorway now, lowering him gently into an arm-chair. Dennis turned to her and said soothingly:

"There's nothing to be alarmed about now he's home, Mrs. Chard. He'll be fit again in no time. George and I will get him to bed if you wouldn't mind ringing up your doctor."

"I did that ages ago. He'll be here almost at once. I s'pose you want me to go out. You might let me know when you're through," Ann answered, and then with something from days gone by in her smile, "Buck up, Greville old thing."

She carried whiskey and soda and glasses into the sitting room for want of anything more useful to do. Sir Henry Crewdson arrived and disappeared into the bedroom. Almost instantly George came out, and Ann beckoned him into the sitting room.

"Have a drink. You need it," she said.

"What actually happened? Don't hurry. Drink that whiskey and soda first. You look done in."

George seemed ready to weep.

"It's a mystery to me," he answered. "I'll take my bible oath we'd been over every nut in her, but something must have stuck in the steering gear, even if it was only for a second and that did it. She got out of control and turned clean over. The mercy was she didn't catch fire. As it is Mr. Chard's had wonderful luck—no damage but cuts and bruises, and a bit of a shaking. The car's practically as right as rain too, for all we could see. But I had the fright of my life when we went to pick him up. He looked so still."

"Never mind, George, we'll soon get him all right. Have another drink while I go and find out what the doctor says."

Sir Henry turned to her as she entered the bedroom, all restrained heartiness.

"Congratulations, Mrs. Chard. No bones broken, nothing more serious than a bump on the head and some cuts on the left arm. I've promised to get him fit in time for his race if he does what I tell him. Let's all go into the other room, shall we, and I'll explain about one or two things?"

In the sitting room Sir Henry delivered his little lecture.

"You boys would have done better to shove him straight into the local hospital, but I suppose he wanted to get home. The superficial injuries are nothing but he's been shaken pretty badly and he's got to be kept absolutely quiet. I'll send you a night nurse and a day nurse, Mrs. Chard, and come back again in the morning. Ring me up if it seems necessary. Good-by."

He went out, followed in a few moments by Dennis and George. Ann tapped on Greville's door, closed it softly behind her, sat on the edge of the bed and took his right hand in hers.

His eyes looked very weary as they searched her face.

"I feel most apologetic because this is going to be a frightful nuisance for you with two nurses cluttering up the flat. They must live out, of course, or you won't have room to breathe. I shan't need two for more than a day or so, but these doctors always go slow if you've had a crack on the head."

"Crewdson wasn't at all anxious when he talked to me. How did it happen?"

"The steering went back on me. Theoretically impossible. Must have been a flaw somewhere. Are you very much put out, Ann?"

"No, you idiot. Why should I be? It's you who must be put out, losing all these days when you want them badly."

"Oh well, Dennis and the others will do quite well on their own. They're all hand-picked. They had the wind up properly today though. Thought I was finished. I say, Ann, am I a very messy sight?"

"Not a bit. You're rather picturesque really. Would you like a drink or anything?"

"I'd like a glass of soda-water if you don't mind."

She brought it and sat beside him again while he drank. He gave her back the glass and smiled.

"Funny, but you don't look fed up; you look sorry. Would you have been sorry if I'd really gone West?"

"Of course. What makes you ask?"

"'Cos I bore you so. You might have been glad."

"Don't be an ass, Greville! After all even I have a heart, strange as it may seem. Besides, I'm very primitive, like all women. It's instinct to look after the wounded."

She bent over him, kissed him, and leaned her cheek against his. The scent of her hair drugged him and suddenly a great peace descended. He put up his one good hand and stroked her head.

AKNOCK fell on the door. Ann replied, "Come in!" and Mrs. Mitchell came in, conscious of rectitude because one may at least knock on a bedroom door.

"The nurse has arrived, madam," she announced.

Ann went out to meet this angel of healing and called back through the doorway, "It's all right, Greville. She's awfully pretty."

Thereupon, blushing slightly yet not altogether displeased, Nurse Davies entered her patient's bedroom.

That night, while Greville rested in the deep oblivion that a hypnotic brings and Nurse Davies sat on guard, Greville's wife lay among her pillows smoking a cigarette and tried to explain life to herself.

"How marriage gets back on one! I married and tired of it and tried to mitigate it with another man, but when the crisis arrived Julius wouldn't help me. Neither

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would any one else. Now that I'm left to myself marriage plays its strongest card and stages a little tragedy. Naturally an armistice follows. I couldn't let Greville down now. I shall go out tomorrow and buy him flowers and peaches and so on out of my very own money, and kiss him and comfort him and get him fit for his race. I shall be the conventional good girl, and I feel far from good. Greville will say I'm an angel and I'm not an angel. But after his race is over, win or lose, there'll have to come a settling up and I wonder where we shall be this time next year?"

"SO THIS," Ann told herself, "is the Grand Prix!"

Ten small, beetle-like cars, ranged up at the starting line—four Italian Arditi, three French Meuses, and three Greyhounds. Then the flag fell and the whole field fled on to the Byfleet banking, super-chargers whining and indirect gears screaming.

A green Meuse led past the pits, skidded round the sand-banks, picked up and roared on till the starting line was reached again. Then a black and white Greyhound swept by her and went to the front. Greville, on top of his form, lapping somewhere in the region of 87, had taken the bit between his teeth. Gradually Watson and Goodenough on the other two Greyhounds forced their way out of the general dog fight until after four laps Greyhounds were first, second, and third.

The Arditi team, driving like maniacs with all the traditional Italian dash, seemed as if they would rev. their engines to pieces in a magnificent effort, but they could not live with the Greyhounds. Trouble dogged the French from the start; first number 2 came in to change his plugs, then number 3 came in missing badly and changed his plugs also.

By this time it had become apparent that the Greyhounds accelerated better, cornered better, and were faster than any of the rest. They seemed to run like clockwork; while the Italians skidded spectacularly at the sandbanks Greville had his team mates slowed down seemingly on precisely the same spot at each circuit, cornered soberly, accelerated, cornered again, and dashed off at top speed without losing a second or wasting an inch.

At the half distance the result stood:

1. Chard (Greyhound)
2. Watson (Greyhound)
3. Goodenough (Greyhound)
4. Salvati (Arditi)

Ann, sick with excitement, envied the calm of Dennis, who seemed completely unmoved. "Are we safe?" she heard a strange voice, apparently belonging to herself, ask, and the answer came casually: "Barring a miracle of bad luck we've got 'em cold. Our team's running with a margin of revolutions in hand. We could whack them up a bit more without cracking. I doubt if the Italians'll stay the course at their engine speed."

Watson came in for fuel, and departed perfectly unruffled. Greville stopped while he and his mechanic changed the rear tires, and put in fuel and water, and dashed away in pursuit of Watson. One of the Arditi limped in giving out awe-inspiring noises, apparently with a piston gone. The Greyhound team were beyond all possibility of being caught.

One small element of drama remained. With only forty miles to go Greville drew in to the pit on a flat rear tire, changed the wheel with almost languid deliberation and got away. This lost him the lead and Watson went up to first place. Thus at the finish the positions were:

1. Watson (Greyhound)
2. Chard (Greyhound)
3. Goodenough (Greyhound)
4. Salvati (Arditi)

The winners pulled in to their pit for the last time and the whole organization threw itself on them. Ann found herself in the

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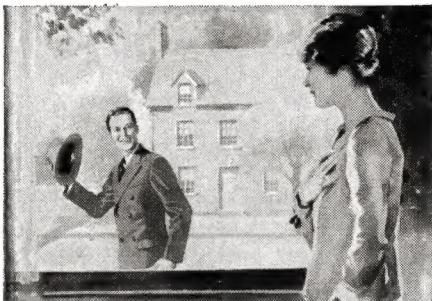
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grip of a white-coated, crash-helmeted Greville, with one pair of goggles above the helmet's peak and another dangling on his chest, being dragged down to the lowly level of a man seated in a racing car and kissed joyfully while cameras clicked all round. Then the Greyhound staff got hold of him and carried him shoulder high with their other two heroes. It was their day and they made the most of it.

At last he broke away, found Ann very composed and perfectly gowned, being interviewed by half a dozen pressmen. He drew her aside.

"Darling, I've a hundred things to do—got to send wires to all the component people, plugs, tires and so on, and the iron must be struck while it's hot because today's worth thousands to us. Will you be a brick and go home in your own car, and meet me at the Savoy at seven-thirty for tonight's party? It's just the team and the racing department and their wives and best girls. It'll be great fun. I've got my evening clothes down here in a suitcase. D'y you mind?"

"Right ho, Greville. Half past seven and my best frock. Millions of congratulations. See you later."

She turned away to find her car, the green and beige honeymoon coupe. After a great struggle she succeeded and said to a semi-hysterical Williams:

"Do you think you're capable of driving me home without breaking our necks? I want to think."

She leaned back against the pneumatic upholstery, feet on the sloping floor board, hat well down over her eyes as once before. Strange how that honeymoon journey to Dover came back! Strange too that today for the first time since her honeymoon she should be a passenger in her own car. Just as when Greville drove her eastward across the South London, a bride, she summed up the pros and cons of marriage.

"Let's be candid for once. Am I such a great deal cleverer than he? Do the philosophy and the smart cynicism of Julius Bruce count much more than the sort of brain that can make decisions on that track at over a hundred miles an hour? Dennis told me Greville's best time today touched a hundred and two. And after all doesn't grit count most in this world? And you need nerves like steel to be a racing driver. Look at that Italian who smashed things with a hammer when his car broke down hopelessly. Greville would just have grinned. Am I a super-girl after all or am I rather a fool? I know what Peggy thinks. She as good as said so."

LORNE Mansions at last, a bath, an evening frock, her car again, the crimson-carpeted entrance of the Savoy, and Greville in evening clothes waiting for her. He smiled happily as of old. It touched her that he should still be so glad to see her.

They went along to the Pinafore Room and met every one, Dennis, Macdonald, Watson, Goodenough, the wives and best girls. Sitting next to Dennis she listened abstractedly to the saga of Greville sung by Dennis.

"P'raps you don't realize, Mrs. Chard, the organization behind a victory like today's—detail, detail all the time, down to the grouping of the tools on the benches at the pit, and the very sequence of motions in changing a wheel. The best cars in the world couldn't win without organization, and that's all due to your husband. He's drilled everybody over and over again till we could all have done it in our sleep."

"Splendid, Mr. Dennis."

"And of course Tommy Watson crossed the line first because of Mr. Chard's last wheel change. But he would have, anyway, in the event of our team being one two and three. Those were Mr. Chard's orders. I think Mr. Chard's car was a shade the fastest of the three, but Tommy's our senior

driver, so the honor was to be his."

All the queer, traditional male formalities—the health of the team proposed by Dennis and responded to shyly by Tommy Watson; the health of Greville proposed by Macdonald, and received with musical honors; Greville's reply attributing victory as much to the men in the shops as any one—"We simply drove the cars and we couldn't have won if we hadn't good cars to drive."

Presently the ball room, and an amazing band—Tommy Watson's arm around her and Greville with young Goodenough's girl in his embrace. At last the car, with Greville driving and Williams in the dickey seat, the long lamp-starred valley of Edgware Road, the little cheap flat that somehow, tonight, seemed so incredibly like home.

SHEDDING fur wrap and overcoat, a cigarette each from the box in the sitting room. There were smudges under Greville's eyes but he suggested, game to the end, "What about a bottle of 1911, just to ourselves?"

"I'm on, if you are."

A dark green bottle, gold-foiled, and two glasses; a heartening plop of a cork, and creaming sunshine filling the glasses; the clink of glass touching glass.

Greville put down his glass, sighed, refilled both, and said, "P'raps you don't realize that today's race has blotted out the difficulties that followed poor old George's suicide? I can get all the credit I want, only I don't want any and I can treat agents like muck, only I believe in being friends with agents. Every young man with the price of a Greyhound will want one and as well as a good many old gentlemen who know a car when they see one. I can make contracts for raw material and accessories I wouldn't have dared mention yesterday. We can go back to Seamore Place."

"How can we when we've let it?"

"Those Americans are sports. I sold him a Greyhound, as a matter of fact, and he'll be so tickled to death to own this year's Grand Prix winner that he'll be only too delighted to look for another flat. If he isn't I'll offer him a lap or two of Brooklands in Tommy Watson's car. And oh, Ann, you must have a string of pearls."

Ann got up and stood before him, and said, "Is it peace, O Jehu?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean a lot of things. When I saw you gambling your neck on your own judgment and your faith in the men who build Greyhounds, especially after that crash the other day, I thought you were made of better stuff than any man I know. I had a strong suspicion when they brought you home in bandages. Do you remember what George Bondy said once—that a primitive woman would do anything for a man who'd killed for her? How much more for a man who'd nearly killed himself. What he said was 'who came to her red-handed' and you were red-handed enough."

"Oh, well, it doesn't count with me. Racing's my job."

"Swear you won't race any more?"

"Mustn't I?"

"I don't want you to. I want to begin all over again, and make you love me. By rights you ought to hate me. I've been a little—"

Far away a clock striking two. Ann gathered up her cloak.

"Give me twenty minutes, please. I'll knock on your door when I'm undressed."

In twenty minutes Greville heard a faint tap on his bedroom door. It moved an inch, and Ann's voice said, "You may come in in one minute now."

When he had counted sixty very slowly he opened the door and entered her room.

When she smiled at him, he moved across to her, sat down on the edge of her bed and took one of her hands in his.

THE END

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